

Literary Department.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

LAND OF MY YOUTH.

BY MRS. M. F. CLARK.

Land of my youth! 'neath morning's dawn,
Thy tints the great All-father planned,
And scattered with unsparring hand
His glories o'er earth's beaming strand.
Secure the heart's store, mountain-walled,
My mansion broad; and meadow-hallied,
Blue-domed, with snowy clouds enrolled,
Burnished with the sun's golden gold.
O home of youth! blest household band!
That gathered in thy youth's fair land.

I see thro' mist thy ferny plains,
I feel the breath of spring tide rain,
And down the life blossoming lanes
I hear the robin's cheering strains.
Along the uplands, swelling breeze,
The orchards rattle their lines of light,
Blent with the maple's rosy glow
The hawthorn hangs her wreath of snow;
And day and night a hymning band,
Make music thro' my youth's green land.

I mark the wild phoebe's crimson blood,
Where English pines her turbid flood,
And tiny brown quails hide their brood,
In the shadow of the fragrant wood.
O winds! stray from tropic bowers
That strewn these flow'ry plains with flowers,
Awakening with thy balmy breeze,
Pale violets from their treasure of dew;
Moths! bid their anthems softly heard,
Were learned, far in my youth's green land.

My youth's fair land, I may not see
While time on earth shall dwell with me,
Thy free free air, thy land and sea,
Should press all's charms in search of thee—
All yet I know when I shall break
My earthly prison-house, and take
My way along those shining spheres—
Lost now in mists of dreary years—
That I among my loved shall stand,
And hail once more my youth's green land.
Lyle City, Iowa.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR;
OR,
THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LAC, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK FIFTH—THE APPOINTMENT.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE COUNSELOR—THE BURGULAR'S RECEPTION.

On the same morning, at a few minutes past ten o'clock, James Fogle slowly mounted the broad steps leading to the main entrance of the Egyptian Temple. Near the top of the steps, in a lounging attitude, stood a person of medium stature, and thin, sharp, contracted features—his small, gray eyes—his retreating forehead—his nose sharp pointed, and slightly hooked—his large mouth, filled with white, projecting teeth, as well as his general bearing, were outward indications of the impudence, cunning, and selfishness of his character. He wore a black, scaly coat, white linen pantaloons, buckskin shoes and a heavy hat, rather the worse from age and bad usage.

"Anything stirring to-day, Counselor Tiffen?" inquired James Fogle, as he approached the lounging, and was greeted by a slight nod of recognition.

"Only a single halcyon curlew, this morning," replied Counselor Tiffen, rubbing the palms of his hands gently together.

"You are at leisure, then?"

"As idle and lazy, Fogle, as a black snake on a summer morning."

"I have a client for you?"

The gray eyes of Counselor Tiffen grew bright as James Fogle uttered these words; and when in token of his sincerity, he thrust a bank note of the denomination of ten dollars into the hands of the counselor, the entire features of Counselor Tiffen sparkled with animation.

"Mr. Fogle," said the counselor, in smooth, liquid tones, "I shall be extremely happy to serve you."

"It is not a personal affair," replied James Fogle. "The fee which I have given you is on behalf of a man named Williams, who was arrested, a day or two since, in the act of committing a burglary."

"Is he here?" inquired Counselor Tiffen, pointing the forefinger of his right hand toward the prison.

"He is," replied Fogle drily.

"Has he plenty of the rage," continued the counselor, with a peculiar flutter of the bank note that he had received from James Fogle.

"A green hand," replied the other, in a slightly contemptuous tone, "as I have heard, compelled, by his necessities, to choose between a desperate venture and the alms house."

"His name, Fogle?"

"Andrew Williams."

"This money comes from them?"

"Exactly."

"That puts another face on the matter," said the counselor, winking at James Fogle. "A great deal can be done with money, in this region."

"As I—"

"As you happen to know," interposed the counselor. "It is pleasant to be employed by a client, Mr. Fogle, who has the means of success at his command. There is scope for invention, for maneuvering, for an ingenious display of tactics."

"Money will not be wanting, in this case," remarked Fogle, "but I have not allied, as yet to the services expected of you."

"Deficient in testimony, eh?"

"Williams was arrested by the policeman, in the very act, and nothing can save him on the day of trial. The poor devil has a sick wife and two or three starved brats at home, and is continually in the dumps about them. Can't you get him out on bail? That is the question, now."

"Easy enough. Let one of his friends come forward—bail won't be more than a thousand dollars."

"I tell you, Tiffen, that you are to manage the whole business. Your acquaintance with people of property is extensive. Can't you find some responsible person to give the bail required by the court, for a trifling consideration?"

"You are a sly fellow," replied the counselor, punching Fogle once or twice in the ribs; "there is no use in attempting to mystify me. I know precisely what you are after, and I can accomplish it; but not for ten dollars."

"A retaining fee, counselor. As for the rest, 'no cure, no pay.' Procure the bail for Williams and I have twenty-five dollars more in my wallet, which shall be yours."

"If any man in the city can do it, I can," replied Counselor Tiffen. "I will see the prisoner this morning, and make the necessary arrangements. Before three o'clock, he shall be at liberty."

"If you want me," said James Fogle, "call at Marvin's toward evening, and you will hear of me."

"I say, Fogle," exclaimed the counselor, as the thief descended the granite steps.

"Well."

"Twenty-five dollars!"

Fogle nodded significantly.

The counselor hummed his favorite air, "Nolly put the kettle on," and followed, with his eyes, the unattractive figure of James Fogle until he disappeared on turning the corner of Leonard street.

At two o'clock of the same afternoon, Counselor Tiffen presented himself before police-justice Drinker, at the Center-street police station.

"I appear before your Honor," said the counselor, gravely, "in behalf of my client, Andrew Williams, detained in the city prison by virtue of a warrant of commitment issued from this office. The prisoner applies, through his counsel for admission to bail."

At the request of Tiffen, an officer was dispatched to conduct Andrew Williams from the jail into the presence of the magistrate.

The countenance of Andrew Williams, as he entered the room in the custody of the officer, was downcast and anxious. His eyes turned with a momentary gleam of hope, on the person of Counselor Tiffen, but his imploring glance received no encouraging response, and his aspect became as despairing and hopeless as before.

"This man, Williams, is committed for burglary, and for aiding and abetting in an atrocious assault upon an officer in the discharge of his duty. Serious offenses these are, Mr. Tiffen."

"Policeman Jones will satisfy your Honor that Holmes is but slightly wounded," said the counselor. "The law is, that this man, without criminal intent, under the pressure of absolute want, was induced by the notorious burglar, Hugh Simons, to engage in the dangerous enterprise of breaking into and robbing a private mansion. He has always been esteemed as an honest, industrious man, and has supported himself and his family by the labor of his hands. His wife is now lying dangerously sick, and he is naturally very anxious to return to his home, if only for a few days. I trust that your Honor will view his application favorably, and admit him to bail in a moderate amount—such as may reasonably be demanded from a poor and almost friendless man."

"Have you any property, Williams, any real property?" asked the magistrate, in a loud, authoritative tone.

The prisoner stared wildly at the justice, as if he scarcely comprehended the question.

"He has none," said Counselor Tiffen; "the man is exceedingly poor."

The magistrate reflected a few moments, and said, in a tone of decision, addressing Counselor Tiffen:

"The prisoner is admitted to bail, on his personal recognizance in the sum of five hundred dollars, and on the recognition of a good and respectable freholder, a citizen of this State, in the like amount."

The counselor bowed respectfully to the magistrate, and turning upon his chair, winked significantly at a plainly dressed man, who sat behind him on a bench, in company with a half-a-dozen spectators.

"Is your bail present, Williams?" asked the justice.

Counselor Tiffen conversed with Andrew Williams, in a low tone, for a second or two, and then said aloud:

"John Hickley."

"Here," said the man on the spectator's bench to whom the glance of Counselor Tiffen had been previously directed. As he spoke, he rose from his seat, and advanced several steps toward the justice.

the justice.

"What is his name, Mr. Tiffen?"

"John Hickley."

"Are you a freholder, Mr. Hickley?"

"I am."

"Where is your property situated?"

"In Ulster county. I have a deed for sixty acres of good farming land."

"What is its value?"

"I have refused a thousand dollars for it this morning," replied the man, glancing at Counselor Tiffen.

"Have you no property in the city of New York?"

"None, your Honor, except my household furniture."

"I have no knowledge of this man," said the magistrate, addressing the lawyer. "His answers are likely enough true, but there are great complaints in regard to bailing prisoners, and I prefer that you should offer another person as bail."

"Your Honor will recollect that the prisoner is, as I have stated, a poor and almost friendless man. It has not been without extreme difficulty that Mr. Hickley has been induced to come forward, and I know not to whom beside we can apply. I am ready to vouch personally for the respectable standing of Mr. Hickley."

"Do you know anything of his circumstances?"

"No, nothing except what he has related to me."

"Mr. Hickley, are you willing to swear to the truth of the answers you have given to the questions heretofore propounded by me?"

The man hesitated an instant, and looked inquiringly toward Counselor Tiffen.

"Of course he will," said Tiffen, with total unconcern. "I can do the man no harm to swear to the truth."

The oath was administered—the recognizances were filed up and duly executed.

"You can go about your business, Williams," said the magistrate; "your business is settled."

"Merciful God," exclaimed the prisoner, starting to his feet, "I am free to go home!"

"Whenever you will," said Counselor Tiffen, taking Andrew Williams aside. "Only remember this, that you must appear before the Court of Sessions at the time named in your recognizance or Mr. Hickley will be mulcted in the sum of five hundred dollars."

"I shall forget nothing, Mr. Tiffen. A thousand, thousand thanks."

"Don't make a fuss, Williams," said the Counselor, with a slight curl of the lip. "Go away quietly, and mind what I have told you."

His temporary release from prison removed a load of misery from the heart of Andrew Williams. As he reached the open street and he held the dingy buildings, the crowds of passers-by, and the bright sunlight, he could not refrain from an exclamation of joy. But his thoughts reverted instantly to the humble abode of his wife and children. He hastened homeward, running sometimes at full speed.

On arriving at the entrance of his residence he cautiously opened the front door and stole up stairs. The door of his wife's apartment was ajar. She was speaking in a low, feeble voice. He listened.

"I am anxious about your father, Jane," were the first words he heard distinctly. "He will suffer terribly from anxiety and remorse. You must go to the prison and see him. They will not refuse you admission to him if you claim the privileges of a daughter. Do not reproach him, Jane, by word or look. Speak kindly to him, and he will be relieved of all troubles from my account—it'll kill him to love him yet, and remember him continually in my prayers."

Overcome by his feelings, Andrew Williams rushed into the chamber, and sobbed like a child.

"He will be turned to stone, the door half-raised behind him, and, exclaiming her half-uttered words, she closed the door."

"My husband!"

Andrew Williams caught his wife in his arms and pressed her to his heart with a tender, agonizing embrace.

"I am glad to hear of his recovery," said the wife, her head dropped on his bosom.

"Many hours of our life had passed in sadness and bitterness of spirit, but her last moment was a moment of joy."

The husband and daughter mingled their tears together.

The Great Telescope at Chicago.

The University of Chicago possesses one of the largest telescopes in the world—perhaps the largest. The destined work of this wonderful telescope is to make, in connection with the blue chief observatories of Europe and America, an entirely new catalogue of stars, determining the right ascension and declination of every particular star, as that by observing its position, astronomers may, in far-off ages, be able to declare in what direction it has proceeded through the immutable voids. As this work is slow and silently performing, the observatory is now being equipped with instruments of the most perfect kind, and the telescope is being placed in the most favorable position for its work.

When this is accomplished, it will also be abundant for locating the position of the great central sun, around which millions upon millions of other stars, popularly denominated stars, do in all probability revolve. The great work being directed among the ten principal observatories of the world, will make the share of it falling to the Chicago observatory, 25,000 stars—upon each one of which the most careful observations will be made and recorded. It will require about ten years to accomplish this stupendous work, and when it is done, it will give us some most important astronomical discoveries.

Persevere steadily in whatever you undertake, and success will be your reward.

Philadelphia Department.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Salutatory.

Having been called unexpectedly to this department, it may be proper to say a few words of greeting to our readers.

We have no promises to make, because we know performances are what the world needs to-day. There are theories in abundance, but as was said of the laborers in the harvest field, the practical workers are few. Modern Spiritualism having entered its majority, has been familiar to us during those twenty years of its wonderful, youthful pilgrimage. We have seen it from the exterior and the interior, and have written and published a few of the thoughts and impressions, that have come to us during those years.

We should shrink from the arduous labors of this position, did we not know that we have loving and sympathizing friends, all over the land, and many noble and true-hearted guides, whose hands are continually reaching down to us, and whose voices are ever echoing in our ears, work on for the great and glorious cause of Spiritualism, for like the grand old king of day, in the outward, its rays are now penetrating all minds and reaching all lands and all people! The light which is streaming in beauty from the mountain peaks of the Summerland, is spreading its glory over science and art, philosophy and religion, and a new era has dawned upon the world.

Blessed are they whose eyes have seen it, and who have realized its earliest twilight.

With such encouragement and such feeling, we buckle on the harness, and ask our readers to go with us on the beautiful journey of life, culling flowers whithersoever we may, and drink the sweet waters of truth and love, as we move on toward a more intimate relationship and acquaintance with the unseen, but which is the only real and enduring.

We shall endeavor to make our department worthy of this cause, and as from week to week, we greet the readers of the JOURNAL, we trust former ties and stronger mutual interest shall be established between us, and as those ties and interest are not to be limited to the narrow circle of time, we shall prize them accordingly.

Appreciation.

There are few words in the language which convey so important a meaning as this. Heaven is appreciation, and the place of suffering is almost always that of misunderstanding and want of it.

The first experiences of our lives begin with pleasure or pain, arising from the manner in which we are appreciated. The fond and loving mother, with an intuitive sense, feels our wants long before we can give any definite form of expression to them; the stranger, without this power of appreciation, seems cold, cruel and repulsive, and almost all the charms of life are gone.

As we advance in life's journey, our experiences change, but our desire for appreciation is ever present, and the early trials of youth are often bitter experiences from misunderstanding of our feelings. The keenest of these come from those we love most tenderly, when they are unable to appreciate our feelings. How often do young persons turn away in anguish and repeat the idea, "Have ye not been with me all this time and yet ye know me not?"

As we grow older, the same feelings with bitter disappointments come to us. When we go out into the world among strangers, especially in foreign countries, where we do not understand the language, and are not understood, we must suffer, even as the light-hearted Irishman in Lover's story, who fancied he knew the French language, because he had learned three words of it, "parlez vous francais,"—we shall be doomed to disappointment.

But of all the suffering from want of appreciation, sensitive media, and particularly woman with her finely-developed organization and delicate intuitions, are those whose feelings are most intensely outraged.

Over the land, we hear the wails of sorrow from crushed and bleeding hearts, whose fondest hopes and highest aspirations have been slighted, and even sneered at by those whose rude natures, though true to their own place, cannot understand or appreciate them. We see this every day in families, and there are few cases in which it is difficult to prescribe a remedy.

On how many souls there are that are languishing for that true happiness and love that

alone can come to them through the beautiful channels of appreciation. Fathers and mothers, study to appreciate your children, seek to draw them nearer to you by that kindness and love which will enable you to unlock the rich treasure-house of their minds, in which you may learn the most precious and beautiful lessons of life.

Husbands and wives, who should stand together in the holy relations of conjugal love, let it be your constant and earnest endeavor to understand and appreciate each other, for you may rest assured, that from this stream alone can flow the most real and perfect happiness which we can experience.

Let each individual turn over the pages of memory, and ask himself wherein he has enjoyed the purest and most exalted happiness, and we believe all will agree that it was during the hours of true appreciation.

In the beautiful kaleidoscope of life, how many of its pictures are broken and disturbed; but not one of these which have been seen in the pure light of a true appreciation. Upon all these, we can dwell with continued pleasure, and while we enjoy them in the present, we know them which prophesy of grander realizations in the future, when we shall see and be seen, understood and be understood, better than we can in this sphere of existence.

A Pennsylvania Diamond—The Largest in the World.

A remarkable diamond story has been set afloat in the eastern part of this state, which is briefly as follows: Nearly a century ago an old gentleman in the lower part of Virginia, picked up a stone to throw at a rabbit; the stone glittered in the sun and the old gentleman concluded to take it home to the children to play with. Shortly afterward the family physician happened to see the stone, and offered six dollars for it but the family would not sell. Subsequently a trusty friend, about to visit Europe, was given the stone and, upon his reaching London, he consulted an old lapidary named Knox, who, after careful examination, declared that "All America is not able to buy that stone." A Jew, whom the trusty friend afterward consulted, informed him not to come out with the stone again without a guard as he would be robbed were it known he had it. The friend returned home and delivered up the precious gem. Some time afterward a party of six Marylanders offered for the stone, in gold and negroes, the equivalent of \$100,000, which was refused. The old man died, and the stone remained in the family for several generations; and recently, as runs the story, it came into the possession of Dr. D. D. Bagby, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., whose children are legitimate heirs. It is claimed to be a diamond of first quality, and weighs 450 carats, while that of the Rajah of Muttan (it is said to be the largest in the world, weighs only 367 carats. The stone has been sent away to pass the scrutiny of the ablest scientific men in the country, and the Harrisburg State Guard, which is responsible for the story, of which the above is an outline, says "there is reason to believe that America can boast of the largest diamond in the world."

Paper Collins.

To the various paper productions of this paper age—paper collars, paper shirts, and even paper waist coats, buttons and hats—must now be added paper collars. M. S. Collins, their inventor, seems to have a belief in the universal adaptability of paper to all uses of civilized life. He undertakes to end ships with it, and make them impervious to shot; he employs it in the manufacture or construction of pocket eyes, powder canisters, railway carriages, drain pipes and party wails. He claims that it is a once lighter, stronger, harder and cheaper than any other material hitherto used for these purposes, and is excepting from all steel and stone. His object in introducing it in the manufacture of collars is to show what many people rather absurdly consider a desideratum—a perfectly airtight, waterproof, and non-deforming shell, which, being from without can penetrate, and nothing from within can escape. The Zepress paper collar, in which these conditions are said to be fulfilled, is a soft-looking structure very much resembling, in build and thickness, the ancient mummy cases preserved in the British Museum.

Wanted a Easy Place.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher sometime since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest and closed with the request—"Get me an easy situation, that money may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor if you would be easy. Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all shops, stores, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor mechanic; neither a soldier, nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O, my honest friend you are in a very hard world. I know of but one real, easy place in it. That is the grave."

There is a man down South who has moved often that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house his chickens all fall on their backs and cross their legs, ready to be killed and carried to the next stopping place.

Prof. Bond, a wire walker, has retired from business. He fell and broke his neck, lately, at Charlestown, Mass.

Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

The Principles of Spiritualism Taught in Nature.

In our last week's article on this subject, we took the ground that utility, beauty, progression and love were ever taught in Nature. Now, we remark that these teachings contain all the great lessons of life; hence, when our religious friends ask, "What will you give us instead, if you take away our Bible?"

Answer: We give you God's Old and New Testaments—Nature the Old Testament and Man the New Testament. So if the Bible were wiped out of existence to-morrow, we should not be without a revelation from God. And those who make themselves the best acquainted with this revelation, are best acquainted with its Author, best acquainted with the relations that we bear to Him, and also best acquainted with the relations between man and man.

In our article last week, we gave some illustrations to show that Nature teaches us the lessons of utility, beauty, progression and love; we will pursue the same course in the present article. Let us call your attention to the seasons in their annual changes, commencing with Spring.

When Old Sol starts on his Northern tour, the icy chains that have bound the laughing rivulet, the skipping brook and the leaping cascade, begin to relax, and they go dancing on in their joyous glee to fulfill their grand destiny. The crocuses and hyacinths begin to bloom, the buds to swell and burst, the birds to choose their mates and build their nests, and at last amid blooming flowers, bustling bees and singing birds, old gray-haired Winter progressively glides into the flowery lap of Spring.

Here certainly is progress, use and beauty, all combined. But these intangible signs indicate to the husbandman that the proper time has arrived when he must prepare the soil and sow the seed for the coming crop. Mark now, how strictly in accordance with the progressive law, does the work of growth go on. First the tender blade comes peeping out of the warm bosom of mother earth, and day by day, increases in stature. Then see how gracefully the growing corn bows its leaves of green; how majestically it rears its tasseled head on high, and how beautifully from its girde hang out the silken cords. There so many people in the world that such perfect utilitarianism that they see no beauty in all this. They only see so many bushels at harvest time, and so many dollars for their money-bags.

But behold with what luxuriance of beauty, Nature bedecks herself beneath the strong and fruitful rays of the summer sun; notice the white and red roses, the blushing peonies, the delicately formed china asters, the crimped-leaved poppies, the majestic tiger-lilies; nor would we forget the morning-glories from whose beautifully shaded cup the rising sun drinks his nectar sweet, and whose beauty lingers but an hour; nor would we be unmindful of the tiny flowers whose bright eyes and smiling faces fill our souls with beauty; nor of the sunflower, the holly-hock, and all of a stately class; all bloom in beauty and loveliness, covering the earth with delight and making the air redolent with fragrance. How beautiful are all the flowers and how I love them. It seems sometimes as though they were only so many foot-steps of angels, scattered over our pathway here to lure us to falter: worlds above, where immortal flowers bloom and never fade.

But Summer grows weary at last with the burden of her fruitfulness, and pours the result of all her toil in the gorgeous lap of Autumn. The fields that all summer long were green with growing grain, are covered all over with a ripening crown of glory; then, again, the woods,—

"O, I love to gaze on the grand old woods
Dressed in their russet, gold and brown,
And one by one, to see their tinted leaves,
Softly, gently, come falling down."

They seem to me like gill-rind rabbits bright,
Plucked from some lofty, regal crown,
To richly grace the solemn marriage rite
Of Summer green with Autumn brown.

Who does not love the Autumn? Those beautiful October days, so dream-like, as though they were especially made for meditation. Everything so still, and the bright rays of the sun are softened by the haze of the atmosphere. The Autumn oftentimes, in its brightness, reminds me of some tollown pilgrim drawing near the end of life's journey after an active life well spent. Just as his steps begin to descend the valley, the radiance of the brighter world breaks around, and a smile lights up his countenance with immortal beauty, delightful to behold ere death draws his dark curtain over the scene.

Transubstantiation.

At Morpeth, England, the rector said that he hoped the doctrine of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, would be preached throughout the length and breadth of the land."

It seems by the above that the doctrine of transubstantiation, which clung so tenaciously to the mind of Luther after he had thrown off the yoke of Catholicism, has not been entirely eradicated as yet from the minds of the Protestant clergy. This only illustrates the idea of how hard it is to forsake the follies of ancient times, especially if they have their foundation in a fallacious religious custom. Of all the erroneous doctrines ever taught by Christianity, this, perhaps, is one of those possessing the least harm, and yet at the same time, one of the most ridiculous. The idea that when the articles of the Eucharist have been blessed by the priest, they become the actual body and blood of Christ—how absurd!

Protestantism denies the doctrine of transubstantiation, and claims to partake of the Eucharistic feast only in remembrance of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ for their sins. This they do in most of the churches, once a month. If these stated times are an indication of how often they think of Christ, with many of them, the thing should occur less frequent. But if you average the matter, perhaps once a month might do.

Church and State.

A meeting of evangelical ministers of the English Church was recently held at Illogten, and a resolution was unanimously passed that the vital interests of Christianity, the honor of God and the welfare of the nation, are inseparably bound up with the maintenance of the union of the church with the State."

How poor, weak and perile is that religion that does not inherent life and vitality sufficient for its own maintenance without being backed up and

enforced by civil power. God, undoubtedly, would feel himself highly honored to be backed up by the civil government of England, a nation that has been guilty of more tyranny, cruelty and legal barbarism than almost any other nation on the globe. It has generally been considered that the Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, were responsible for the welfare of the Christian church.

But it seems that this alliance of the Three Gods, in the minds of the English divines, are not sufficient to look after the entire interests of the church without the assistance of the English Government.

In our opinion, Great Britain has about as much as she wants to do in taking care of her various dependencies, and settling up the claims Brother Jonathan holds against her, without having anything to do with religion just now.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

—BRO. S. S. JONES.—On the twentieth of December last, Rev. W. F. Jamieson re-organized the Children's Progressive Lyceum in this place, and on the 21st, and 22nd, we gave exhibitions consisting of recitations, declamations, singing, music, tableaux and closed with the beautiful parlor theatrical, "Cladellina."

We had large and appreciative audiences, and the exhibition was unanimously declared to be the best ever given in Central Illinois, Springfield included.

Our Lyceum has averaged seventy-five members and officers, and is in fine working order, and we expect to give another exhibition in about three months which will far surpass the one just given.

H. H. PARLANCOK, Conductor.
Havana, Ill., April 11th, 1869.

Literary Notices.

"Planchette or the Despair of Science."

The Chicago Daily Times reviewing the above work, says many truthful things. We reproduce the article not because it contains anything more than justice demands should be said for so good a book, but to show that the Times, as well as many other leading journals of the secular press, begin to feel the necessity of treating Spiritualism with that courtesy, which justice demands:

"It is not clear why Mr. Epes Sargent—for though the book in hand is published anonymously, we are informed that this gentleman is the author—should have entitled this work 'Planchette,' unless it was under the opinion that a popular subject would command the attention of a greater number of readers than would that of 'Science.' 'Spiritualism,' which has been written about *ad nauseum*. The book is, however, nothing more nor less than a compendium of spiritualistic manifestations along with commentaries upon the manner in which they have been received. It has the advantage over other books of the kind by being the product of a man of common sense, and temper, by a fair degree of reason, and who has not accepted the doctrine in which he has faith without an intelligent investigation of the development of the new philosophy. The author of 'Planchette' may be as grossly deceived as ever man was, but the deception is one that has extended to no knowledge which he has been large and laborious, and to his own reasoning faculty. It is on this account, many would affirm, that the book will be all the more dangerous. But why dangerous? The spirit which advances this sentiment is that of the old age, and not of the present day of progress and knowledge. Why should it be dangerous, if it is possible to penetrate the domains of another world? Or, why should it be dangerous to investigate on a solid, scientific basis certain phenomena that have presented themselves to the world? We do not longer pass over these manifestations as the work of charlatans and mountebanks. They have been too general, both as to persons and as to places, to satisfy ourselves with the conviction that they are mere tricks of legendarism. A large number of them have undoubtedly been so, but we cannot say so of all of them. The testimony as to the happening of hundreds of curious, various and unexplained manifestations is too reliable to allow any one to take this view of the matter any longer. It may be that there are certain natural singularly susceptible to the influence of magnetism, so that the testimony of their senses is not to be accepted. Indeed, the author says in regard to what may be called—

—A MEDICINICAL TENDENCY.

In the face of the opposing protestations of a negative materialism, there is one great fact established by the positive testimony of the past and of our own age; this, namely, that there are and have been such individuals as seers, somnambulists, mediums, exhibiting powers which wholly transcend those of our mortal senses, and who manifest such powers either from spiritual faculties of their own, superceding the physical and normal, or from communication with spiritual forces and intelligences external to themselves. The manifestations upon which our convictions of this fact are based are of daily occurrence, and such as may be tested by all who will take a little trouble and exercise a little patience.

"More than thirty years ago, by a series of experiments which extended over a period of two years, we satisfied ourselves of the facts of animal magnetism, or mesmerism, including the higher phenomena of lucid somnambulism. Our opportunities of investigation were of daily occurrence, and we made as much important practical. We made many observations of high psychological significance, as we believe, confirming most of the accounts of similar experiences by Peysegur, De Luez, Dupotet, Chauncy, Hare, Townsend and others.

The interest of these observations has been to a great extent merged in the more comprehensive generalization of modern Spiritualism, including the phenomena of animal magnetism, as well as of witchcraft and sorcery, thus showing them all to be the expression of one great spiritual or physical fact.

It is not to be denied there is some human but undiscovered as yet inexplicable force, which controls substances in the queer, outlandish ways which are called spiritual manifestations. But we can no longer deny the occurrence, and indeed frequent recurrence, of singular and even mysterious events among those who call themselves mediums. But all this remains to be investigated.

A PRIORI EVIDENCE.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's complaint doctrine that "He had settled the question in his own mind on *a priori* grounds," will no longer satisfy. Science has neglected, ridiculed and sneered at facts that have been presented by so-called spiritual mediums too long. Professors Agassiz and Feltton, in this country, Prof. Faraday, Sir David Brewster and others in England have pursued this course to the detriment of scientific development. To those who have had personal experience in these manifestations; to others of that numerous class that is always willing to accept whatever novelties the inventions or discoveries of men may afford; even to those who

are very far from believing in the spirits have anything to do with the phenomena given, but who are forced to accept the testimony as to the existence of the phenomena themselves, to all those, the course pursued by the majority of scientific men is unsatisfactory. It is so contrary to the customs of science and the rule of science, that it is no wonder that one author should regard their actions as cowardly, and supplement his title with "The Despair of Science."

There are other scientific men, again, who, in their investigations, have become converts to Spiritualism, and among them Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Eliotson, of London, both of them chemists and avowed acknowledged ability. But we like better the man who takes the middle course. The great mathematician, Prof. De Morgan, of London, although not a convert, affirms that "the Spiritualists, beyond a doubt, are in the track that has led to all advancement in physical science, and their opponents are representatives of those who have striven against progress." And this is not possible, then we who are not inclined to put faith in the rappings or tipping of tables, must acknowledge that science has given up the problem, and that spirit, or something else which is not matter as we understand it exerts a mysterious control.

It is not possible for our learned men to face the phenomena of Spiritualism without condemning the whole school *a priori*; or, on the other hand, without going over to it body and soul, and declaring it to be the true philosophy and religion. And this is not possible, then we who are not inclined to put faith in the rappings or tipping of tables, must acknowledge that science has given up the problem, and that spirit, or something else which is not matter as we understand it exerts a mysterious control.

CUT HERE.

In answer to this oft-repeated question, the author (Jules Dr. Campbell, who replied in a similar case.) We deny our obligation, as a collection of rational facts, to prove the cut here. It may exist when we see it not, and have important ends to accomplish with which we are unacquainted. The author also quotes the retort of Dr. Franklin, who, when asked in regard to some discovery, "What's the use of it?" he returned, "What's the use of a new-born baby?"

In a scientific point of view this objection is not sufficient. As the author remarks, the same objection might have been urged at first against the discoveries of Newton, Copernicus, and even Morse and Fullerton. Yet the theory of gravitation, the railroad, the steamboat, the electric telegraph, and the printing press, have all been sufficiently useful to justify and commend those early investigations which led to them, and which were once condemned as useless.

The author takes a more sensible view of the matter than Dr. Campbell. The world is not required to accept these things as a matter of faith, but as a matter of reason. The world is too much of a day to command implicit belief. This is not a question of theology. It is not a subject for priests. It is a matter for scientific research.

THE PHENOMENA OF WITCHCRAFT, as investigated by the author, show a remarkable similarity in kind to the latter-day phenomena of the Spiritualists. "To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft," says Blackstone, who can never be charged with fanaticism or romanticism, "is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages both of the Old and the New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath borne testimony, either by examples seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws. The fact of witchcraft is a fact of common knowledge, and is not to be denied by those who are real enough for the authorities in England and Scotland to burn five hundred of the supposed witches in three months; for the diocese of Como, in Italy, to slaughter 1,000; for a single diocese in France to destroy more than could be put to death in the tower of Salem, in Massachusetts, to put to death some of its best men and women.

Yet these very manifestations recur in the mediums of to-day, in a more palpable form than they did when mediums were called witches, and burned at the stake. The marvel of witchcraft of old times were of the same general class, which includes somnambulism, mesmerism or Spiritualism. There were violent convulsions of the body; violent motions of objects around; exhibitions of superhuman strength; objects moved or hurled without any apparent agency; mysterious rappings; incredible powers of being in the air; of suspending the body in the air; of passing through walls; of lifting up of persons from a bed or chair and carrying them about by invisible force.

These and other similar things, which occurred then, occur now, as evidence in such a way that there is no longer room for doubt, unless we doubt the testimony of the senses.

We cannot burn our mediums as the authorities of old burned the witches. Yet they do the self-same things in the self-same inexplicable manner. Some of them do not profess to know how they are enabled to do them; others have been in the most successful manner, a philosophy and a religion. Why is it that science lets the whole matter so severely alone?

THE MANIFESTATIONS, which the author has collected, extend over a period of twenty years' observation. It is impossible, of course, in the space of this article even, to summarize the mass that is here presented. All the principal mediums known to the world are represented along with the phenomena peculiar to their own powers, and the descriptions of these occupies the main portion of the volume. It must be admitted, however, that the testimony which accompanies each instance, sometimes coming from Americans, sometimes from Frenchmen, and again from Englishmen, is often unimpeachable, and once in a while given in a straightforward, matter-of-fact way which leaves little room to doubt that the witnesses were in complete possession of their senses and faculties.

The experiences, for instance, of Senator J. D. Simmons, who saw a pencil supported merely, by seissors, write the words, "James D. Simmons," correspond on the paper lying upon the table, dotting the "i," and presenting a *fac simile* of his son's handwriting. The pretended spirit was that of his son, though Mr. Simmons did not learn of his decease for several years after this occurrence.

The performances of the Davenport brothers, which are now familiar to the reader, and in account of which appeared in the Times not many days ago, were witnessed by Hamilton, a professor of the art of legerdemain in Paris, and Rhiss, the man who makes all of the famous Robert Houdin's instruments, and both these men testify that the phenomena are entirely unexplainable on the groundwork of prestidigitation.

The narrative of Mr. Livermore, formerly a well-known banker of New York city, written out by himself, is very remarkable. Shortly after the death of his wife, who had suffered a long illness, he went to a celebrated medium, the assistance of a friend, though an unbeliever himself.

After describing the precautions he took to prevent the possibility of deception, Mr. L. proceeds as follows:

"The lights being extinguished, footsteps were

heard as of persons walking in their stocking-fee, accompanied by the rustling sound of a silk dress. It was then rapped out by the alphabet. My dear, I am here in form (do not speak). A glowing light rose up from the floor behind me, and as it became brighter, a face, surrounded by a crown, was distinctly seen by the medium and myself. Next, the head appeared, as if covered with a white veil; this was withdrawn after the figure had risen some feet higher; and I recognized unmistakably the full head and face of my wife, surrounded by a semi-circle of light about 18 inches in diameter. The recognition was complete, derived alike from the features and her natural expression. The globe of light was then raised, and a female hand held before it was distinctly visible.

Each of these manifestations was repeated several times, as if to leave no doubt in our minds.

Now the figure coming lower down and turning its head displayed, falling over the globe of light, again, flowing hair, which, even in its natural position, appeared like the natural tresses of my wife, and like her face, was radiant. This whole mass of hair was whisked into our face many times, conveying the same sensation as if it had actually human natural hair. This also was frequently repeated, and the hair shown to us in a variety of ways. The light and rustling sound then passed around the table and approached me, and I was enabled to touch, a skirt of muslin was thrown over my head, and a hand was felt as if holding it there.

A whisper was how heard; and the words, "Sing, sing," were audibly pronounced. I hummed an air, and asked, "Do you like that?" "Yes, yes," was plainly spoken in a whisper; and in the next moment I recognized the voice of my wife, in which I had become sensitively familiarized during her last illness, when she had become too weak to talk aloud.

Mr. Livermore describes various other manifestations similar in character, which will not justify reproduction here.

Some of the doing of Mr. Home, the medium who became notorious as the "adopted son" of Mrs. Lyon, in England, and the inheritor of a large fortune, are the most remarkable. It is true that the mercantile characteristics of this individual as decided upon by an English judge are not calculated to inspire respect for his word, but added to his own affidavit, and what testimony which can scarcely be disputed, to the effect that he floats about in space, lengthens and shortens his form, holds hot and burning coals in his hands, without any covering upon them, or in any of the discomfort that meet mortals would have suffered in doing the same thing.

The various phenomena in spirit photographs, spirit music, iron rings, etc., and the incidents in the career of several mediums are related at length, all of them with more or less convincing evidence; but they are too numerous to mention here.

AN EVIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY.

Is a favorite deduction of the Spiritualists from their acceptance of the manifestations from spirit mediums, and the author says: "The utmost that the materialist can rationally say, is, 'I doubt the fact of a future life.' To say, 'There is no future life,' he ought to be the spirit whose existence he repudiates. If it requires science to reveal the fact of spirit, surely nothing less than spiritual authority is requisite to teach the fact of no spirit."

Thus the dogmatist against a future life is involved in a contradiction. To teach the matter confidently, he ought to have an illumination, the possibility of which his theory utterly denies. No one but a seer has a right to say, "There is no future life," and this we shall survive to study the infinite works of the Creator in other worlds, and to commune with the loved ones gone before, and the great and good of all ages, in progressive stages of being, with which this rudimentary state, and our discipline here, shall be found hereafter to have been in perfect accord.

THE SPIRITUALIST, on the contrary, having a knowledge of phenomena, mental and physical, proving to his satisfaction the existence of spiritual powers, would be false to his own convictions if he did not teach the great fact of immortality as a certainty, in view of which our mortal life ought to be shaped, and our thoughts and affections constantly refreshed by the sublime consciousness that death is a mere incident, which leaves the essential part of our being unaltered; and this we shall survive to study the infinite works of the Creator in other worlds, and to commune with the loved ones gone before, and the great and good of all ages, in progressive stages of being, with which this rudimentary state, and our discipline here, shall be found hereafter to have been in perfect accord.

THE RESULT.

As at present, is that proselytes are made to this new doctrine by the hundreds and thousands. Not merely are the masses caught by that element of mystery to which humanity is so susceptible, but men of superior intellect and education become believers. Among these latter have been Lavater, the physiognomist; Schubert, the philosopher; Goethe, Zschokke, Gervais, Oberlin, Von Meyer, Esmacher and Kerckhoff, Archbishop Whately, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Senior, Mr. Brownlow, and other distinguished persons have accepted the phenomena as spiritual; Cardinal Wiseman, Prof. De Morgan, Robert Chavellers, Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, Mr. Varley, the electrician; Jules Favre, Garibaldi, Mazzini and other men of eminence in our own country and abroad, have admitted the fact.

Yet theologians insist that we shall disbelieve these phenomena, which are not more strange or mysterious than those upon which their faith is based firm as a rock. Scientific men would have us reject them without examination. Others put in the poor argument of common sense. They are all unsatisfactory, as unsatisfactory as the so-called spiritual phenomena or manifestations themselves.

Mr. Epes Sargent, or some other intelligent, accomplished, and well-read man who has prepared this little book of "Planchette," charges that Spiritualism is the "Despair of science," and supports the charge by facts and argument, addressed, not to the fanaticism of man, but to his reason.

The question now is: Shall people be permitted to accept these mysterious works of so-called mediums as the manifestations of the spirit world; or will, or can science explain them? It can never be done, nor the growing power of Spiritualism be removed, by ridicule or abuse. There may be charlatans among these people, but they are not all charlatans. What does science propose to do about the matter?

The above named book is for sale at this office. Price \$1.25, postage 10 cents. Address, S. S. Jones, No. 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

One of the greatest feats yet done with the velocipede, is a journey of 125 miles in 24 hours. This was in France.

Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., has entered on his studies at Phillips Exeter Academy. He is a member of the middle class, and will complete his studies in July, 1870, when he will enter Harvard University.

Mr. Partington says one is obliged to walk very circumspectly these slippery times.

Original Essays.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Tribulations"—A Wife Lost.

BY E. FAIR.

A few weeks since, a gentleman of this city—Mr. Wood, who by the way is a real sledge-hammer Spiritualist and an active worker, requested me to become a subscriber for your paper, by paying the sum of twenty-five cents. From the numbers already received, you may mark me as one of your regular subscribers. I do not hesitate to say, I have been from my sixteenth year up to the present time, a member of M. E. Church, although now a little past forty. During this entire period, in fact from my first recollection, I have had preached at me a seeming hell, and would add, I do not care worth a thing. I have long since refused to wear the orthodox collar, at least those so scalloped and stiff, to be cooped up by such high stocades that I cannot jump over.

It does my very soul good to see a poor fellow jump from one of those modern bull pens, and with axe in hand run before the common herd, blazing the trees for them to follow.

I do not wish to make my communication lengthy, yet much can be said after traveling so short a distance in advance of the church, and finding such abundant clusters of rich ripe fruit, in the broad bright fields of your harmonical philosophy. I wish to present the M. E. Church in this city with a few clusters of your highly cultivated spiritual grapes. I can but think the brethren will relish them, after having fed so long on fruit uncultivated and sour. Our pastboard theology is getting so transparent that little fellows begin to see through it, finding a place here and there where the ends do not meet, and the divinity as taught is as per as the swearing parrot, and quite as stale.

Would you believe it, Bro. Jones, last fall our Methodist brethren, awarded me a diploma by reading me out of church, and that in the presence of a large audience. My dear little wife being so well drilled in the choir, sang most lustily the Prodigal Son, finishing thereby the dogmatical exercises of the morning service. But not wishing to graduate with such marked honor, and having a hankering for the old Ship Zion, I resolved to stay aboard as long as a weather-beaten plank remains, knowing full well the church could not dispense with my valuable services. I simply told our beloved Minister, who, I have been taught to believe, is called to preach the gospel and save souls, that I did not wish to graduate so unceremoniously, and thought it would be much to his benefit to read me in the church as publicly as he had expelled me. The good brother took my advice after I had hammered him for about two months, and reinstated me in the presence of a large audience, taking all the blame (as is usual with those who have a large stock of pety and charity) on himself.

I am, therefore, aboard the old hull yet, and master of the situation.

Though not a commissioned officer, I occupy the eminent position of a high headed roustabout, standing six feet two and a half inches, without boots.

Yet, notwithstanding my success in being reinstated, I finally came out minus a wife; for while I was trying to convince Brother Pierce of the serious loss the church would sustain by my not resuming the important position I had filled with fidelity to the good old cause, my good little wife had a violent attack of a disease known as "theology on the brain," and singular as it may seem, took to it as natural as a duck does to water. So soon as the disease had assumed a chronic form, she went to a Reverend twelve miles distant to receive spiritual consolation, carrying with her at the time her board and washing, and leaving me, poor man, to ponder well the old saying, "All things work together for good to them who love God."

Should she not return by next potato-digging, I shall have to advertise for a tenant, to occupy a part of my vacant premises.

My wife was a good little woman. She used to pray and read the Bible very much, and has often told me with an ominous look, if I did not follow suit, God would punish me. The great booby that I was, little did I think my punishment would come in the present shape. I was looking for stomach ache or some thing of that sort, thinking if she should be right, the probabilities were that God would make me sick.

I continued to have a good appetite, and most excellent health.

One evening after returning home rather late from my business, I extended my long arms as usual to enfold her, but alas! all was entirely void. My pious little household had fled to parts unknown. Now came the first real thought of my threatened punishment. If this is the answer to prayer, right well has the good little soul succeeded, and most signally, have her prayers been answered?

About twelve inches of my person was laying on the floor, and soon commenced keeping time while I sang in the plaintive mood, "I'm lonely to night, love, without you." No more now do I hear on our Zion, the rich swelling notes of the Prodigal Son (I believe there is no Prodigal Daughter). And should the brethren again try to put me on the retired list, I am fearful that they will have to import a prodigal song singer, as this seems to be a part of the ceremony of the M. E. Church in this city.

Yes, Brother Jones, I shall cling to the old Ship Zion, and whenever an opportunity offers as I before remarked, I will present the brethren with a cluster of your excellent spiritual grapes, believing if I can get them to taste them, they will think them far more palatable than hot-shot, fired from a mortar well charged with brimstone and manned by an experienced gunner, for the purpose of frightening precious souls into heaven.

Kansas City, Mo.

Brierstadt, the artist, has a troublesome affection of the eyes, and is under the care of an oculist at Paris.

Stellar key—part 1, page 123
† According to Burritt, the moon is 240,000 miles from the earth, and the sun is 95,000,000 miles from the earth.
‡ The earth is 25,000 miles in circumference.

Trichina.

The occasional occurrence of deaths from the presence of these parasites in the human system creates alarm on the part of nearly all port-eaters. Pork infested with the worm is generally darker than usual, and it presents a speckled appearance to the naked eye. When pork is eaten containing the parasites, the cyst in which it is involved is quickly dissolved by the gastric juices, and the matured worms are found swimming in the mud of nourishing food; it rapidly grows; so that in two or three days it is four times its original size, and begins to penetrate deep into the muscles of the victim. To do this it bores through the walls of the intestines, producing terrible pain. The most exciting stage is produced from the infestation of the eye and the patient dies in great agony. The pig is most commonly infested by the trichina; but

N. Laura de Force Voorhies, San Francisco, Cal.
 K. Grant, author of "Biography of Satan." Address
 unknown.
 Laura de Force Gordon, will lecture in the State of Nevada
 till further notice. Permanent address. Treasure City,
 white Pine District, Lander Co., Nevada.
 Dr. P. F. Griggs. Address Cedar Falls, Iowa.
 R. D. Goodwin, lecturer, Kirkwood, Mo.
 S. H. Wortman, Buffalo, N. Y., box, 1464.
 Mrs. Juliette Vane, address Northboro', Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Young, Boise City, Idaho Territory.
 Mrs. Frances E. Young, Address care of Banner of Light
 Office, 1000 Main St., Minneapolis, Minn.
 D. H. Elliot, International Association, Portland, Ore.

Contributions to be sent to Mrs. JULIA N. MARSH No. North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, MAY 1, 1899.

OFFICE 54, 56 & 58 DEARBORN ST., 34 FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
S. S. JONES,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.For Terms of Subscription see Premiums and Pro-
spectus on opposite page.All contributions to this office for the JOURNAL,
should be made to the Editor, or a renewal, or a new
subscription, and write proper name plainly.

S. S. JONES.

All letters and communications intended for the editor
of this Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S.
Jones. All business letters to John C. Brady,
54, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

THE FORCES WITHIN US.

How little man comprehends his own nature or the phenomena of its action. He can compute the distance of the stars, tell how long it will take light to travel from the sun to the earth, follow a comet in its eccentric orbit, designate the time of eclipses, explain the wonderful mechanism of our solar system, and by his abstract calculations, follow the movements of the same around a grand central sun, yet, comparatively, he understands but little of himself. Abolitionists discovered the valves of the veins, but the grand feat of demonstrating the circulation of the blood, was left to Harvey. Abolitionists gave him a starting point from which he demonstrated the movement of the blood in the system; yet, since his time but little advancement, comparatively, has been made. Know thyself is a beautiful maxim; but to do so is always found exceedingly difficult. However it must be borne in mind, that by becoming familiar with the laws of nature, and the wonderful mechanism of external objects, we learn something of ourselves, for man is an epitome of the universe, and to a certain extent is subject to the influence of all the laws in existence. He has blended in harmonious action within his organic structure, all the parts of creation, for he has the constituent parts of all elements in the universe within himself; therefore we would like to have any philosopher name a law of nature that is not blended in action with the laws in his organization. While he possesses the distinctive characteristics of all the animals in creation,—the cunning of the fox, the innocence of the dove, the courage of the lion, and the deceit of the viper, they are not manifested in the same manner in him as in animals, from the simple fact that one modifies and balances another, thereby maintaining an equilibrium in opposing forces; for, possessing the distinctive characteristics of all the animals in creation, he must necessarily be built up of opposing or antagonistic forces, which united, have a modifying effect on each other, and which do not resemble in action those forces when found in animals separate and distinct from other characteristics. The hyena's disposition is rapacious and cruel in the extreme, possessing only that one characteristic. The lamb and the dove are all innocence, and know nothing of the peculiar nature of the hyena or lion. In man, all those characteristics are united, and they modify each other, presenting an almost perfect balance between these opposing forces.

There is a chemistry of forces, the same as a chemistry of matter, and it is their peculiar combination that makes man as he is. Man's very nature, his impulses, the intelligence he manifests, and the very bent of his mind, are all shaped by this combination of opposing elements or forces. These opposing characteristics or forces that are found in the lion, dove, viper and lamb, are united in man in such proportions that they work harmoniously together.

We here unfold the great book of nature, and read from its mystic pages. Every sentence is an expression of some grand law. Its pages glisten with beautiful extracts from a still grander work, the Universe of God. Its poetry is in time with the music of the spheres, and its well rounded periods and brilliant metaphors are the impulses of that great First Cause. Nature's book was written by God, and its leaves glisten with the choicest treasures of his infinite mind. Well might man pause when contemplating the grandeur and beauty of creation, for in so doing, he catches a glimpse of God himself. Our soul shudders in harmony with the thrilling scenes that this book contains. Why not? We contain within us all the forces of nature, and why should not our mind respond thereto. Man then is a representative of certain forces united in action within the spiritual and physical organization, over which he has a certain degree of control. Then man only represents in himself, the forces of which he is composed, and which united together, act in a specific manner, but in no two alike, for they are not combined alike in any two individuals. This is the key to man's nature. Understanding the forces of which he is composed, we at that moment understand him. In the lion, one characteristic or force predominates; in the dove or lamb, a force exactly opposite exercises its potent influence. The lion and the dove follow out the bent of this force or characteristic. And we here say that man will also follow out the inspirations of the strongest force or element in his nature. If that of the tiger predominates, he will be cruel and exacting; if that of the fox predominates, he will be cunning and mischievous; if that of the dove predominates, he will be innocent in disposition, and obliging to all.

The distinctive force is derived from nature, and if not harmoniously blended with all the other forces, it will so predominate that it will lead its possessor into many difficulties. This is the key of man's nature,—unlock it and enter into the secret chambers of the soul. What do you see? Why, nothing but the action of the various forces. One acting on the stomach and promoting digestion, or creating hunger; another acting upon the mucus membrane of the eye,

and another causing the liver to secrete bile, and streaming up from the whole physical organization, are all the forces which act upon the mind; for it is only by the action of nature's elements, resulting in what we term force, that their existence is known. If they did not act, we would have no knowledge of their existence. By action, they generate force, and the human mind must necessarily respond thereto. If all these forces are blended together in harmonious action, then you find the harmonious man going to excesses in no one direction. But when one force is stronger than another, then look out for excesses, for they are certain to follow. One predominating force (the tiger) leads to murder and bloodshed; another predominating force (the fox) leads to cunningness in business transactions, and mischief in various ways. By careful examination, we will find, then, that the physical organization in one sense is the boiler that generates the forces, and that the human mind is the machinery that impels to action. Then, what does man represent? Nothing but a combination of forces, and his predominant trait of character will only represent the strongest force.

The grand feature in life, then, is to try to control those forces which are constantly acting within us,—to strengthen one, enlarge the sphere of action of another, restrain the third, and subdue the fourth. Man responds to the forces within himself, like the strings of the piano to the touch of the musician. These forces are organized in such a manner that one is certain to predominate above the rest, and this one force is the distinguishing trait of that man's character. Hence, one is temperate, another licentious, another this, and another that,—all acting in obedience to the forces within.

In view of these facts, then, we may well ask the question, Is man free? In one sense he is free, a miniature God in the realms of space, struggling to understand the object of his own existence and the wonderful mechanism of those things around him. But scout the idea as you will, deem it absurd if you choose, still it is a grand truth, a reflection of Deity himself, that man acts in obedience to the forces in his own organization, and of course simply represents them, and is consequently true to himself, true to their action. Understanding this grand truth, we "have charity for all, malice towards none," and our soul responds to the harmonious action of all of God's children, for we recognize that each one is true to himself or herself, and are on, by responding to the forces within—call those forces, nature, man or God.

The voices of Chelubim respond to this beautiful thought in songs of joy, and the forces of the universe join in the glad refrain—the very stars in heaven twinkle their assent, and the heavens bow in admission of its truthfulness.

The forces of the sun cause it to send forth a genial warmth; the forces of those starry orbs that deck the blue concave above, propel them on in their ceaseless course; the forces of the earth cause the seeds to germinate, the plants to grow, the flower to bloom, and the forces within man, constantly incite him to action. These forces are born with man, and are constantly changing their relative proportions, depending upon circumstances.

How often it is that a child is born that represents the action of a certain force, upon its physical organization. One child comes into the world, its head resembling an animal, the forces typifying that, the nature of which they represent. The pug-nosed, licentious inebriate is only one degree removed from the baboon, for on his features, nature has stamped the animal whose forces he so correctly represents. It is not often, however, that nature's forces act thus upon the co-bryo child, and when they do, it is the result of some disturbance, which changes the character of their action.

The vast universe moves on its course, new worlds are created, and old ones are destroyed, new systems are brought into existence to add to the chain of those already created, and all the vast world of space seems aglow with the action of the forces within, creating and destroying, while above this silent tumult, the voices of cherubim are heard, in praise of the grand scheme of the infinite mind, for everywhere, we observe nothing but the action of various forces and the response thereto, for if the force is of God, is not the response equally so? whether the same is a plant, a flower, a sun, a system of worlds, or a man?

THE FAY SEANCES.

The Editor of the Boston Investigator has been attending one of the Seances of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fay, and here is what he says about it in that Journal of the 18th ult:

"Mr. Fay sat at a table on which were several musical instruments. At that time, if we remember correctly, he was not tied. The light was then extinguished for a few moments, but when the gas was let on, he was found tied most effectively. Again the light was extinguished, and a guitar gave out some music, and also gave us a most confounding thump on the head, which if meant for a material demonstration to produce headache was very successful. When the light reappeared, the guitar was resting against our shoulder, a tumbler was on the head of Mr. Fay, and a tin horn on the head of another person. One of the company then took off his coat, and the light being put out and in a few minutes re-produced, the sleeve of the coat was found on Mr. Fay's arm, though his hands were clasped and tied across each other in such a way that it was puzzling to know how he could have managed to put on the coat. Iron rings were also found on his arm, but how they got there, or were thrust over his hands when tied up in the manner they were, is not easy to explain. Finally, he was untied by a committee, who relied him, strongly, and the light being again put out, he was found untied when the light reappeared."

We believe we have stated, substantially and correctly, what took place at the "Seance"—Mr. and Mrs. Fay appear to be intelligent and sincere, and the remarks of the Doctor who accompanies them, were pleasing and appropriate. We had an interesting visit and were treated kindly, (with the exception of the thump) and were it not that we have seen performances in legendarium which we could not account for, though done in the light, we might be a believer in similar things when said to be done in the dark by "spirits." We do not say, however, dogmatically, that there was ju-

glery at the "seances," for as it was the darkest room that we ever got into, we had no means of seeing a juggler, if he had been there; but if these performances cannot be done in the light instead of pitchy darkness, sceptical people like ourselves will naturally suspect that "there is something wrong in Denmark."

We are pleased at the candid, plain statements of Brother Seaver; but his intimation that it might be the trick of some one or more prominent in the sleight of legendarium does not seem to be given under, it seems, a very dubious state of mind. The fact is, we believe Mr. Seaver more than half convinced already of the fact of spirit manifestations. But if there really be "something wrong in Denmark," Mr. Seaver will confer an eternal favor upon mankind, and stop the spread of a vast delusion, by showing just wherein. Therefore, for ourselves, (for we confess to be one of the deluded ones, who believe in the genuineness of the spirit manifestations done in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fay) and the millions of other deluded souls, if delusion it be, we ask Mr. Seaver to show what is wherein something is wrong; and relieve us from our bondage of delusion and mental darkness. If he can not, we ask him in behalf of the cause of truth, for which he has so long and persistently battled, to honestly confess that it is spirits, or is produced by some means to him unknown, and not try to ascribe it to legendarium; for we do not believe that he can honestly and conscientiously ascribe what he witnessed to that source for a clear solution of the occurring manifestations.

It is only fair and just, that we who have the light of truth, and are looked upon as the dupes of a stupendous fraud, by the unbelievers in spirit manifestations, should demand of them to expose it—should give us truth, for which we daily yearn and seek. If these phenomena, which are of such daily occurrence, are simply the feats of legendarium or sleight of hand performances of some clever performer or performers, we most earnestly ask that the truth may be made known.

We confess now to have hopes of our Investigator friend, since he has consented to investigate, and shall soon expect a clear and candid expose, or an open confession to the facts of Spiritualism.

MURDER THE SPIRIT ARTIST—SPIRITUALISM AGAIN IN COURT.

The public Journals announce the arrest of this medium, upon a charge of swindling, the complainant alleging that the shadows he produces, are falsely represented to be produced by spirits.

The Daily Tribune of this city, for Sunday, the 18th ult, very courteously remarks, in alluding to the case, that:

"The venerable Judge Edmunds, than whom there is no purer or more conscientious man in New York, has appeared as counsel, and proposes to defend the accused, on the ground that there is no fraud in the matter; and that the pictures are in fact, as is proven by their accuracy, the photographic portraits of deceased persons, who have spiritually presented themselves as they appeared when living, and enabled him to take their likenesses."

This case will be an important one. It will open a new volume in the law of evidence. If spirits can come back, and sit for their portraits clothed in all the adornments and appearance of life, may they not come back for other and even more useful purposes?

While we really sympathize with the medium, who is, as we really believe, but a medium, in the production of the spirit likenesses, we are at the same time rejoiced to learn that the subject of Spiritualism is again before the judicial tribunals of the country. And while the prosecuting witness, would doubtless, in his ignorance, gladly destroy entirely all mediumship, he little suspects that he is a medium, by which this matter is brought into a court of law, that the subject of Spiritualism may again be agitated.

We have never doubted the genuineness of these spirit likenesses; since their first appearance in Boston, some years ago, in the presence of this same medium; and although we realize the difficulty of establishing the fact in a court of law, nevertheless we give our most earnest sympathy to our venerable friend and brother, Hon. J. W. Edmunds, and his client, and trust that they may be faithfully supported by the Spiritualists of New York city, and surrounding country.

THE THREE VOICES.

The last week's JOURNAL published a review of the above entitled book.

It is one of the most striking works ever published. The author, Brother Warren S. Barlow, has keen perceptions,—is a natural born rhymster,—fully acquainted with the so-called sacred writings, and is not a whit behind the best in spiritual philosophy.

We speak not only from what we know of the book in question, but from a personal acquaintance with Brother Barlow. The book is bound in a neat style, and with its highly entertaining contents, will be equally an ornament to the library or centre table.

BLACK CAP THORNLESS RASPBERRIES.

In another column will be found an advertisement of the above named raspberry plant.

John Gage is well known through the West as a man of strict integrity and fine ability; and as an intelligent reformer in every department of life, he is unsurpassed. What he deals in, is the genuine article, and nothing less.

Now is the time to send in your orders for at least enough plants to propagate from.

CARELESSNESS.

Not a day passes that we do not receive one or more letters, defective in address, post office, town, city, state, or even name, omitted. Frequently, long letters come to hand, of this character. One clerk is employed at this most cautious work, trying to get a clue at the proper entries to be made in such cases.

"Brevity is the soul of wit." Conciseness in particulars is a guarantee of successful results in all business transactions.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN ILLINOIS—PRIESTS AND POLITICIANS—PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM, AND THE DOGMAS OF OLD THEOLOGY CONTRASTED.

Two years ago, the Legislature of the state of Illinois, virtually abolished capital punishment by substituting therefor, imprisonment for life, whereupon the devotees of old theology set up a howl. The leading political papers, in connection with the orthodox journals, made a general onslaught upon the new law, and stooped to petty personal abuse of Mr. Bouvier, the philanthropist, who urged the abolition of capital punishment in this, as he has in many other states.

The Chicago Tribune and the Chicago Times, the leading dailies of the Republican and Democratic parties, pitched in, vying with each other in hypocritical, Bible and sectarian cant, at the commencement of the recent session of the State Legislature, in hopes to get capital punishment reinstated. Thank God, revolutions never go backward. Politicians, priests, political news gammers and sectarian newspapers all combined, and made a desperate effort to reinstate the gallows!

Poor priests will no longer be privileged to minister the consolation of a vindictive God and a burning hell to a poor, mal organized victim for the gallows. Instead of such a mission, however, the humanitarian can visit the victims in prison; tender them the consolation of an endless life of eternal progression,—pointing to the great truth that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and day by day have the privilege of seeing the work of progressive unfoldment of their higher faculties towards true manhood, which will lead to usefulness and ultimate liberty.

Such is the contrast between the philosophy of Spiritualism and the dogmas of Old Theology.

SPIRITUALISM IN CHICAGO.

Just before going to press, we were presented with the following proceedings.

At a public meeting, held in Crosby's Music Hall, on Sunday, April 16th, the following resolution was proposed by Milton T. Peters, Esq., President of the Illinois State Spiritual Association, and seconded by William Butler, Esq., and carried unanimously:

Resolved, That we, the Spiritualists and investigators of the science and philosophy of Spiritualism, feel it our duty to express our admiration for the noble and indefatigable labors of Mr. J. S. Spittigue, in the cause of Spiritualism and kindred truths. Through his bold and intelligent presentation of the facts which lay at the foundation of our beautiful philosophy, he has compelled the pulpits and the press to leave the plane of ridicule for that of argument, which augurs well for the final triumph of our cause. We beg also to assure him that, notwithstanding the unparalleled opposition he has received from within and without, he still retains the confidence of every true friend of humanity. We wish to express our conviction that, from his business tact and eminent financial abilities, he is the most proper person to re-organize the State Association, that it may accomplish the noble purpose for which it was organized. We therefore, commend him to the high consideration and favorable support of Spiritualists throughout the state, or wherever his business may lead him, as one of the most earnest, eloquent, and practical speakers and workers in our ranks, who has done a noble work in Chicago.

CLAIR D'EVERE AT MADISON.

In a report of a lecture delivered at Madison by that gifted lady, Clair A. D'Evere, the following are the closing remarks of the Democrat of that city:

"Miss D'Evere reviewed at some length the deplorable condition of thousands of young and handsome women in our large cities; and on this point she reasoned well—far ahead of any lady lecturer we have ever heard before. We say that Miss D'Evere would let spirits alone and take a common sense subject, her admirers would be in greater number."

Let spirits alone! Oh, there's the rub! Our talented speakers would give up spirits and Spiritualism, they would double their income, and make themselves immensely popular. But spirits won't be let alone; they are here seeking every avenue that science has opened up to demonstrate their presence to mortals, and we cannot blame them if we would. The sooner the Democrat learns this great truth, the better.

NOTE FROM A POSTMASTER.

MR. EDITOR:—You are requested to discontinue the trial club which has been coming to this place for the past three months, as the subscribers are refusing to take their papers from the office.

Yours respectfully,

H. G. WOODRUFF, Dep. P. M.

Shortsville, Ontario county, New York.
REMARKS:—When the three months are up, we shall discontinue, if not renewed; but we respectfully inquire of the Deputy Postmaster above named, by what authority he presumes to call upon us to discontinue the JOURNAL, to some fifty subscribers whose time has not expired? Said Deputy Postmaster, by reference to his instructions in the Postal laws, will find it to be his duty, if papers are not taken from the office, to give notice, and state the names of persons, and reasons.

We think there is a "screw loose" at the Shortsville post office, and hope to relieve light upon the subject from our subscribers at that place.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

A regularly appointed Missionary, is doing a good work in the state of Minnesota, lecturing and holding circles for the development of Media, and will aid in organizing societies, circles and lyceums, anywhere in the state that friends may desire.

The friends are expected to furnish her a home and pay traveling expenses. Address until the first of June,

Owatonna, Minn.

MISQUOTED.

In a quotation from a letter, sometime ago, written by Brother Samuel Britain, an error was made, and he was represented as making statements in regard to certain things, which he did not actually make. The compositor left out a page of manuscript, and made a general mutilation of the article. We regret the error and promise him that the like shall not occur again.

PHILADELPHIA DEPARTMENT.

We take pleasure in referring our readers to the PHILADELPHIA DEPARTMENT of the JOURNAL, by H. T. Child, M. D.

"Dr. Child stands in the front ranks of inspired speakers and writers, and under his supervision, the PHILADELPHIA DEPARTMENT will be of continued interest to our readers."

MRS. A. H. COLBY.

Has occupied the rostrum at Crosby's Music Hall, the past three Sundays. She is, indeed, an eloquent speaker. Sound logic and simplicity in language, aided by a powerful voice, make her one of the most interesting lecturers that we ever had the pleasure of listening to.

Personal and Social.

Mrs. M. L. Rayne defends the habit of smoking, in the April Western Monthly.

The Duke of Somerset recently declared in debate, that "each missionary sent from England requires a gun-bolt."

Suicide, or self-destruction, has become quite common, if not fashionable in this city. On Sunday night, the 11th inst, Eugene L. Qatman, a saloon keeper, passed from this state of mortality, by inhaling gas.

An old woman named Celeste Le Noir has just died in New Orleans, who served in the great Napoleon's army, and was told by Napoleon: "My pretty girl, if you were not a woman, I would make a Colonel of you."

Mr. Catlin, the traveler and artist, asserts that a great river flows under the Rocky mountains.

Fanny Fern, who married Parton the biographer, said, "for the most part, the more sensible a man, the bigger fool he marries. This is especially true of biographers."

Grant's family, it is said, are Methodists, and that is the church he most usually attends.

A Velociped Academy is opened at the Wabash Avenue Rink. Doubtless others will soon follow.

Amusements.

"Humpty Dumpty" entered upon his last week on Monday, the 19th ult. at Crosby's Opera House, with new attractions. Among them Messrs. Goodrich and Moe in a skating scene, Venturini in a scarf dance, Tony Denier in a still performance, Antonio in a mirror dance, and the secondos of the ballet in a skating polka.

Mr. Sloan took a benefit on Wednesday night, Leslie on Thursday night, Venturini on Friday night, and Humpty Dumpty himself takes a benefit on Saturday night.

On Monday, April 26th, J. Gray opens at the opera-house a season of twelve nights and two matinees of French opera. The season will begin with the dirty "Genevieve de Brabant," which was so well suited to the tastes of the New Yorkers. During its continuance "La Grand Duchesse," "Barbe Bleue" and "Herve's L'Enlèvement," Lecocq's "Fleur de Peche" and Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne," will be produced.

The Hess burlesque troupe has been so successful in Philadelphia, that it remains there three weeks longer, making eight weeks in all, and then returns to Chicago.

On Monday, April 19th inst, Miss Kate Reynolds, a very versatile and pleasing actress, commenced a brief engagement at McVicker's Theatre, in the new London play, written for her, entitled "Bound," and is drawing good audiences.

Miss Reynolds is a lady who attained an excellent position on the American stage before going to Europe, whence she has just returned, and the reports from England were very flattering to her. She has once played at the Broadway theatre, New York, and opened the new opera-house in Detroit. Her brief engagement here will undoubtedly be quite successful.

At Aiken's Dearborn Theatre, "My Lady Clara," is withdrawn to make room for the production of a romantic drama by Planché, entitled, "The Knights of the Round-Table," which was put upon the stage, on Monday night, the 19th of April, and repeated on Tuesday evening and at the Wednesday matinee. On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Clara Stonell, who is justly one of the greatest favorites among our stock actresses, takes a benefit, and will offer an attractive bill, in which Mr. Frank E. Aiken will make his reappearance. On a week from Monday, Miss Olive Logan's play of "Surf," will be produced.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has been reproduced at Col. Wood's Museum, with so much satisfaction to the public and profit to the company, manager Blaisdell has very properly decided to keep it on the stage during the present week.

The "Plantation Scene" has created such enthusiasm that it will be made even more effective.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS

ON THE
WONDERS OF THE
UNIVERSE

REVEALED TO MAN:
Is the title of a new work from press.
By the Guardian Spirit of David Corlies.

S. S. JONES,

Publisher.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: "The Medium (David Corlies, of Huntley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of 'Modern Spiritualism' for over twenty years and during that time he has been the beneficiary of many thousands of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal."

\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.
[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]
CHICAGO, MAY 8, 1869.
VOL. VI.—NO. 7.

Literary Department.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE DYING BOY TO HIS MAM-MA.

BY JOHN A. MARRS.
O, do not cry dear mam-ma, for
The whispering angels say,
I'm going to a sunny land,
Not far, not far away.
They say my friends are waiting there,
The loved ones gone before,
To meet me in their happy home
Upon that sunny shore.
O, do not cry dear mam-ma, when
The chill of death is passed,
For still our loves will be the same,
And will forever last.
The kindly smiles that I shall meet
To cheer me in my home,
Will be like those, oh! mam-ma dear,
While I the earth did roam.
Then do not cry dear mam-ma, for
The time is coming fast,
When, we shall meet in that bright world
Forgetting sorrows passed.
Where everlasting spring endures
And flowers are rich and gay,
Where garlands I will make thee
Throughout the endless day.
No, do not cry, dear mam-ma, for
Delighted will I be,
To see thy son an angel form,
An angel just like thee;
Together we shall range the hills,
Of bright eternal bliss,
Where time and space will interfere
With either me or you,
Where love exalts us from our hearts
Shall with a conscious glow,
Mingle with the pure delights
Our souls can only know.
Then do thy tears dear mam-ma, for
The angels truly say,
That all I've said and done shall be
Our lot the coming day,
And with impatience I shall wait
The more that thou shalt come,
To join me in that blissful home,
That glorious future dawn.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR;
OR,
THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.
A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND ORROR.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACT, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.
BOOK FIFTH—THE APPOINTMENT.
CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ART OF CAROLINE PERCY.
"You seem in a brown study, Caroline."
"I am ignorant of the philosophy of colors,"
replied Caroline Percy, smiling, "but in a study
I am, whether brown or blue."
"Do I guess rightly?" asked Mrs. Percy,
"when I attribute your silence this morning and
your apparent perplexity, to the recent visit
of the strange gentleman?"
"Wilfred Montessor, aunt Percy?" interposed
Miss Percy.
"The strange gentleman whom Dr. Everard
brought here yesterday to see your funny antics."
"You guess rightly. The gentleman of whom
you speak has exposed me to myself, and lectured
me roundly for my faults; yet I confess to you
freely that he has already established a wonderful
influence over me." "By exposing and lecturing you?" exclaimed
Mrs. Percy, raising both hands, in well-forgotten
astonishment.
"Yes, dear aunt."
"When so many have utterly failed, after em-
ploying the most delicate arts of praise and flattery."
"Delicate! I have never known a gentleman,
except Mr. Montessor, who did not administer
his complimentary potions in nauseating doses."
"Never?"
"Never."
"Wilfred or Mr. Pettigrew?"
"Don't name Pettigrew in the same breath
with Mr. Wilfred," said Caroline Percy, in a
tone of impatience.
After a pause of a few moments, the young lady
continued,
"But still, Billy Pettigrew is a good creature."
"I am glad to hear you say that."
"Did I ever say otherwise?" inquired Miss
Percy, sharply. "We are good friends, Billy and
I, and so I suppose we shall remain."
"He is jealous of you, Caroline. He does not
comprehend."
"I don't agree with you, by any means. Mr.
Pettigrew, for anything I see to the contrary,
knows as much as other people."
"Yes, aunt Percy," said the young lady, care-
lessly adjusting her ringlets, "perhaps he does
in some branches of learning—he knows the
streets of New York, from Whitehall to Bloom-
ingdale—he knows all the merchants and trad-
ers dealing in the city, one by sight, the other
half by reputation. He knows the market
price of goods and chaffs from bobbinet lace to

gold watches. He is an adept in human nature
in the debtor and creditor line. He can tell an
honest man from a rogue at a glance. All this
I am bound to believe, for he says it boldly in
his own behalf. Whatever may be his proficiency
in building steamboats or in selling wares, he
evidently knows nothing of the sex."
"And so has no brains?"
"What is it to me that his skull is filled with
a pulpy substance, organized in such form, as to
enable him to traffic and speculate with the
sentences of a variety of pedlars? He can also
understand and appreciate my good and bad
qualities."
"I don't wonder, Caroline, that he is unable to
comprehend you, for you puzzle me exceedingly,
although I have known you from childhood."
"This stranger, Montessor, after an hour's in-
terview, understood me thoroughly and revealed to
me the prominent feelings and motives which
govern my designs and actions."
"Is he a suitor?"
"No and yes."
"Always in riddles, Caroline."
"If you are desirous of learning whether he is
a suitor or not, for the remainder of this week
heart," said Caroline Percy, placing her hand
jestingly upon her bosom. "I say no—but he
is in some things a suitor."
"Well, Caroline," said Mrs. Percy, inquiringly,
perceiving that the young lady hesitated to
proceed.
"He has made several requests—perhaps I
should rather call them commands."
"Commands to you?"
"To me—Caroline Percy," said the lady,
tossing back her ringlets with the palm of her
right hand. "These requests or commands in-
dicate a complete knowledge of my position,
character and my prospects. I assure you that
I have become very humble and very obedient.
At this moment I am unable to decide whether
I have yielded to his will from self-interest, or
from a sense of reverence for a superior intel-
lect."
"What are you to do?"
"Several things, Aunt Percy, which you will
find out in due time, unless you are so unfor-
tunate as to lose the trilling medium of curiosity
with which you are endowed."
"But, really?"
"Really, then, the last request of Mr. Montessor
is strange and mysterious."
"What is it?"
"He read me like a book, yesterday, when I
was convincing Doctor Everard, by practical
experiments, of the indubitable truth of me-
merism—and as I have already told you, he mor-
tified me by disclosing the stupidity of my con-
victions. Yet this morning, he persuaded me to
release a new part in the wonderful science
of animal magnetism, with the design of perform-
ing it in the presence of two or three spectators.
The objections which I urged on the score of
delicacy, modesty and inability, were vanquished
without the necessity of argument by his quiet,
incredulous smile. Dr. Everard will visit me
after dinner, and put me in a state of magnetic
sleep. I have been reflecting seriously, aunt
Percy, and have resolved that these experiments
shall not be repeated after to-day."
"I am glad to hear it, Caroline," said Mrs.
Percy, rising. "Hark! it is William's step in
the entry."
"As Mrs. Percy left the saloon through one
door, William Pettigrew entered by another.
The countenance of the auctioneer was clouded
with a shade of sullessness.
Caroline Percy advanced to meet him with a
gracious smile, and laid her hand gently upon the
sleeve of his coat.
"When did you return from Long Island,
Pet?"
Pettigrew regarded Miss Percy with a slight-
ly puzzled expression. He replied coldly,
"This morning—just now, Caroline."
"Caroline!" said Miss Percy, pointing her rosy
lips, and turning her head aside; "and why not
Caro?"
"I don't suppose that it makes any difference
to you, whether I call you Caroline or Caro."
"Now, you are talking in such a strain, Wil-
lam," said Caroline, smiling, "that you call me
Caro when you are well pleased with me? Per-
haps you think I am indifferent about pleas-
ing you?"
"I fear it."
"Why do you say such things, Pet?" said
Miss Percy, with an imploring glance—"do
you wish to render me unhappy, and at this
moment too, when you have been absent a whole
day?"
The shadow still darkened the features of
William Pettigrew, and he answered, though not
without hesitation,
"I imagine that you have not suffered from
the deprivation of my society. The last of your
friends seems to be increasing almost daily, and
I dare say that some of your accomplished visit-
ors will prove more acceptable."
Miss Percy placed her hand on the speaker's
mouth and said,
"I want you to talk in such a strain, Wil-
lam," smiling, "that you call me Caro."
"So you are really jealous of me?"
"Not jealous, exactly."
"Well, you can't trust me—there is no material
difference between jealousy and distrust."
"You do not deny," said William Pettigrew,
with a glance of inquiry, "that you have recent-
ly received attentions from gentlemen, who are
strangers to me?"
"I shall be positively angry with you, Wil-
lam," replied Miss Percy, pointing; "who has
excited this feeling? I wonder!" Assuming an
attitude of deep reflection, she continued, speak-
ing to herself rather than to the auctioneer.
"There is Doctor Everard, a gentlemanly
person, somewhat grey and bald, and old enough
to be my father. There is Doctor Everard's
friend, Wilfred Montessor, who came hither

with the Doctor to see me in the measure-
ment, during my fit of periodical indisposition.
There is Frederic Willoughby, a mere boy, with
blue eyes and light brown hair, to whom, how-
ever, I am under serious obligations for attention
under painful and embarrassing circumstances.
Which of these, Pet, has your excited jealousy
conjured up as a rival?"
"What have I fancied, Caroline?"
"Say Caro," exclaimed Miss Percy, petti-
shly.
"Caro, then," said the auctioneer, his face
brightening a little. "I have fancied of late
that you did not care for me as much as you did
formerly."
"A pretty fancy, indeed, to get into your wise
mood."
"But do you truly care for me?"
"Do I not, Miss Percy, with a shieling
glance from her bright sparkling eyes.
"Yes—do you?"
"If I did not, why should I trouble myself
about your foolish jealousy? And yet I am
rather pleased on the whole, for the jealousy
which you display is an evidence of the state of
your feelings toward me."
"Have you ever doubted my affection for
you?" inquired William Pettigrew, with sur-
prise.
"Often."
"Tell me when."
"When you eat onions—when you refuse me
money—when you are careless about your
health or dress—when you go over to Long Is-
land, and to other places—once, two and three
days at a time, merely to sell old trumpery."
"You are a capricious, versatile creature,
Caro," said the auctioneer. "I don't know
what I will tell you, William," said Miss Percy,
seriously, her black eyes dilating widely.
"Well, Caro."
"Make me your wife."
William Pettigrew gazed with wonder at the
sudden transformation of the gay, coquettish
Caroline Percy, into a serious, earnest woman.
Her manner, her request startled him.
"This is strange, Caro."
"If you love me," said Miss Percy, in a low,
quivering voice, "make me your wife."
"What has caused this freak of yours, Caro?"
"It is no sudden freak, William. Beneath the
wild gaiety and adventurous daring of my un-
tamed spirit, you might have beheld the annoy-
ance and suffering to which my position exposed
me—only that I am a strange being—impulsive,
wayward, perpetually changing. My distress
was a vague, undefined feeling, which sometimes
in my brightest hours gave rise to melancholy
and bitter thoughts. But yesterday an incident
occurred which deepened the impression upon
my soul, until it is strong, permanent, perchance
irremovable. I allude to a conversation with a
gentleman, who, intending me no injury, doing
me no wrong, with good motives, held me up, as
in a mirror, and compelled me to behold the re-
flection of my past life and my present posi-
tion."
Miss Percy covered her face with her hands,
and sobbed bitterly, during several minutes.
Then removing her hands, she added, her dark
eyes flashing through her tears:
"O! William, it is horrible."
The feelings of surprise and wonder which
had been previously excited in the breast of
William Pettigrew, were rapidly giving way to
emotions of sympathy.
"Do I not love you, William?" murmured
Caroline Percy, dabbling the tears from her eyes
as she approached the auctioneer, and imprinted
a kiss on his lips.
Then she knelt before him, crossed his hands,
and said a third time, in low tremulous tones:
"Make me your wife."
"Rise, Caro—dear Caro," said William Pet-
tigrew, struggling to suppress his feelings.
"No, William, I cannot you answer me."
"I will think of it."
"Answer me quickly—now."
The brain of the auctioneer was reeling—he
struggled to reflect, to determine: but the current
of thought was checked by the excitement of
overwhelming emotion.
"Will you be faithful to me, in word and
deed?" exclaimed William Pettigrew. "Will
you sustain your position as the wife of a man
of true feeling and honorable pride?"
"Yes—answer me."
"I consent—Caro—you shall become my wife."
Miss Percy, in a paroxysm of feeling, rose
from her kneeling posture and reclined her head
upon Pettigrew's shoulder. The next instant,
however, she burst from his embrace and ex-
claimed with intense energy,
"If you had refused me, William, I should have
perished at your feet."
The auctioneer led Miss Percy to an ottoman,
and at length succeeded in soothing her power-
ful, ungovernable feelings.
"Where are you going?" inquired Miss Per-
cy, in a subdued tone, as Mr. Pettigrew rose to
leave her.
"Adieu, Caro! business—business. I must
report to the sale on Long Island,
yesterday, to Mr. Wilson, my principal. The
rights and interests of others are involved in
the faithful execution of the trust reposed in
me. Excuse me, therefore, until evening."
As the door closed on the retiring auctioneer,
a triumphant smile illumined the countenance of
Miss Caroline Percy.
Half an hour afterwards, the profound reverie
into which Miss Percy had fallen, was inter-
rupted by the announcement of a visitor.
Frederic Willoughby entered the apartment.
"The roses have returned to your cheeks,
Miss Percy," said the young man, admiringly.
"I claim no longer the privilege of an in-
valid, Mr. Willoughby."
"Are you advancing in your studies?" in-
quired Frederic Willoughby, glancing at the
books which lay upon the centre-table.

"My industry and my ambition have recently
received a severe check. At your last visit, I
consulted you upon the chances of my success
in a theatrical career. Relying upon your
friendly feeling towards me, I ventured to re-
quest the aid of your judgment and taste in
criticising my private rehearsals. The stage
has been the object of my ambition for a long
time, and notwithstanding your discouraging
advice, I was desirous of achieving its mimic
greatness; but on branching the subject to Aunt
Percy and Mr. Pettigrew, I was overwhelmed
with objections and remonstrances."
Miss Percy watched the countenance of her
visitor, and at the mention of the name of Pet-
tigrew, she perceived that his eyes were fixed in-
quiringly upon her.
"The opinion of Mr. Pettigrew, by the by,"
she remarked, suddenly breaking off the thread
of the narration "unless my memory fails, you
have not met Mr. Pettigrew during any of your
visits."
"No, Miss Percy."
"He is an odd, very particular friend of
mine, and one whom I am, in a measure, bound
to consult in regard to my plans."
"As a guardian?" inquired Frederic Wil-
loughby, adding with some hesitation, "or, per-
haps as a suitor?"
Miss Percy blushed slightly, and her eyes were
seemingly employed, for an instant, in scanning
the irregular figures of the Brussels carpet be-
neath her feet.
With a timid glance at Frederic Willoughby,
she remarked,
"As I was saying, the opinion of Mr. Pet-
tigrew was so decided and prepotent, to pass
over the scruples of my aunt, that I surmounted
my hopes of acquiring fame and fortune by my
own exertions with the best grace in the world."
"I approve your decision, Miss Percy," said
Frederic Willoughby, with a glance, slightly
troubled and compassed, "whatever may be the
nature of the influence to which you have yield-
ed."
"My decision resulting as it does from deference
to my friends and superiors, will at least re-
lieve you from the weary task of hearing and
criticising my performances."
"No, Miss Percy, it has given me much pleas-
ure," replied the young man, seriously.
"You are polite, Mr. Willoughby," said the
lady, smiling graciously, "but you are honor-
ably relieved from the service I proposed to you.
Notwithstanding this, I trust that you will not
entirely forget, nor cease to visit me occasionally.
I should be pleased to introduce you to
Mr. Pettigrew."
Willoughby bowed.
"My impulses govern me," said Caroline
Percy, rising and advancing toward a piano on
the opposite side of the room, "will you permit
me to induce you to sing upon my piano?"
"A duet, if you will."
Miss Percy seated herself at the piano, and
ran over the keys, apparently hesitating in her
selection of a song.
At length she played a charming symphony,
and sang in rich, delicious tones, the following
verses:
Dost thou yet remember
The first time I met thee?
Tears were then in thy eyes,
O'erflowing with love,
Crimsoning thy brow,
Gently, I embraced thee,
Tenderly, I placed thee
In my arms—and yet,
Say, canst thou forget?
Dost thou yet remember
Love's first kiss?
Thrilling was the touch,
Wondrous the bliss,
Wildly, I carried thee,
Loringly, I pressed thee
To my heart—and yet,
Say, canst thou forget?
"Am I not a strange creature?" said Miss
Percy, turning partly round and addressing
Frederic Willoughby.
"Why, Miss Percy?"
"To sing a song like this, just at this time."
"I can account for your singing it," said Wil-
loughby, approaching her.
Miss Percy alighted from her seat, smilingly.
"You wish me to know that the vow has been
spoken—the kiss of love given?" said the young
man, with an inquisitive glance.
The next moment, Miss Percy, without re-
plying, commenced playing the "Duke of Reich-
stadt's March."
Miss Percy entered the apartment, during the
performance. The conversation turned upon
indifferent topics, and Frederic Willoughby
soon afterward, retired.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
Now and Then.
Twenty-one years ago, the word Spiritualism
was known only to a few. Was a dictionary word;
to-day, it is not only spoken by millions, but forms
a very expressive and significant name for the
religious belief of millions; but this is not the only
word which has come into general use with a new
and practical significance through the influence of
the grand movement which has stamped this cen-
tury as the most important in the onward march of
the race.
The words, Media and Medium of the Latin,
which our prolific mother tongue has chosen to
make a singular of the plural, and coin a new
word, medium, for the latter has new and distinct
meaning, and the word influence is no longer con-

joined to power's mandate, whether wisely or not.
We are constantly hearing among Spiritualists such
questions as these: "Are you faithful to the in-
fluences?" "Will you yield to the influence?"
"Does he or she speak under influence?" Our
neighbors of the church seeing upon the idea, are
distant in their charge that we are under the in-
fluence of the devil.
We are not troubled about this, for we know
that the reason and common sense of mankind
have long since settled this question in accordance
with the beautiful precepts of the Nazarene, "By
their fruits ye shall know them."
Sensitiveness and impressibility, as well as intui-
tion which is in a great degree measured by this,
have now a much more distinct and practical
meaning than they had twenty-one years ago. But
it is not alone in the domains of language, the
garments of our thought, that these changes have
occurred. It is in the realm of thought and mind,
that the most wonderful changes between now and
then have taken place. Even the most progressed
minds of that time, had many ideas which were in
a nebulous condition, and the light which they
shed over the darkness of the firmament of mind,
was dim and uncertain, and it was necessary to
have the telescope of Spiritualism in order to dis-
cover their true character,—to measure and define
their positions and revolutions in space. Such
truths are to-day, clearly revealed, and we not only
see them, but are able to present them to oth-
ers.
It is this bold feature, which has marked the
character of the lectures upon Spiritualism which
have been given all over our land, and when the
finger of scorn is pointed at us, and we are told
that Spiritualism has given us nothing new, we
begin by showing that we have established firm
platforms and laid broader foundations for the re-
ception of truth, and have already given a new
meaning to the truths that were glimmering before
the best minds but a few years ago.
At the same time, we do not admit that it has
given us nothing new, but we know that many of
the new truths revealed through Spiritualism are
sacred as household-gods to those who have re-
ceived them. When a brother or sister, a father
or mother, a wife or a husband, reveals in the bosom
of complete manhood their presence and in-
fluence, it is not for the rude world. But there
are many grand truths which the Spiritual phi-
losophy is constantly presenting to the world at large,
some of which we shall refer to from time to time.
It is enough to-day, to know that before us lies the
glorious field of the infinite with all its truths
opened to mortals just as fast and as far as we are
prepared to receive them.
JOHN A. MARRS.
The historian of Spiritualism who shall glean
from the vast treasure-house of the past, will find
few subjects more rich in the illustrations of the
wonderful power of Spirit than that of the Maid
of Orleans, whose name we have given above.
Such mysterious lives can never be solved or
comprehended, except in the light of Modern Spir-
itualism, which is, indeed, the key to almost all
that is valuable in the history of the past. We can
not enter into the history of this wonderful child
of genius and inspiration, and shall be content to
give our readers a poem we reported at the close
of one of Brother N. Frank White's admirable lec-
tures, in which he gave a vivid account of her life
and labors as an illustration of Spiritualism, show-
ing at the same time that Spiritualism alone could
explain the mysteries of that wonderful life.
We may imagine the joy that fills and thrills this
spirit, when after the lapse of four centuries, tardy
justice with its slow wheels reaches a plane where
a partial understanding at least, is had of her won-
derful career, so full of the evidences of watchful
and guardian care over individuals and nations.
PENNSYLVANIA STATE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.
The third annual meeting of this Society will be
held on Tuesday, the 15th day of June at 10 o'clock
A. M., and 3 and 5 P. M., in the City Assembly
Rooms, South-west corner of Ninth and Spring
Garden streets, in the City of Philadelphia.
The friends of the cause in all parts of the State
are invited to come and aid us. Our Missionaries
have been laboring with success during the past
winter. Those who cannot come will confer favor
by sending reports of the conditions and needs of
the cause in their districts, to Caroline A. Grimm,
Secretary, 1009 Walnut street.
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. President.
634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Sixth National Convention, of the American Association of Spiritualists.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WORLD:
The Board of Trustees of the American Association
of Spiritualists have made arrangements for
holding the Sixth Annual Meeting at Germania Hall,
in the City of Buffalo, State of New York, com-
mencing on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of August
at ten o'clock in the morning, and continuing in
session until Thursday, the second day of September.
We therefore invite each State Organization to
send the same number of delegates that they have
Representatives in Congress, and each Territory
and Province having an Organized Society, is in-
vited to send delegates according to the number of
Representatives, and the District of Columbia to
send two delegates to attend and participate in the
business which may come before said Convention.
By direction of the Board of Trustees.
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Secretary.
634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

Individuality.

"Fear not to build thine eye in the height,
Where golden splendours lay.
But trust thyself unto thine inmost soul
In simple faith always,
And God will make divinely real
The highest forms of thine ideal."

How all important it is to trust and depend upon one's self, and how little realized.

The poor, weak soul cries out for help when in trouble, to assist in carrying all burdens whether heavy or not. They may be of that character which to bestow charity and sympathy would be entirely out of place, uncalculated, and more injury than good,—still, however slight, they are unable to bear them. What a miserable condition of things and why is it so?

I answer: Because they are too willing and anxious for others to bear their trials for them. They render themselves helpless, and by so doing, make their own conditions. They are to blame, and the only ones, as a general thing. To be sure, circumstances surround us of which we are obliged to yield; but there are none however peculiar, which will force us into a state of vassalage. If we pursue the proper course, it is merely at our own option, whether we allow ourselves to lose our identity entirely and sink into nothingness. It is at our option because we are the individuals,—because we are the mightier force and can rise superior and above all. If we will, "Yes, this is the only course; 'If we will.' Too many quietly sit down, fold their arms, and think they must submit to whatever decree chance will fall upon their ears. Not an effort is put forth by them, for their own relief, but their misfortunes they barter abroad, expecting and looking for comfort and consolation elsewhere; when in reality, they are the only ones that can change their surroundings, did they but realize it, and that, without difficulty, did they possess any of those higher and nobler aims of life, which would enable them to rise paramount to all obstacles.

Pitiful indeed is the condition of those who are swayed and whipped about by every little change, who for lack of individuality and force of character, how to all minor things, and are thus rendered insignificant; for the ruling power that could and should be placed at the head of everything to superintend and keep in check affairs, is estimated so low and accounted least and nothing, where it should be first and greatest. Circumstances surround us, and we are unable to change them many times. We would not pretend to such power; but we do contend we have the power to cope with those circumstances and cause them to look bright or dark as we would almost desire.

We can make the color green, appear a perfect blue. We can look at the purest and bluest action in life, and make them seem to us the most deadly and wicked, and whatever cast or appearance we wish, and we have eyes to suit the occasion. Just as in regard to our position, whatever circumstances may attend us, we are enabled to look at them as pleases us best and if we have not strength and force of character within ourselves, sufficient to cause those circumstances to terminate for our good as much as our destruction, it seems to me we are lacking on our part. Out of the sorest tribulations come that which is brightest and most beautiful. Affliction is as sweet as it is bitter, could we but only see aright. Then let us look at things in their proper light, and not allow our senses to deceive us and make them appear what they are not. Thus we are made strong and individualized, and beings who have a separate existence from any other, and as our circumstances change, will our strength increase to meet all demands. We have no time to whine and pine, it is too precious and more especially if we would hope for better things. Let us be ourselves, and feel that we can stand alone without the assistance of any one's skirts to keep us from tottling over.

LEOLINE.

Goodness Natural, Evil Educational.

It may seem strange to us at times, that in our fellow creatures, we are able to see nothing but imperfections and evil, and still it should not be strange, characterized as we are by the same nature. Did we exercise one grain of reason or charity, or even one hundredth part of which in our selfishness, we expect and murmur if it is not shown to us. In every action of life, can we find in ourselves that which will justify. We have an overflow of compassion for others, but outside, it ceases to flow, and only as the fifth and dust are swept away by the most intense agitation and excitement, do the slightest streams ever gush forth. As these conditions are but momentary, their unchangeable course soon stops, it regains its usual level and none seems benefited by the general outbreak.

This is the manner in which we are too apt to sympathize, therefore is our little charity too apt to sympathize, and we have naught to guide us.

Ever in affliction are we looking for charity, in some direction and an amount, greater, often, than we deserve or are willing to bestow upon others. These are the ones who ask the most. How often to selfishness there is the human heart, and made so by a false understanding and relation. We believe that, for selfishness at birth can not have been our inheritance alone, but coming from the hand of him who doth all things well, we find in the pure and natural state charity and simplicity, simplicity which disallows one to pursue a false and unnatural course which can engender only impurities, and charity which comes like an angel of light, shedding consolation and calm everywhere without which all is dark and dreary.

Who has not received at some time, from the innocent child, a look, word or act of sympathy which could have its origin only from the very fountain of the pure soul, that did not awaken in them all the better affections of the heart and cause them to go on in return. Here we are enabled to feel the language of real human nature, unalloyed; before these donations of little and true are bred, which disfigure the sophisticated and older children, we consider them a part of their education and necessary to battle with the world, and its many temptations.

Could we be more erroneous than this? Could we get drive from our vision that which so completely blinds as for a lack of understanding, we could clearly see how fruitless and precious any knowledge which is deemed so requisite for our existence.

Could we but pierce the gloom which separates us from our fellows, and which has kept from our sight so long the good, as we would have it and related to be altogether, the evil, we would find in ourselves none the less, and that all vice were counteracted by equal virtues.

LEOLINE.

Original Essays.

Reply to Austin Kent.

BY DELOS DUNTON.

BROTHER JONES:—As Brother Kent does not think best to take my advice (offered gratis) to leave the discussion of infinite subjects for more tangible themes,—I will try with your permission to follow him a little farther, and see where the argument will lead us.

Brother Kent says I "mistake his position." He has urged the impossibility of eternal improvement, not on physical, but on moral grounds—from what it necessarily implies of the badness of the past—that the universe must have been only less than infinitely bad.

Now, I have looked closely, but I can find no such moral impossibility as Brother Kent sees.

If we are to deal with infinite things, it is quite as important that we consider the infinitely small, as well the infinitely large.

Two curved lines may be projected into space and extended infinitely in such a manner that they shall be only one foot apart at their starting point, and continue forever to converge without ever coming in contact. This is a mathematical proposition which is self-evident to every clear thinking mind; and it matters not whether the lines at their starting point are one foot, or one inch, or one millionth of an inch apart, the proposition is the same and is equally true and undeniable.

In like manner, the universe may have been eternally progressing, and yet never have been comparatively much worse than it is now. True, in this case, the progression must be slow as we go backwards, but there is no impossibility in it. If Brother Kent's moral feelings have been appalled by the thought of how bad the universe must have been, it has progressed eternally, it may be a good antidote for him to study the question of how small a degree of evil the universe may have been eternally occupied in overcoming. If the mind is unable to grasp the largeness of infinity, it is equally unable to grasp its smallness. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a degree of improvement so small that through any moral or logical necessity in the case, the universe may not have been eternally occupied in accomplishing it. What, then, becomes of the moral impossibility? Will Brother Kent answer?

Nor will this view prove that the progression must necessarily be equally slow in the future. There may be either a gradual or an uneven expansion in the rate of progression as there is much reason to believe there is.

Curved lines are, perhaps, a good illustration of progress—their convergence or divergence is never the same, but always changing, growing greater in one direction and smaller in the other.

I do not think we have yet had sufficient experience, have not yet reached a sufficient mental altitude, to map out with any degree of exactness the direction or amount of progress the universe has made in the past, or will make in the future. For the present, I am satisfied with the facts that the universe or that part of it of which we have knowledge, has made and is making progress.

At the close of Brother Kent's article, he says: "If our mind was once in the condition of matter, it had a beginning as mind. For that reason must it not have an end as mind? I answer, not necessarily. This proposition of Brother Kent's has, no doubt, been stated a thousand times, by, perhaps, as many persons; but I have never seen any adequate proof of it, and it is certainly not self-evident.

If a thing can have a beginning, and exist for a hundred or a thousand years, why may it not exist for a million years, and if for a million years, why not forever? What reason is there, that simply because a thing has had a beginning, it must necessarily, therefore, have an end?

I deny the necessity of any such conclusions. Let us have the proofs.

Carpentersville Ill. April 10th, 1869.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

True Religion—How Cultivated.

BY DR. E. H. WHEELOCK.

Each faculty of the human mind is derived from the same celestial fountain; hence, the proper exercise of each in accordance with its natural action is, in devotion, is true religion. To illustrate: The faculty of number, or power of numeration exists in the mind, and God in nature presents to that faculty a plurality of worlds, and objects. This demonstrates the fact, that Deity is a mathematician; hence, he who studies arithmetic, studies God, and to study God, will ever lead to devotion and true religion.

Again, man possesses the faculty to construct or build. The God of the universe possesses also the same. How wonderful is the mighty display of His mechanical genius in the rolling worlds, and the uprearing of the floral and animal kingdoms; therefore, he who studies architecture, studies God, and to study God, is to "get religion."

Man also possesses the faculty to distinguish both harmony and discord in sounds. God has placed music in the spheres. In the sphere and earth we hear the murmur of the sea, the hum of the bee, the low of the ox, the roar of the lion, and the sweet music of the birds, and sweeter still, the voice of friendship in human kind; and he who bows in reverence to these, is a child of God, cultivating true religion. O, how many half Christians, the forms and ceremonies of priests, have made by the wild exercise of the faculties of wonder and reverence to the neglect of all others, even those of the reason.

When, oh, when will man learn to assume the dignity of his manhood, and truly reverence the Author of his being by the cultivation and proper exercise of all his faculties, and spiritual elements of his nature? When will human brotherhood be universal? Not till priests serve the creeds they make for man to follow, nor till man shall rise and assume the dignity of man, and turn his ear to the voice within, the voice without, the voice from above. New Hartford, Iowa, Feb. 8th, 1869.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Revision of the Sermon on the Mount.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

That only is blasphemy, or sacrilege which invades the holy temple of truth, and takes from it the rich gems which compose its adornments; therefore, it is no blasphemy to review the writings of the old reformers, and gather the gems of truth which they contain, and apply them to the wants of the present age, rejecting what savors of the superstitions of the past, and of which the people of the present day stand in no need. As Jesus taught the multitude whenever he found opportunity, through the inspiration of spirits, so do those who, like him, are called at present to teach the people through the inspirations of spirits, such doctrines as shall elevate them.

Blessed are they that feel their need of wisdom; for they shall obtain it. Blessed are they that are in trial, or mourn; for through trial shall they be regenerated, and find peace.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the blessing of the angels, who shall provide rich inheritances for them; if not on earth, in the spirit-home. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they are as God. Blessed are the peace makers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they who endure persecution for righteousness sake, or for the sake of truth; for their reward is sure in the future, and they enjoy a heaven within. Blessed are ye if ye follow correct teachings; although ye may be persecuted for the sake of the teacher; for your reward is sure; and all the good before you have been thus persecuted.

Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt lose its savor, it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out with the mire and filth of the streets. Ye are the light of the world; a city that is set on a hill can not be hid. Men do not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light to all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Think not that I am come to destroy; or do away with truth whether found in the law or the teachings of the old prophets; I am come to reiterate truth. I say unto you, that truth is immortal; and though heaven and earth may pass away, not one jot or tittle of truth shall be lost. Who so shall disregard any known truth shall be called unwise; but who so shall live in accordance with its precepts, and teach men to do so, shall be called wise. I say unto you, that except your righteousness or wisdom shall exceed that of the despisers of the truth, or those who disregard the moral precepts, ye can not enjoy a heaven in yourselves, neither can your place be high when ye enter the spirit-world.

Who so ever is angry with his brother without a cause, harbors a sin in his spirit that is akin to murder; and he is in danger of retribution. Spare harsh epithets in speaking to your brother; for sure judgment will follow him who gives rein to passion. Be reconciled to your brother or neighbor, if there is ought of malice in your heart toward him; that out of a pure, loving spirit, you may offer a gift of praise to the Father. Seek reconciliation with your enemy, lest he bring you into trouble.

Unholy desires are like the sin of adultery.—Cleanse your nature from all unholy passions; though they may be part of it, and cherished like a right hand or a right eye; for thus shall you save yourselves from the discipline, that awaits the depraved. Who so ever shall put away a wife or husband, let it be for just cause; and let each bear and forbear while a shadow of hope of reconciliation remains, before a divorce is sought.

Let your language be pure and expressive of what you would communicate; and use no vulgar phrases, neither wound the ears of any by the light use of the name of any thing that may be sacred to them, or injure your own natures by lightly esteeming the name of any thing that is pure and holy.

Be careful what resistance ye make to what ye may esteem evil; for it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. Avoid litigation, even at the expense of more than the sum in dispute, unless principle forbids it, and justice demands that ye suffer in order to satisfy its ends. Be generous in giving and lending.

Return blessing for cursing, always; do good to those who hate you and persecute you; for thus shall ye show your relationship to the Father. He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. If ye bless and bestow gifts upon those only who do thus to you, ye exhibit a selfish spirit, and not that of your Father.—Be ye, therefore, perfect, or seek perfection; for your Father in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your aims before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have not the full reward of well doing. The reward of the hypocrite is glory of men; let yours be from Him who searcheth the heart and weigheth his motives.

When ye pray, be not hypocritical. Use not vain repetitions, for they shall not avail to exalt your spirits and bring down the holy inspirations ye seek. The Father's ear is open to the secret longings of the spirit, whether breathed in silence into His ear, or uttered in words in public. After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name. Thy will be done in earth as it is among the wise in the spiritual spheres. Give us from day to day our daily bread. May we receive mercy as we grant it to others. Deliver us from wrong. For Thine is the power, Thou All-glorious, All-wise, All-benevolent One. If ye have not a forgiving spirit ye can not feel the divine benediction in your spirit.

Follow no senseless ceremonies; for these are not profitable, or pleasing to your Father.

Store up for yourselves treasures of wisdom; for these will ever remain for your use, subject

to no waste from thieves or decay. Have a single purpose to do well. Let your knowledge be true light or wisdom; and not error or darkness.

Ye can not be, at the same time, truly righteous, and given to evil practices. Take no undue thought for the future; but be trustful while ye are prudent and thoughtful. God careth for you who are so much more precious in His sight than the birds of the air and flowers of the field. By needless anxiety for the future, ye only mar the harmony of your spirits; but wise forethought and diligent industry on your own part is rewarded by Him who cares for all the forms life has created. He blesses such forethought and industry by showers of good things, as be clothes the senseless forms of nature by means established by law. All gifts of God are good; but wisdom is the best gift. Waste not your energies in dreaming coming ill; for by taking wise forethought, the ill ye dread for to-morrow will be avoided by your care to-morrow.

Judge righteous judgment, even as ye would be judged righteously. When ye consider the faults of your brethren, forget not you own; and forbear to correct the faults or errors of others till ye have first corrected your own; that ye may do it properly.

Offer not treasures of truth to those who can in no manner appreciate their value, lest the truth be despised, and yourselves suffer needless persecution.

Ask, and there shall be given you what ye most need; seek, and ye shall find treasures of wisdom; knock, and the doors of the celestial world shall be opened unto you, and ye shall behold God's ministers of love as they come on missions of mercy to you, and all mankind besides. Ye can not seek God's good gifts in vain, for the aspirations of every soul are to be satisfied with good. Who of you will refuse good gifts unto your children that need them? Is not God more willing to bestow good gifts upon His children than earthly parents are? All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law, and according to the teaching of the prophets.

Find the straight path of progress rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin, and thereby follow a tortuous path which may seem to be strewn with flowers, but which will prove to be strewn with thorns; and the more thickly, the farther it leads from the straight path. The many follow the tortuous way, and the few the straight path; because man's nature can not, at first, distinguish what is truly good from what is perverted good, or evil. Beware of false prophets; or any who would deceive; for they are like ravenous wolves. Ye shall know them by their works. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? A good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. It is not in the nature of a hypocrite to do good deeds; or of one that is pure to do evil deeds. The hypocrite shall be brought to confusion, even as the tree that bringeth forth good fruit is cut down and cast out of the way.

Not every one that saith "Lord, Lord," or cryeth "reform, reform," is just, or worthy to be a teacher; but only they that do the will of the Father. Many profess to be lovers of the truth, and to work in the cause of reform, and profess to do wonderful works by the power of the spirits, who, really, know not the truth, and shall be covered with dismay when they shall discover that they can have no fellowship with the pure and wise in the second sphere until they have purified their natures—cast off their filthy garments which scent of hypocrisy and gross selfishness.

Who so ever follows the dictates of wisdom, is wise; and may be likened unto a man who builds his house upon a rock—a solid foundation, that the winds and floods can not sweep away. He that refuses to follow the dictates of wisdom, is foolish; and may be likened unto the man who builds his house upon the sand—a treacherous foundation, which is in danger of being undermined and swept away by the rains and floods. The disaster to such a man is great.

"And the people were astonished at his doctrine." "He taught them as one having authority."

Take Away the Pulpit.

MR. EDITOR:—At a Presbyterian Convention in Cincinnati, February 17th, 1869, Dr. Thomas said: "Take away the pulpit; come nearer the people; remove the formality of the minister. We build up these bulwarks of Satan, the pulpit. Twenty years ago, I kicked mine out, so as to get nearer my people."

What does all this mean, Mr. Thomas? Have you failed to make people interested? I judge so from the fact that you advocate an entire change of tactics.

Yes, Mr. Thomas, you may as well own up that you have failed to raise an interest in your system of religion, because there is no genuine interest in it, for it is destitute of truth, and, therefore, destitute of the beauties that proceed from truth.

You are mistaken in supposing that the lack of interest proceeds from the fact that a few boards of which your pulpit was composed, were between you and your people. You are mistaken in supposing that there is any similitude between your pulpit bulwark and Satan. It appears as if you do not know what you are talking about. Do you suppose you kicked Satan, when you kicked the bulwark of your pulpit out?

The truth is just here, Mr. Thomas: You have felt yourself far away from your people, not because a few boards were in the way, but because you could not, in the nature of the case, raise any sympathy between the lifeless religion you and others of your class are trying in vain to galvanize, and the people,—they having given it up as a hopeless case, are passing around in search for a religion which they can use every day, and which is capable of doing them some good. You have anchored to an old book system which requires you to stay where you are, or else take the back track. Meantime, the tide of people is pouring of genuine religion has left you high and dry around if you wish to regain the lost interest, you must get yourself afloat again, cut your cable, get in advance of the people. As soon as you do, you

will find that no boards, Satan, or pulpit, will have any power to separate you from them.

KNOCKS.

Bellevue, Michigan

Iowa.

To the friends of Spiritualism and liberal ideas, everywhere:

The Executive Committee of the Iowa State Spiritual Association have decided to call a State Convention at Des Moines, to commence on Saturday, May 22nd, to hold three days.

They, together with the friends of progress deem it highly necessary to hold a convention thus early, even if the next annual meeting should be held in October next. We require an extra effort to start any enterprise, and especially one that is to rise under the yellicite persecution of the pulpit,—which is emphatically true of Spiritualism.

We had a good Convention last Fall, with but little effort; and we think that with a reasonable effort now, we will secure a better one; at least, a more general representation of the State, which we do hope we shall have. We have better halls in our city, more concert of action over the State, and a better knowledge of what we should do to secure success. Still the concert of action over the State is nothing near adequate to the demand or success, and to start a healthy, self-supporting lecturing system.

It has become most evident to the Executive Committee that the Spiritualists of Iowa should meet together, and with the past experience develop some plan to bring our cause up to the status its intrinsic merits demand. We make an earnest appeal to you to make the effort worthy the cause. Let the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, and every class and profession look ahead and make calculations to attend. If it is left to a few they will be discouraged and lessen even the feeble efforts they have made. Adjoining counties and those on railroad lines should send in heavy delegations; while more remote and less accessible parts of the State should be represented.

We are fully assured that with a good representation of the State, we can secure our best advocates who will be enabled to carry our gospel into every inhabited county in the same. Let us have letters immediately from all parts of the State, addressed to H. C. O'Brien, Des Moines, and prompt action taken all over the State. Provisions are being made to entertain delegates and visitors, free of cost. We will try to arrange to have reduced fare on our lines of public conveyance.

Our fellow papers friendly to the cause please copy.

In behalf of the Executive Committee.

J. P. DAVIS, President.

H. C. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

SECOND QUARTERLY REPORT.

Amount received up to April 7th, 1869, on the second quarter:

J. G. Whitney, Rock Grove City,	\$1.00
Henry Preston,	\$4.00
J. M. Blakely, Iowa City,	\$5.00
J. S. Stanley, Davenport,	\$7.00
S. H. Ashton, Brooklyn,	\$5.00
O. H. Gaffney, Council Bluffs,	\$20.00
Abner Hill, Redfield,	\$25.75
S. S. Chase, Maquoketa,	\$25.25
Norman Rundles, Janesville,	\$20.00
Total,	\$120.50

Amount expended,

Cash in Treasury,	\$10.00
"One dollar paid to State lecturer, E. Sprague."	\$1.00

The above is a true report as far as my knowledge.

W. W. SKINNER, Treasurer.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Practical Religion."

Since the publication of my article in No. of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, on "Practical Religion," I have received letters from different sections assuring me of the sympathy of the writers with the work proposed, and promising material aid towards its accomplishment.

I now wish all who are willing to engage in so noble and glorious an undertaking, and assist with their pecuniary means an enterprise in which spirits in and out of the mortal form can unite their wisdom and energy in the work of aiding and elevating humanity in a practical manner, to write and inform me thereof at their earliest convenience.

This is but one step, or as it were, an introduction to the great work now being projected in the Spirit World for the upbuilding of humanity, by raising them through more favorable physical conditions to the higher planes of mental development and Spiritual Harmony.

As a medium, we sit for the transmission of these grand and fundamental principles, projected in the immortal spheres of the "Life Beyond" for the benefit of mankind upon Earth; and as all "mediums" are receptive from both spheres, we also hope to receive those answering pulse-thrills from humanity that are responsive to the angel-greeting, by which, through our mediumship, the two spheres may be the more closely cemented into a concert of action and unity of purpose.

Let all who have means not stint to, employ them to accommodate the angel visitants, and great shall be their reward.

D. P. KARNER, M. D.

Federal Hill, Erie Co., Pa. April 28th, 1869.

The Mischief of Fanaticism.

"Will putting one's self in a passion mend the matter? said an old man to a boy who picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in pain. 'Yes it will mend the matter,' said the passionate boy, and he dashed the stone at the dog. The animal thus enraged sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop window and broke a pane of glass. Out ran the shopkeeper and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane. He had mended the matter, indeed! It never did, and never will, mend a matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger. If you have met with a loss you will only increase it by losing your temper. Try to be calm, especially in trifling troubles, and when great ones come, try to bear them bravely."

Failures among parlan managers have been of frequent occurrence during the winter season, to utilize a portion of the banks of the Susqueanna for advertising purposes.

The late Madame Perrot Paradiol is said to have been a superb musician.

100

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, MAY 8, 1869.

OFFICE 54, 55 & 56 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
S. S. JONES,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and Pro-
grams on eighth page.These sending money to this office for the JOURNAL,
should be careful to state whether it is a renewal, or a new
subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

S. S. JONES, Editor.

All letters and communications intended for the edi-
torial department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S.
Jones. All business letters to John C. Brady.

84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the sword.

NATURE'S FORCES UNERRING IN AC-
TION.

It is natural for man to be constantly peering into the future, and endeavoring to come to correct conclusions in reference thereto. The simple fact that each one of us has a past connected with his history, we have a right to conclude that he will have a future also; but whether that future will be endless in extent, is a question that has throughout all ages, agitated the minds of the people. If the future existence of man could be demonstrated on scientific principles, then, there would be no room left for cavil, but all would readily grant its truth. The past, present, and future of the life of each one of us, may be regarded as the three departments of our existence—the first constantly coexisting with the second and the second with the third. That man is indeed wise who can point out the partitions of these three departments,—and explain their peculiar characteristics,—and the connection that each has with various phases of life. When a child, reposing on the gentle bosom of a mother, receiving her fond caresses and constant care, we lived in the past, and therein we received the first lessons of life. Not only is childhood necessary in man, but all nature must necessarily go through incipient stages of existence, finally accomplishing its mission. The child fondling on its mother's bosom, and in its innocent gaily prattling "baby talk," bears but little resemblance to the future man, who can measure the distances of stars, compute the time of eclipses, and explain the wonderful mechanism of the starry regions! (The child that will be president, king, or emperor fifty years hence, is certainly to-day an insignificant creature, compared with the responsibilities that will rest upon his shoulders when he assumes the functions of his office.

Out an acorn in two parts, in a certain manner, and a powerful microscope will reveal the form of a miniature oak; and it seems to foreshadow thereby the outlines of the king of the forest. The child-foreshadows the future man; the acorn the future oak; the seed the future plant; and we will find throughout all nature, that the germ, the central point, contains a miniature likeness of that which it will finally produce. Within the egg is the outline of a chicken, and the process of incubation is carried on in a regular, systematic manner, and the chicken is produced. Dissolve certain chemicals in water; place a wire therein, and the solution will form beautiful crystals around the wire in accordance with the well known law of chemical attraction and affinity. The outlines of the chicken is within the egg,—answering the same purpose therein that the wire does in the chemical solution, and the action of the constituent parts of the egg is very similar thereto, different, however, in this respect. Animal life is produced.

Every seed in nature contains a miniature likeness of what it is destined to produce, and under the stimulating action of nature's forces, wonderful results are accomplished. If you could give the acorn a careful examination, you could find that it draws on canvas a life-picture of the oak that it will produce, giving with unerring certainty, the directions of the limbs, the size thereof, their locality on the main trunk, and the full size of that also. The anatomist can, with one bone of a fowl, tell its size, and with even one bone of the physical organization, he can compute exactly the full size of the body. There is a mathematical rule in nature, and she never deviates therefrom. The acorn foreshadows the future oak, its full size, the locations of the limbs, and in that it never fails. The force that produces the oak are within the acorn, so foreshadowed that the power thereof is intense. The simple rays of the sun will not light your pipe, but with the aid of a singlass, you can so focalize or intensify them as to ignite your tobacco in an instant.

In all the departments of nature, in the seed and in the root, is the miniature of that which they will finally produce; and its life-principle is so localized that when diffused by the elements of the earth, the full sized oak, tree, flower, or plant is produced. Plant a seed in a box, let it germinate, and finally produce a large shrub, and you will find that the weight of the earth therein is not diminished in the least by the growth of the same. The reason is obvious. The seed itself, or the elements it contained, were so focalized, or concentrated that it,—aided by the stimulating effects of the elements, produced the full-sized plant or shrub, without diminishing in the least the weight of the earth in which it is planted. From this simple illustration, a lesson of vast magnitude can be learned. The tall oak with its rustling leaves, towering branches, and massive trunk; it is said,—can by a chemical process be reduced in bulk to that extent, that it can be placed in the shell of the acorn from which it sprung. The oak, then, is a mere speck in existence, when rightly considered. As the acorn foreshadows the future oak, so does the child foreshadow the future man.

In the discussion of a subject of this character, much can be learned; for we see in the seed, in

miniature, what it will in the future produce.—The seed tells its future history; knows its final destiny. It makes no mistake, for it contains in miniature, what it is destined to produce.

In order to understand or interpret nature, we can go to the seed instead of the plant it produces, to the first starting point in its career, instead of the final result.

In the consideration of this, then, it would be well to pause, and retrace our steps, and consider another point. The human organism embraces within it all the forces of nature, which act in a specific manner, and which must be certain and unerring in their results. The idea that the forces of nature as manifested in plants and trees work with unerring certainty in accordance with a law immutable in its action, is universally entertained; now, we would like to ask if those forces when united in the human organism, are not equally as unerring in their action, and as immutable in their manifestations, as when incorporated in a plant, shrub, tree, or animal? If they work with unerring certainty in a plant, do they not do the same in man? If there is a necessity for them to act in a specific manner in a plant, is there not an equal necessity for them to work in the same specific manner in man?—indeed, the demand for unerring action in man is greater than in plants, for he is not superior to the vegetation beneath him?

We leave the reader to ponder well this subject so fraught with interest to every reflective mind, and endeavor to come to a correct conclusion in reference thereto. The world reasons to little effect when it looks upon the forces of nature as immutable in their action and unerring in their results, yet when transferred to the physical organization, a body infinitely more under the necessity of being controlled by unerring laws than plants,—why, at that moment, their action depend upon the caprices of each one of us, and cease to be unerring in their actions and results.

The transfer of nature's forces from animals to man, does not change their nature in the least when considered separate and distinct, but when united together they modify each other, thereby establishing an equilibrium between opposing forces; for it is a well known fact that nature's forces when separated, manifest antagonistic characteristics. It is true in the animal kingdom; it is true in the vegetable kingdom; it is true everywhere!

As nature's forces in the acorn foreshadow the future oak, in the embryo child they fore shadow with equal certainty, the future man. The time is not far distant when this law will be recognized, and the unerring certainty in the action of nature's forces, fully admitted,—whether it be in the formation of a plant, shrub, tree, animal, or man and his various acts of life.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE ONEIDA COM-
MUNITY.

Just now Spiritualism is silently, yet potentially insinuating itself into all grades, forms and conditions of society, with an unusual pertinacity; which is causing a very perceptible uneasiness amongst the would be conservators and guardians of the churches and orthodox and Bible communities. And from a recent number of the Oneida Circular, it is evident that Planchette, together with various startling manifestations in Europe and America, have claimed the attention of the folks of the Oneida Community, no less than other less liberal orthodox associations. They too, it is quite apparent, are demanding at least within the secret recesses of the soul, to know the whys and wherefores of that oft repeated, persist and continued agitation concerning Spiritualism and spirit manifestations. Accordingly Mr. Noyes, their acknowledged head and leader, in his "Home-talk," in a late number of the Circular, sounds the alarm and bids his flock beware. His words of caution are in the following strain:

"The Community, in its readings, is marching through Spiritualism, the land of ghosts and devils and all sorts of wonders. The temptation to stare is immense. But the little ones that give themselves up to curiosity, will fall into confusion and break their ranks. Let us keep our eyes steadily on the scientific object of our march, and not stop to dally with wonders by the way."

We happen to know that it has been by a vigilant, and persistent effort on the part of Noyes, and his colleagues, that research and investigation into Spiritualism and its phenomena, has been prohibited in the Oneida Community. Some of its best members have been dismissed and denied fellowship in consequence of their adherence to Spiritualism. And from the "talk" now before us, we would infer that the agitating tormentor is again causing them, at least some uneasiness. And it is very evident that they are too cowardly to grapple with it; but cry "Devil, Ghost, Dugaboo, begone!" to frighten their rank and file into a theological adherence to the time-honored faith in an orthodox construction of the Bible. We put it thus because we know that the Bible is the strongest auxiliary to Modern Spiritualism.

How long a free inquiry, into what must ere long claim the attention of every human soul in every church or community, can be thus interdicted remains yet to be seen. Yet from the serene heights of a realized faith in Spiritualism, we love to calmly and hopefully watch the flutterings, agitations and consequent progress that it is making from day to day. To us they are like the streams of light at early dawn in the east, which portend the coming of the king of day, who must make his appearance at the appointed moment. And just so sure is the power, beauty, grandeur, glory and hope, that Spiritualism brings, destined to make its way into every human soul and understanding.

For the edification of the reader as well as to evince Mr. Noyes' alarm at his formidable enemy's inroads, we make the following quotations; without further comment, only premising, that we may skeptics tremble at this undivided, to them, formidable power; for it is no less than the great hosts of the mighty dead, whose powers and will are irresistible; hence it is another irrepressible conflict.

"Spiritualism is just now checkmating Posi-

trism. The scientists of Europe have followed their senses and their rationalism, till they have eliminated spirits from the universe, abolishing God and immortality. Whereupon the veil that has separated this world from the other, is rent and hosts of spirits are let loose to stamp out the lie.

So Spiritualism is just now defending the Bible. Secularism has crept into all high places, till the old miracles had become myths and legends for scoffers; when suddenly the world is all alive with miracles, and the skeptics themselves are foremost in maintaining the reality of inspirations, visions, prophecies, demonic possessions, gifts of healing and all the rest of the old Bible incredibilities."

He then admonishes them after the following manner, to keep clear of it:

"Let us watch the shock of contending hosts in this war, as we watched them in the war against Slavery. Our sympathy on the whole is with the Spiritualists, as it was with the Abolitionists; but we belong to neither party. God is on both sides of the fight, and will make both sides help on the kingdom of his Son.

While we know that many spirits are gone forth into the world, we also know that a few of them confess Christ, and that most of them are lying spirits. They do their work of fighting against scientific materialism, but they are no fit society for Bible believers. Doubtless it would be easy enough for us to take them in, as the Shakers did the Indian spirits; but we should be taken in, too. Besides, if we show them out and dally with their tales and gimmicks, we could get them to working their wonders among us; and so by suitable invitation we could get any quantity of beggars and tramps visiting us, and living upon us. But what is the use?—Would it pay? Our study should be not how to get them in, but how to keep them out. The science of exorcism in such cases as these is worth more than the science of evoking spirits.

The Planchette, used as an oracle, seems to me to be the devil's final substitute for the pocket-golds of the heathen."

SPIRIT CONTROL.

Unquestionably there is no subject embraced within the realms of Spiritualism, so little understood as that of the influence and control of spirit Guardians, either psychologically or mentally, or actual control of the physical organisms of mediums.

Jesus is reported to have said that "of mine own self I can do nothing." Early in our medi- umistic unfoldments our attention was urgently and persistently called to this Bible quotation, attributed to Jesus. But it is no more or less a truth because he should have uttered it. For we feel to know, from years of positive control, in the school of experience, dearly bought, that Jesus simply enunciated an eternal truth; a truth that existed long of ages ere Jesus was born on this planet. The meaning of the expression, is simply that without God and his guides (Moses and Elias and others), he could do nothing.

Accordingly as we felt, so we expressed ourself, and believe to-day. We find however nearly all Spiritualists, and among them many accredited mediums, who persistently assert, contrary to this declaration of Jesus, that they can do as they wish in many things; for instance that they can go or stay, without being aware of the fact that their very thoughts are given to or withheld from them.

Jesus evidently realized such a universality of control, which gave rise to the expression attributed to him, and which must forever remain a pillar of truth. In a few instances the control of the "angels," spirit guides, as in our own case, has been so clearly manifested to the mediums that they see and accept this undeniable truth. One, a medium, who for fourteen years has astonished and interested thousands, was near the same village in Indiana, where our investigations and developments first began, compelled, among other marked evidences of control, to strip himself of the last vestige of clothing, and run the streets with the fleetness of a race-horse.

But a more recent case, one that transpired within a few days of the writing of this article, and drew our attention to the subject, was related to us by a gentleman of this city, a well known lecturer and test medium, and who was himself the subject. His guides, as in a few other cases of the present day, and as was undoubtedly the case with Jesus, are taking especial pains to demonstrate their power and control.—And on one occasion when he was feeling somewhat wild, he was thrown into the mud, and rolled in it until his face, hands and garments were well bedaubed therewith.

We might offer a volume of such testimony, but since we are aware that it is only through actual experience, that this truth can be engrained into the mind, we feel that for the present we have said enough.

DASTARDLY OUTRAGE—THE OFFICE
OF THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST
DESTROYED!

On Monday the 26th inst., Br. Hammond and E. V. Wilson received notice to leave the city, or take the consequences. Here is the notice; it was put under the door of Br. Hammond's office. Read it and reflect that this is but a beginning of the war.

"Errors can have two days to leave city, or quit getting out such a paper. Your life ain't worth ten cents."

Wilson, too."

On Monday, the 26th, Br. Wilson gave one of his remarkable seances, giving many tests.—Hammond was present. After the seance, Hammond went to his office, and all was right.

This morning, the 27th, on going to his office, he found it broken open, his forms demolished, his type scattered, a half bushel of it thrown into the coal bin, and his office gutted, flowers setting in the window broken up, his overcoat stuffed into the stove, as well as other atrocious acts of vandalism.

Who is responsible for this? We answer, the churches. Who threatens life? The churches, and this act is thoroughly Mosaic, and this mean spirit of revenge, is the spirit of old Egyptism.

Br. Wilson has been stirring up the Theological Hyena. The Hyena now steals out in the night, to do in the dark what he dare not do in the

day, and not having the ability to defend himself with brain and argument, he resorts to vandalism.

Yours truly,
H. A. Eddy.

Cleveland, O., April 27th, 1869.

REMARKS.—We unlocked our forms and take out matter to give place to the foregoing, and to say to the Spiritualists all over the country, now is the time to aid our good Brother Hammond, in carrying on his paper. Let the enemies of Spiritualism know that it is too late to crush out the truth by physical forces, either in destruction of property or personal abuse.

[ED. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has been a trial subscriber to this paper, we will send it for three months longer on the receipt of fifty cents.

That will barely cover the expense of the blank paper, and putting the name of the subscriber upon the regular mailing machine lists.

Hereafter, the rate of three months' trial subscribers will be fifty cents. We have sent several thousand dollars during the last few months, that we have sent out our papers to trial subscribers at twenty-five cents each.—The JOURNAL is now extensively and favorably known, and it is just justice that our friends should pay at least two-thirds of what it costs.

The labor and perplexity attending our trial list, has been beyond all expectations, and to avoid which in future, we have determined to put all new trial subscribers' names on to the regular list, as a guarantee against all mistakes. To enable us to do so, we must receive at least fifty cents for three months' trial subscription, and we will take a renewal for the second three months also, for fifty cents.

Will our friends be so kind as to make another effort to circulate the JOURNAL, on these most liberal terms, thereby aiding in disseminating widely, the principles of the spiritual philosophy!

We return our most heart-felt thanks to those who have already done much for us.

Any one who now has a list of trial subscribers made up, at the old rate of twenty-five cents each for three months, will please send them forward, and we will fill the order as heretofore.

ROSE AND LILY, THE TWIN SISTERS.

We are in receipt of a little pamphlet of thirty-two pages, accompanied with two beautiful photographs, the one a spirit likeness by Anderson, of one of the twin sisters, the other of the little sister remaining in earth life. Wm. White and Co., publishers.

This pamphlet abounds with remarkable tests of spirit power, as manifested both physically and mentally.

For sale at this office.

THE INNER LIFE.

We would be glad to receive from our friends throughout the country, contributions for the INNER-LIFE DEPARTMENT of the JOURNAL, detailing experiences in spirit life and tests of spirit presence and power. Such articles are read with great interest by our readers.

MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON

Will lecture in Omaha, Nebraska, during May.

Address letters in care of C. Potter.

Literary Notices.

A neat little volume of Poems by J. William Van Name, has been laid upon our table.

Those who have read the inspiring pulsations of the author of this little volume, that have appeared from time to time in the JOURNAL, have an idea of the beauty that sparkles in the Poems just published.

In "At Rest," he beautifully says:

Sold her white and wasted hands,
Over pale lips, quiet breast,
Spoke in his whispered tones,
She is now at rest, at rest,
Tread with careful, easy tread,
For the loved one is asleep,
Death has calmed her troubled now,
And we can but pray and weep.

His picture of a death-bed scene, "Gone from Earth," is really a gem that one never becomes tired of perusing:

The angels came, in robes of white,
And hovered in the room,
Where you sat in the flickering light,
Watching the weary spirit's flight
From this world's care and gloom.

The angels bore her up above
To mansions of the blest,
Where hope, and joy, and peace, and love,
Shall settle like a holy dove
Within her heart at rest.

He sees nothing but beauty in this world of ours.

This world is beautiful and bright,
Its flowers all are fair,
And perfume-rich seats ever on
The balmy summer air,
The stars shine in the cloudless sky,
The moon sheds silver light,
The sunbeams make the valley depths
And shadowy paths all bright.

The little birds sing happy songs
In stately forest trees,
The busy bees hum in the heart
Of never wearying bees;
The rivers and the trickling streams
Flow on their winding ways,
And nature, in her brightest tones
Yields up a mead of praise.

We predict for this work, the success it so eminently deserves.

For sale at this office, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Liberal songs for the use of Children's Progressive Lyceums, compiled from various sources, by Geo. F. Holmes, Musical Director of Cleveland Lyceum.

This little work should be introduced into every Lyceum. It will add very much to the interest of the exercises.

For sale at this office, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Personal and Local.

Chicago manufactures as handsome and durable locomotives as are produced in any manufactory in the world.

Ole Bull's youngest daughter died on the 18th ult. Her husband committed suicide last August.

Admiral Porter's daughter was the belle at the recent midshipmen's ball.

Whittier's poems sell better in France and Germany than the works of any other American poet.

Solomon W. Jewett, a well-known Vermont sheep-breeder, has been kept some six months in Ludlow Street Jail, in New York, on a petty suit for debt.

When the four Harper brothers, of New York, formed their partnership, they agreed that no son of either of them should be admitted into it while the firm lasted. By the recent death of James the firm is dissolved, and the younger members of the family will now doubtless be taken into the reconstructed firm.

The Catholic Archbishop Manning, in a discourse in the pro-cathedral of Moorfields, England, a few weeks ago, held that, though baptism was indispensable to salvation, "it might be administered, in case of danger, by priest or layman, man or woman, and by such baptism, validly administered, the child was brought into the unity of the one Church and under the care of the one Shepherd."

Carlotta, in her lucid intervals, is writing a book on the Mexican Empire. The Royal authoress is possessed of much literary ability.—Among the papers left by her father, King Leopold the First, are several splendidly bound volumes of letters written to him by his daughter during the last seven years of his life; and this correspondence is said to abound with charming and sprightly passages.

In Boston, on the 12th, Walter Brown, the oarsman, made fifty miles on a velocipede in 4 hours, 17 minutes, mowing time.

On his birthday the French Prince Imperial received one elegant velocipede and gave away twelve.

Mark Twain is going to get married, and will, it is announced, settle in Elmira, and eschew lectures and newspapers.

Franklin said: "Give your son a trade, and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune."

Amusements.

Another novelty is this week presented, at Aiken's Dearborn Theatre, in the character of "Surf," written by Olive Logan; which is produced here for the first time in Chicago. Its production is accompanied with the first appearance, in this city, of the talented comedian, Mr. W. Sheldon. The play embraced every member of Mr. Aiken's excellent company. And is put upon the stage with entirely new scenery, new machinery and new costumes.

The play at Wood's Museum for this week is the highly sensational drama adapted from the French, by Sully, entitled, "The Child Stealer." Mrs. Louise Nelson, as The Child Stealer; Mrs. J. L. Westervar, as Mrs. Snapper; Miss Joie Booth, as Lady Miriam Chesterton. Mr. J. W. Blaisdell, as Joe Simpson; Mr. John Dillen, as Nobby Nibble; Mr. J. W. Jennings, as Joe Poynter. It is well put upon the stage, and well played, and draws good houses. We are not advised of the length of its run.

J. Grau's French Opera Bouffo Troup arrived in season, and began their engagement at Crosby's Opera House, on Monday evening the 29th of April. The cast is a strong one, embracing the two Prima Donnas, Mme. Rose Bell and Mlle. Desclauze, and the great tenors, Mons. Carrier and Mons. Beckers. Several new operas have been presented, for the first time in Chicago, and others are yet to follow.

Lucille Western a popular and charming actress, is engaged at McVicker's Theatre for a run of twelve nights; her engagement commencing on Monday the 26th of April. Her presence upon the boards of a Chicago stage is attracting considerable interest, drawing fair hopes. She appears in several plays of her own creation. She has been well received so far, and her engagement promises to be both profitable and popular.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS

OR THE
WONDERS OF THE
UNIVERSE

REVEALED TO MAN.
Is the title of a new work fresh from press.
By the Guardian Spirit of David Corlies.

S. S. JONES, Publisher.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corlies, of Huntley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years, and during that time he has been the humble Medium through hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer; far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal.

The Introduction entitled "The Unraveling" treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized Life in the native purity of all things.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the way mediums paint likenesses, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences."

In part second, under the general head of "Myteries Revealed," the author treats of "How Mediums Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we in Mediums speak. The fallacies of all kinds of language investigated. The ring fast and

Communications from the Inner Life.

No shall give the angelic charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit world.

(Reprinted by Smith and Burton, short hand reporters, 118 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sessions, should be concise, well written, and directed to the editor, when convenient for the questioner to be present at the session.

INVOCATION.

Eternal Life—from Thee, by and in Thee we have an existence. In Thee we experience both joy and sorrow. In Thee, millions upon millions of human beings enter upon the material plane of life, and stay, as seemeth best unto Thee, for a longer or a shorter period of time, and then change from that plane of existence to this one.

Everything that we can take cognizance of through our senses is teeming with life, and reminds us of Thee; and with our thoughts of Thee we are led to wonder and ask of ourselves the object and aim of our existence.

As we behold Thee manifested in the beautiful forms of vegetable life, we feel that to know more of Thy power would be a blessing unto us. We see Thee manifested in the animal kingdom. There again we are lost in wonder, and our thoughts ascend unto the great Spirit of all life and light, to know more of Thy power. As we see Thee manifested in the human form, again we ask ourselves what there is for us to do? What is the object Thou hast in giving unto us individualized life, partaking in our natures of everything below us.

To Thee, great and infinite Spirit, we feel that flowers send up blessings. We feel that the birds that warble in the forests give forth their praise; and we who possess all the beauties of flowers, of birds, and everything that is lovely in life, thank Thee for our existence. We feel that Thou for every trial Thou hast given unto us. Give us more of the pure and noble traits that shall lead us to thank Thee, and not only to thank Thee, but to deal nobly and kindly with one another. Add give those upon the material plane of life to know that there is a real life waiting them upon this side; and that that life is from Thee.

Give them to know that upon this second plane of life there is a beautiful existence, and that everything is teeming with it, the same as upon the material plane, only that Thou in Thy wisdom hast given unto this plane more lovely objects, higher forms of life, and more perfect knowledge, and may that which is below aspire for that which is above.

From thy great and inexhaustible fountain we would ever approach and offer thanks for the past, the present, and all that Thou hast in store for us in the future.

FROM NETTIE TO HER MOTHER.

MRS. L. SMITH, MEDIUM.

As time wears on, we come to you with increased zeal and fonder affection. We know but little of time or space, but frequency of communication causes us to feel that it is good for us to be here; and minds thus re-united after long years of separation ripen into the deepest warmth of affection.

You can hardly look upon me yet as a woman grown in these spheres, but the mother's remembrance looks back fondly upon the little babe of unconscious existence, born but to enkindle maternal tenderness and then the feeble flickering life sped away to more congenial climes.

Yet the fondness lingers still; a fount has been opened which no length of years is long enough to dry up, a fountain of love revealed which no lapse of time can crush out.

The mother never forgets the babe committed to her keeping, even though multiplied cares and duties fade out from her memory all apparent indications of remembrance sometimes; but ah! way back in some quiet corner of soul-life could you see reflected the all engrossing thought you would see deeply grooved in its life's history took record as this: "Born and died, a daughter."

Every emotion of soul bears some resemblance to what is past, every thought, action has made its impress more or less distinct on the life-line of every individual, and a fact so well worth preservation as this creation of life within life—could it ever die out?

Nay, mother, not so; all unknown to many, very many parents as is our actual growth and our interest in you, the awakening of an interest in us we know well will assuredly come some day, born of the never dying recollection that the time has been when we were a present reality. We come to you now, and find a maze woven into the very tissues of your being, fraught with this recollection spiritually born, the form or representation of that which might have been yours to love, cherish even until now, but the woven fabric of the imaginary, from the real bears very little resemblance, dear mother, to the actuality.

But that does not matter; love, affection is all the same, and the link remains unbroken and reveals the entire truth when you too shall put off the corporeal or bodily for the true spiritual essence of actual life.

It matters not who your conceptions of us are, the ideal but feebly represents the reality. We come to you as the child in love's sweet affection, and the impression left is that of childhood enfolded yet within the bud, and why not? You have looked upon us in no other light, and the conception is not at all at fault, though it embraces minor points in the landscape only. As your comprehension enlarges, so does your perception of a thing increase. We come to you with childish accents, the little maiden, and you

enfold us within your being still. Nature's law is inviolate here.

You almost behold us with enlarged consciousness of what might have been, and we open your eyes in the coming narrative—astonish you with what you conceive to be additional experience. Dear mother, it is not that we have changed, but that you have learned to read us better. That stronger beams of light have been reflected within your own soul. Nature is not at fault here, only revealing herself more truthfully and beautifully.

As in past, we have been one feeble ray leading you on to spirituality, so in the future, may we be the strong link in the chain of evidence that shall draw you more closely to the future life.

Mother, we would draw near unto you and pour forth words and loving thoughts to make you grow more beautiful as you journey on in the pilgrimage of life. We would speak of things best fitting to your eternal welfare, but all these things must come in their own natural order as you are fitted to bear them.

Revelation means to you only that which you can understand and derive benefit from; and that which is revealed to one may not be to another, and so on.

Spirituality means that grade of development which enables man to grasp—lay hold on higher elements of being that belongs to this life, but which so few lay claim to. A want of perfectness—that full bloom which belongs to life here is everywhere manifest, but can be attained unto whenever provision shall have been made for it in individual capacity. Man aspires unto and surely attains the object of his aspirations naturally, easily when asking, being the recipient of it even in such measure as the desire calls for.

Ask for greater purity of character, you have it; love of the beautiful, and it is yours; knock, it shall be opened unto you.

The prayer means just this and nothing more, to ask is to receive. The door has been opened unto you, and you are passing the entrance even as you desire. There is a deep spiritual meaning here, significant of every approach to good, that in like measure as you desire, so do you receive.

It is not so much, mother, that we change, as that you open your understanding step by step and allow us to trace our characters there. The spiritual world has never yet been fully comprehended by mortality, and cannot be to its fullest extent until the matter (form) surrounding you can be laid away, having done its work, and you passed on to second experience. You desire to know more of the spiritual life and it is right that you should.

Draw near unto it then in your daily walks and it will be imparted unto you; an insight is given unto those spiritually inclined, and in just such measure as your earnest supplication draws unto you. The fountain is full and running over and all needs shall be supplied.—This is the living water.

Concluded next week.

The After-Life.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF LYDIA H. BAKER.

Some time last August, I was present at the change to spirit-life of a young lady friend, Mrs. Belle V., who, dying in child-bed, suffered most severely in the dissolution.

On the morning of the eighth of last March, being in a deep trance, the following message was given:

The *now* of the future, was brought as if acting a part in it in the present; and Mrs. V. was with me as if in the physical form, telling me that she found the spirit world too full of light and knowledge, for her to fully enjoy it (dying at the age of sixteen); that on that account, she would prefer this life, showing me, by the symbol of a dividing line across a large circle, one side of which was night and the other day, what a difference there was in the two worlds. I said to her that I would gladly exchange my dark side for her light one; then, reading her thoughts, I saw that she possessed the knowledge that I could not enter that life for some time to come,—that there was a spiritual need for me here,—a work to do besides a healthy physical condition that would prevent my going soon, and give me a comparatively pleasant life in this; and as these thoughts ran through her mind accompanied by her earnest and enlarged affection for me, she replied:

"But Pa would be lonely in spirit-life without me," showing me that there was a large source of enjoyment in spirit-life for her, the chief centre of attraction being her father's society who had preceded her within a few weeks of a year.

She then desired the presence of her mother; and I could discern a subtle, magnetic cord between the mother and her—forming an intuitive attraction; the mother being brought as if by our going to her. She spoke to her mother with an apparent ease of flow of words, while it was difficult for me to do so.

Others came in among whom was her sister, and Parson D. I could now see that this intuitiveness between the mother and daughter, caused the former to feel that her child's spirit must be present, and through it desired to know more of her,—to more fully realize it, as if suggesting to have her hair combed to see it she would not look more natural. A comb being brought, the spirit suggested that I could use it best. In the contact of another, if the subtle magnetic cord that enabled her to manifest through my mediumship should be broken, in that case she would become invisible,—as indicated in a slight drooping of the head when some other persons came in too close proximity to her.

She showed that her eyes and hair were darker, and physiognomy somewhat changed, to prevent any excitement that might break this magnetic chain between her and me. In showing me this she looked upon and pleasantly said:

"My eyes used to be blue, and now they are black" and with this, look her very color was

transparent, showing me the spirit's ability to change its outward appearance, and the philosophy of it.

She then signified her intention of returning to spirit-life; and for a brief moment we were alone. Returning, she remarked:

"Mr.—is in love with you."

Then (as when I told her how gladly I would exchange worlds with her), her thoughts were transparent, and I saw, that she agreed with me as to his lack of congeniality, and the course of conduct I should pursue toward him. I then spoke of another, and she replied:

"He has not had the opportunity," and here our privacy was interrupted.

Then we were at the place and time of her change or departure: back to spirit-life; when, renewing her manifestations of affection, she showed that she loved to lie down with me, with her arms around me, when I observed that she was rapidly changing. She directed me to cover her feet, and manipulate her, from the top of her head down the spinal column, that she might go easier.

In covering her feet as desired, I saw that there was nothing but the shadow of them to the knees. I saw, as it were, pictured on spirit-canvas, a large river, typical of her change—her feet just beginning to cross over it.

Then I commenced the manipulations as desired, and observed her suffering, as she did when I stood by her in the first change. Here the subtle magnetic attraction between the mother and daughter was visible, her mind being exercised with the desire to have us give her something to keep her with us; but I showed her that such a step would only increase the pains she was then feeling.

When the vision was over, I was forcibly impressed with the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they shall not suffer the second death, but shall have power," feeling that this "dying in the Lord" was simply a change, through spiritual light and knowledge, that would deprive death of its sting.

Phenomenal.

From The Indianapolis State Journal.

A Wonderful Occurrence.

The following letter was written as per date, by Professor Taylor, editor, and one of the proprietors of the *North-Western Farmer*, and also of the *Ladies' Own Magazine*. Two monthly periodicals published in this city. Professor Taylor is as well and extensively known in this city as an intelligent, Christian man—an able preacher, a zealous and efficient temperance advocate and forcible writer. He is also extensively known in Central, Southern and Northern Illinois, as a successful gospel minister, and as an earnest and successful editor, having, at different times, had charge of the educational interests of that State at different points. Those who knew Professor Taylor will, therefore, read with interest the statements made in the following letter, which was written, not for publication at all, but as a private letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Matthew, Esq., of Oldtown, Maryland—but some of his friends, to whom he read the letter, before sending it off, thinking that it might do good, asked that it might be made public in this manner. He consented, and furnished us with a copy, which is to the following effect:

INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH 27, 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

But I must tell you the item of news that is most upon my mind and in which you will be most deeply interested. I have, all my life, suffered at times, with most distressing doubts as to whether there is a future world or not. And have, at times, doubted man's immortality. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to make this acknowledgment, seeing that I have been a minister and pastor for nearly twenty years. But I could not rid myself of these doubts when I would preach or lecture on subject of immortality, which I have done a great many times. I would feel strong enough at the time, in view of my arguments drawn from history, reason, and revelation; yet before I would know it some times in less than an hour, the tempter would come along and suggest some thought, and whisper "Well, I guess after all it is a mistake," and down I would come into the "slough of despond," as Bunyan has it. So I have really suffered many things of this evil one. But, thank God, the devil has at last been vanquished, and I have undisputed possession of the field.

God in his great mercy has permitted one of those of whom the Apostle speaks, when he interrogatively declares, "Are they not all Ministers of Spirits sent to minister unto them who shall be heirs of Salvation?" to reveal himself to me in a very wonderful manner.

On last Thursday, about the third hour of the day (3 o'clock, P. M.), I was sitting in a small room singing in a low tone of voice,

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies, &c."

A voice spoke to me which I did not comprehend. The person speaking seemed to wish to introduce herself. The name was spoken several times, but so indistinctly that I did not recognize the name, and I said, "I can't understand you." She then turned to my niece, who was present, and said, very distinctly, "Tell him I am your aunt Harriet."

My niece was very much affected at this, and burst into a flood of tears and wept aloud for some little time. She then turned to me and said, with much fervor, "My dear brother, I am your sister Harriet. I said, 'O, is it possible that this is the spirit of my sister Harriet, whom I used to love so much?' And she answered, 'Yes, yes.' Then turning to my niece, who was still weeping, she said: 'Don't weep, my dear. Control your feelings. I can talk so much better if you will.' Mary having promised to do so, she turned to me again, and said: 'My dear brother, don't doubt any more. O, I am so glad to be permitted to speak to you, my dear brother' and I kissed her three times on my face.

I was much affected, but did not weep, for I wanted to hear all that she had to say, a synopsis of which is about as follows, as near as I can remember:

After the salutation, she commenced by saying, "The spirit world in which we live is so bright and beautiful! There is no pain, no sickness, no death here! The good are always happy. There is hell enough for the wicked—a hell of literal fire and brimstone, but oh! the wicked are punished here for their crimes on earth. Yet, oh! the glory as seen in His goodness to the children of His creation. Glory be to God! How good the Lord is. We should praise him forever. Here, in this bright and beautiful world, all is progression—all are approximating nearer and nearer to God, the good Father of us all." I said, "Yes, that is just the doctrine that I have preached for many years." "I know it," she said, "and, my dear brother, preach on, and warn the people of their ways. A few more years of labor and toil, and disappointment, and care, and that glorious, golden epoch, of which you have preached so often to others will come for you. We will see you safe in it, and never leave you till you are folded safe in the arms of Him who gave you your spirit. Nor is this all. No, glory be to God!—but we will never be separated any more, brother."

Then, turning to my niece, she said: "You remember when Jesus was on earth he was found among the poor, and not among the rich and aristocratic. They rejected him. So it is now. Christ is found among the lowly, and received by those who do not put on much style," &c. (Niece had just been making some disparaging remarks relative to some poor folks.—Hence this gentle reproach.)

Then turning to me again she said: "Brother, be faithful, be honorable, be honest with yourself and others, be virtuous, and it won't be long till you are with us on this glorious, golden epoch, of which you have preached so often to others, and never leave you till you are folded safe in the arms of Him who gave you your spirit. Nor is this all. No, glory be to God!—but we will never be separated any more, brother."

But a few minutes after sister Harriet left me, a little one advanced and said in a feeble, faint voice, "Your wee little Timmy Finlay, Oh, papa! papa, me so glad, and kissed me about ten times, and then he kissed me three times, and this sweet vision of angels was over."

Whether they will ever revisit me or not, I cannot tell. If it could be so, I would be more than glad, for it would be so refreshing to my soul.

What seems now to be very strange to me, is, I was not thinking of our darling, sweetly sister at all, nor of my little angel boy, that passed to the better land in 1861. You remember that sister Harriet departed this life, at Colfax, in this State, in the year of 1863. I had just been thinking of our sainted mother, also of the dear wife of my youth, each of whom I missed about ten years ago. If I had been thinking intently of sister, or my "wee little" one, I might now think, or at least others might think it for me, that my eyes, ears and touch had deceived me; nevertheless, I saw a luminous appearance, as distinctly as I ever saw the morning star. Before it passed beyond the Western hills, or the full orb of moon as in her waxy brightness, she walked amid the hosts of the stars. I heard the name and the discourse as plainly as I heard Dr. Holladay preach his excellent sermon to-day, in Roberts Chapel, on the resurrection of Christ, and our consequent resurrection. I felt the touch as sensibly as ever I felt the force of the hammer in having a tooth extracted, but without pain, so that as to the fact, there is not even the slightest possible grounds for even a remote shadow of doubt.

Oh, how good the Lord is, in granting to me the desire of my heart, that this great question of man's immortality might be so settled in my own heart and mind that not only my judgment should be convinced by the process, but my physical disposition as well as by the teachings of the blessed Bible, but that my natural senses—three out of the five—seeing, feeling and hearing, might all concur with the power of ratiocination to bring a demonstration of the great truth to the heart; for I know that on the truth of this doctrine hangs the great question of personal religion.

Dr. Young, in his preface to *Night Sixty*, says in substance, "Few ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than the present. The dispute about religion and the practice of it rarely ever go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute the better. The subject may be resolved into this: Is man immortal, or is he not? If he is not, then all our fine display of oratory is the mere trial of skill, &c., but if he is immortal, then it becomes us to be very serious about eternal consequences, or in other words to be truly religious." So I feel.

There is no being better, than the now recurs to me, that I will mention as being full of interest. Speaking of the subject of death, she said, "There is nothing in death to alarm a good man. I used to fear death so much, but it is like staying a few days in an old house, that is almost ready to fall down, while a splendid mansion is being finished into which you are to move and live forever."

Many more things were said but I can not write them now. I have thus written my dear brother and sister, that your own souls might be refreshed and encouraged.

I am your affectionate brother,

T. B. TAYLOR.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Denunciatory.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to say a few words explanatory of the reason for and the manner of the adoption of a preamble and resolution denouncing one Wm. Ferries as a humbug and an impostor.

I will not trespass upon your space by a detailed account of the *modus operandi* of his trick and our exposure of the same, as it is not my purpose to try to convince you of his imposture; but suffice it to say, that upon an invitation of a Mr. Twalt, we repaired to his house, to witness some wonderful manifestation.

We came there prepared, ready and anxious to be convinced of the presence of spirits, and having paid our money, we were seated, and the show commenced.

He claimed to be tied while the instruments played; but when the light was brought in (accidentally), he, Ferries, not the spirits, was standing on his feet, united with the guitar in his hand. This he and the terrified explained by, saying that, in being tied by the spirits, he jumped from his chair, threw up his arms and came accidentally in contact with the instrument. We, the investigators wondered why the spirit untied him, when he professed to be tied, while the music played.

We were present at three successive seances, after this, and finally invited him to our house, when in the presence of fifteen (as we thought) intelligent men and women, he performed. No one except myself and two other gentlemen, was aware of the presence of a dark lantern. (When I turned the light upon him, the music was playing and Ferries untied with his hands on the instrument.)

We do not exactly agree as to his position, whether he was standing, half standing or sitting, but far from invalidating our testimony, it strengthens the same, taking into consideration the suddenness of the light, unaware to all, and

that is only the work of a moment to sink down in the chair from an upright position, but in this respect, we all agree, that his hands were on the instrument, and that he endeavored to retile himself when brought to view. He had before warned us that if any one attempted to throw a light upon him, he might get a bell thrown at his head, as the spirits had done before; but I was willing to risk it, knowing that no one could throw a bell without me knowing who did it.

The circle dispersed, and without a single exception convinced that Ferries did what he attributed to spirits.

I could mention a good many other suspicious circumstances, but I have said enough already. All the circumstances were then thoroughly discussed at the time of the adoption of the resolutions, and though I might be willing to concede to you, Mr. Editor, superior judgment and discrimination, yet I submit that the audience, then present were fully capable of acting as jurors.

True, a man is not guilty because of resolution, but resolutions are passed by an intelligent audience, only upon the evidence of guilt.

In conclusion, I am not one of those who like to judge others, but I submit that the man who has not the moral courage to stand up and expose villany and deception when he finds it, he has no right to call himself at all progressive.

As for Ferries himself, I have nothing to say, outside from his profession. He is an ignoramus, who can neither read or write his own name, and though not in so many words, yet by manner, he acknowledged to me, that he was an impostor.

Yours,

ROBERT HINDLEW.

Millwaukee, Wis.

REMARKS:—We, with pleasure, give place to the foregoing communication. The writer gives his evidence in the case under consideration, as well as his conclusions. Facts are what the public want; from facts they will draw their own conclusions. This is an age of thought.—Spiritualism teaches every human soul, to make use of his own God-given reason, predicated upon facts, observed or well authenticated.

As we said before of the man Ferries' mediumship, we know nothing excepting the evidence above related. That there are impostors now as in all past time, going about the country to deceive the people, we doubt not, and we now, as we always heretofore have done, caution every investigator to beware that they are not deceived.

At the same time we earnestly implore such investigators to treat mediums with courtesy and kindness. If there is a class of people on the face of the earth, that has to suffer more than all others, from the cold frigid blast of suspicion and skepticism, it is that class called mediums.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Reply to J. T. Finney.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

Br., you ask "Does he (myself) mean that one half of the materials of which the universe is composed, is evil, or that every combination of equally good materials, produces an amount of evil that balances the good?"

1st. I have never said that there was an equal amount of good and evil in the universe. I said the amount of each must remain essentially the same; neither gaining over the other.

My words were, "Progression and Retrogression balance each other."

2nd. I have never suggested even an opinion as to the first part of Mr. T's question; but I will now reply to it: I don't believe that the materials of which the universe is composed are either good or evil. Order and chaos, calm and storm, pleasure and pain, love and hatred, or moral and physical good and evil, have doubtless been eternal, but only because the something—matter, mind and spirit—has been in eternal action joining and dissolving, and changing the conditions of all its forms and things.

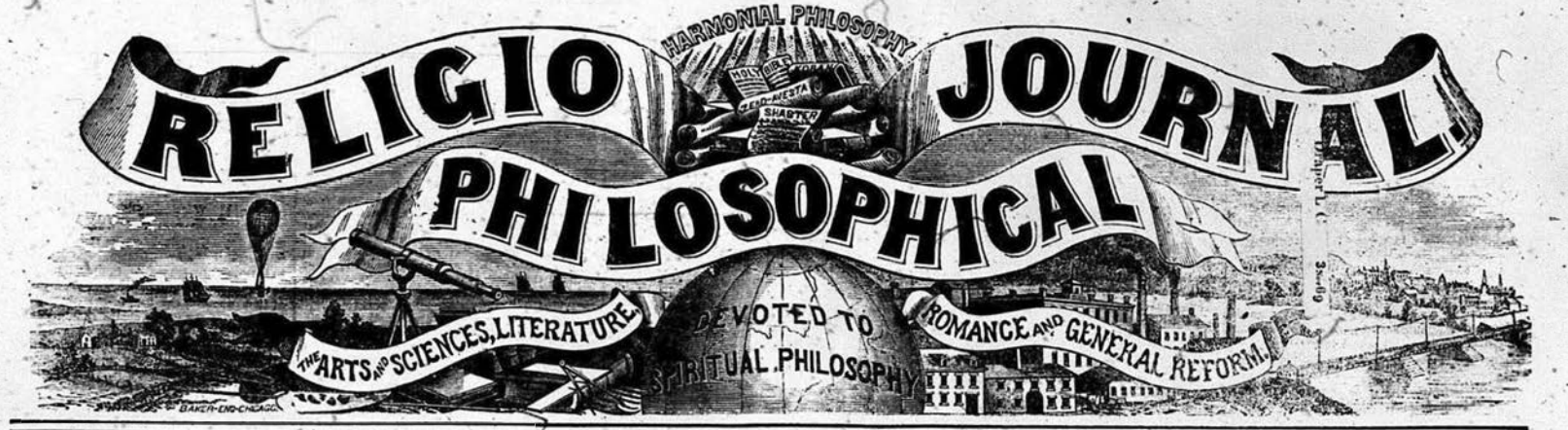
Our Spirit Br., Henry Whitmore, says "Evil is not a positive principle. In proof, he refers us to physical evils, which, of course, are not moral 'principles.' No more is physical good a moral principle. Our Br. adds, 'If, evil, is not an emanation from soul but the cold negative principle of an undeveloped life.' I once more beg our Spirit Br., or some one of the millions of earthly Spiritualists who agree with him, to give us the proof that evil is 'negative' as good is not. I do not find it in the article referred to. God is more positive in a highly developed mind. Evil is more positive in a rude and less developed mind or soul. As our Earth has improved, physical evils are believed to have become less severe and less frequent. So it is with the soul. In its progression, moral evil is less intense and less frequent. But show us in what sense good is positive that evil is not—Our Spirit Br. says "The relative tendency of all things is to good." If this be an absolute truth then the universe must have been only less than infinitely worse than now in the eternal past,—was it so?

Stockholm, New York.

Aquarium.

There is now preparing in Berlin what will be the most magnificent aquarium in the world. It is situated in the center of the principal promenade of the city, and will make a large three-story building, and be under the charge of Alfred Bruhm, one of the best German naturalists. The second story will be devoted to the aquarium proper, while the upper will be of such thick glass as to resist the stoutest serpent or crocodile, and by a skillful arrangement will be lighted, while the galleries where the visitors stand will be dark. Caves and grottoes abound, and art is exhausted to mimic Nature. The aquarium proper will be so divided that one portion shall contain the denizens of the Baltic Sea, another of the Atlantic, and a faithful copy of the Grotto of Capri is peopled by the inhabitants of the Mediterranean Sea. This aquarium is ten times larger than that of Hanover, and twelve times larger than that of Hamburg—the two most famous in the world.

[illegible]



\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth waits no man, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, MAY 15, 1869.

VOL. VI.—NO. 8.

Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

JOAN OF ARC.

Poem delivered by N. Frank White at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Feb. 14th, 1868, at the close of a lecture on Joan of Arc.

Faint Maid of France, thy monument shall stand
A tower of granite to the future years.
Vindictive God! and the myriad hand,
Who gloated o'er thy agony and tears
Shall be forgotten, while thy sainted name
Uttered with reverence by adoring lips,
Shall be re-written in a glory flame,
Which shattering ages never can eclipse.

A simple peasant girl, a maid inspired
The king's adviser and the army's head,
The hero-heart with patriot's fire,
Charging where warriors had not dared to tread;
When through the pious Rhine's Cathedral arches rolled
The grand Te Deum and the mighty roar,
Which of a monarch's coronation told.

The simple, tender woman's heart appeal
To be released from this wild giddy whirl—
Again beneath the fairy beam to kneel—
Again to live a simple peasant girl—
The yieldingness at duty's stern commands,
The camp, the siege, the heroine heart again,
The base betrayal by the wicked hands,
Which left on France a dark discolored stain.

The cruel trial, the relentless hate,
The highest persecution to the end,
The heart undaunted by a martyr's fate,
Like living pantheons picture blend!

Thou the great heart of France like bugle blast,
Its echoing tones still make the soul rejoice,
And still heart tribute at thy feet are cast.

The ancient market place where thou wert bound
While the mocking crowd around thee jeered
Is visited to-day as holy ground,
O'er which thy France with reverent hands has reared
The monumental stone; where leaping flames
Once wrapped the roused with many a torturing tongue
A martyred saint, her country's heroine shines,
Her noble deeds by her day and age sung.

Rebels! it ever be. Inspired thought
Through persecution's purifying flame,
Shall reach the heights from which it sought,
First scorned, then honored by the tramp of time.
To-day adorned by the tramp of time,
By consecrated hands on sacred page,
By king and priest in sanctuary placed,
To grow more sacred with each passing age.

to me, the other day, of a conversation, between Mrs. Owen Tracey and yourself, on the subject of Animal Magnetism?"

"Very well."

"From the general tenor of the conversation, and your remarks at the time, I obtained the impression that you were anxious to secure a favorable opportunity of beholding a series of experiments in the science of mesmerism."

"You are right, Willoughby. I have not only a strong desire to behold the experiments, but also to be convinced of the truth of the science."

"Why not? Have you turned your attention to the intricate mazes of philosophy?"

"My love of philosophy is confined entirely to those branches which are capable of being reduced to practice, in the affairs of life."

"By yourself, or others?"

"And of what practical advantage would the science of mesmerism be to you, even if conclusively proved?"

"I should become a mesmerizer, at once."

"And stroll through the country, with one or two susceptible subjects, on whom to perform the experiments, delivering lectures to the populace, at a shilling per head?"

"Not I."

"To what purpose, then, would you apply your knowledge?"

"To the conquest of the sex!" said Alfred Tracey, coolly. "Women are endowed with strong sympathies, and excitable nerves. The truth of Animal Magnetism would place them entirely at the mercy of cool, calculating, determined men, thoroughly versed in its deep mysteries."

"Would you really pervert such astonishing powers to such base ends?" inquired Frederick Willoughby, with a slight degree of warmth in his manner.

"All is fair in love, as in politics," replied Alfred Tracey.

"An atrocious sentiment, Alfred; but I will not quarrel with you on account of your doctrine, so long as you refrain from practicing them."

Tracey laughed heartily, and turned toward his companion, with a glance of playful mockery.

"You are growing squamish, Willoughby.—A week ago, my nonsense passed current with you."

"A week ago I was only a boy," said Frederick Willoughby, thoughtfully. "Pausing a moment, after these words, he added:

"I am digressing, sadly, from the explanation I promised you. 'To I,' in the classical language of Shakespeare, Doctor Everard, a skillful physician, residing near the University, has at this time, under his medical charge, a young lady, of nervous temperament, laboring under a species of chronic hysteria. In the treatment of her case, the doctor has resorted to the curative influence of Animal Magnetism, and, it seems, successfully. Mr. Montessor has already seen some of the experiments of Doctor Everard on this patient, and he is assured that the phenomena apparently produced by the doctor's manipulations, are truly startling. This afternoon the experiments will be repeated, at the lady's residence; and Mr. Montessor has been authorized, by Doctor Everard, to be present during the performance, and to bring with him one or two of his friends. Would you like to go?"

"Very much," replied Alfred Tracey, consulting his watch.

"What is the hour, Tracey?"

"Five o'clock."

"Mr. Montessor will meet us at the rooms of the New York Historical Society, within ten minutes."

"How much time will be occupied in the experiment? I have an engagement this evening."

"An hour, probably."

"Are you acquainted with the lady, Doctor Everard's patient?"

"No. Mr. Montessor informs me that she is young, handsome, and intelligent. He will accompany us to her residence."

"Well; we shall see for ourselves."

"Let each other only in detached sentences or words. In a few minutes they arrived at the entrance of the Stuyvesant Institute, and passed on to the rooms of the New York Historical Society. Willoughby Montessor was awaiting them."

As Montessor and his companions were turning the corner of Prince street, Frederick Willoughby addressed the young Tracey.

"By-the-by, Alfred, a thought occurs to me at this moment. Where were you last Friday night?"

"Last Friday night?" said Tracey, thoughtfully, his cheeks becoming slightly pale.

"The night of my mother's assembly."

"I was conversing with you early in the evening. At the termination of a walk with Miss Lehman, I sought you through all the apartments without success."

"I don't remember. An assignation, perhaps."

"It was after midnight—between twelve and one o'clock—that I missed you."

"I don't remember," he stammered confusedly.

The heart of Alfred Tracey quailed before the inquisitive glance of Willoughby Montessor.

"Your absence was very provoking, for I had something particular to say to you. But no matter. I yield the point of curiosity, since you are not disposed to gratify me."

Willoughby Montessor passed in front of the residence of Miss Caroline Percy, and, to the great surprise of Frederick Willoughby, ascended the steps and rang the bell. His surprise was vastly increased when, on being ushered into the sitting apartment which we had left a few hours previously, he perceived Miss Percy arrayed in a morning dress, reclining languidly upon an ottoman, and Doctor Everard seated

by her side, carefully examining her pulse. Miss Percy glanced toward the door. Her countenance changed perceptibly as she met the astonished, wondering look of her morning visitor.

She attempted to rise, but Doctor Everard laying his hand upon her shoulder, gently detained her.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said Doctor Everard, with grave dignity. "Miss Percy must remain quiet. The excitement of her pulse is too great already. Nay," added the Doctor, after placing his fingers again upon the wrist of his patient, "the pulsations have perceptibly quickened within a minute. Compose yourself, my dear Miss Percy."

"You recollect, Mr. Montessor," continued Doctor Everard, after a moment's pause, "the gentlemen who accompany him, are Mr. Tracey and Mr. Willoughby. Do not be alarmed—they are friends of mine, admitted with your free consent. Is it not so, Miss Percy?"

"Certainly, Doctor."

"They are animated by a laudable desire to behold the manifestation—the gradual unfolding, as it were, of the inward spiritual life, which is the province of the science of animal magnetism to accomplish. What steams in the natural world, the magnetic influence is in the spiritual world, as heavily as a comparison can be instituted between physical and moral agencies. Steam almost annihilates the distance between natural objects, and the magnetic influence effects a similar result between spiritual existence. The impetuous, irresistible steam carries the proper antitype of a potent, controlling will."

The Doctor had risen from his seat during the progress of these remarks, and slowly traversed the apartment with his arms folded across his bosom.

At length Doctor Everard approached Miss Percy, and seated himself before her.

As on the previous day, in the presence of Willoughby Montessor alone, there were exhibited the same processes for inducing a state of magnetic sleep. The concentrated will—the steady prolonged gaze—the manipulations of the operator—the same physical condition of the system, after it had yielded to the magnetic influences—slowness of pulse, rigidity of fibre, insensibility to pain and coldness of the extremities—the same, or similar experiments to test the unity of thought, desire, feeling and the wonderful sympathies existing between the magnetized person and the magnetizer.

The Doctor took the left hand of Miss Percy in one of his hands, and the left hand of Alfred Tracey in the other. He asked in a moderate tone,

"Miss Percy, do you hear me?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"I notice this gentleman, whose hand I hold in mine?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Are you willing to be put in communication with him, and to travel with him wherever he goes?"

"If you desire it, Doctor."

Doctor Everard turned the hand of Miss Percy in that of Alfred Tracey, and pressed them gently together.

The Doctor then retired a few steps, and said, gravely,

"By a powerful exercise of my will, Mr. Tracey, the influence which I possess over the thoughts and actions of the sleeper is transferred to you. You stand in my place. In proportion to the strength of your will, in proportion to the vividness of your ideas, will be the degree of her obedience, and the force of her impressions."

By an exercise of your will, induce her to travel with you to any locality which is strongly impressed on your memory and imagination. The more vivid and real the picture in your own mind, the more accurately will she portray it. Command her to describe it audibly."

"Miss Percy," said the young man, "I wish you to go home with me, and to tell me what you see."

"Yes, sir."

"Remember my injunction," said Dr. Everard, addressing the young man. "Give full play to the memory and the imagination."

"What do you see, Miss Percy?" inquired Alfred Tracey.

The sleeper tossed her head, uneasily, during several moments and mumbled indistinctly, some incoherent words and phrases. At length, however, the restlessness vanished, and she spoke in a low monotonous whisper,

"I see—I see, a wide hall—a very wide hall, with a strange looking lamp. But—but, how dark it looks to me. I see—I see, something, or somebody, crawling up the stairs softly—crawling up softly. I see the door of a chamber open very slowly—very slowly—and a man, quite a young man, enter the chamber. I see it—I see it. There is a small night lamp on the mantel-piece—there are a dressing bureau and a looking glass—there is a window open, I see

—there is a great sedan chair—there is a couch—a couch, with fine drapery. Oh! what beautiful colors. I see the man—the young man—going on tip-toe—stretching himself up on tip-toe—going toward the bed, on tip-toe, very softly and slowly. I see a woman in her night clothes, lying on the bed; she starts up from the pillow—she looks fearfully around; she opens her mouth as if she were screaming with fright—as if she were screaming; the man—the young man, seizes her by the throat and holds her down on the bed; holds her tightly; very—very—very, tightly; the blood! the red blood gushes from her mouth."

Not the slightest variation occurred in the monotonous whispers of the sleeper, during this strange recital. Montessor, Willoughby, Dr. Everard, listened, motionless and silent.

The effect upon Alfred Tracey was surprising. At the end of the first sentence uttered by Miss Percy, his lips quivered, his hand trembled perceptibly. As she proceeded, his agitation increased, more and more. He made a violent effort to subdue the tremor of his limbs, and to calm the convulsive heaving of his heart. But the final allusion to the gushing forth of red blood from the mouth of a strangled woman, entirely overcame him. He tossed the hand of the sleeper violently from him, struck the open palms of his hands forcibly against his forehead, uttered an exclamation of horror, and staggered and fell, like a drunken man, against Frederick Willoughby caught him in his arms, and placed him on a vacant ottoman. He lay, for several minutes, hating at the mouth, and gnashing his teeth like a madman.

The sleeper neither moved, nor spoke farther. While Doctor Everard was preparing a composing draught for Alfred Tracey, the paroxysm suddenly passed away. He opened his eyes, and exclaimed, with a slight shudder:

"My God! a terrible dream!"

"What is the matter, Tracey?" inquired Willoughby.

"It is nothing, Fred—only one of my nervous fits."

No explanation, no inquiry, no word of comment on the scene which had just transpired, escaped the lips of Willoughby Montessor.

The restoration of Miss Percy was immediately effected, by the manipulations of Doctor Everard.

The sleeper neither moved, nor spoke farther.

While Doctor Everard was preparing a composing draught for Alfred Tracey, the paroxysm suddenly passed away. He opened his eyes, and exclaimed, with a slight shudder:

"My God! a terrible dream!"

"What is the matter, Tracey?" inquired Willoughby.

"It is nothing, Fred—only one of my nervous fits."

No explanation, no inquiry, no word of comment on the scene which had just transpired, escaped the lips of Willoughby Montessor.

The restoration of Miss Percy was immediately effected, by the manipulations of Doctor Everard.

The sleeper neither moved, nor spoke farther.

While Doctor Everard was preparing a composing draught for Alfred Tracey, the paroxysm suddenly passed away. He opened his eyes, and exclaimed, with a slight shudder:

"My God! a terrible dream!"

"What is the matter, Tracey?" inquired Willoughby.

"It is nothing, Fred—only one of my nervous fits."

No explanation, no inquiry, no word of comment on the scene which had just transpired, escaped the lips of Willoughby Montessor.

The restoration of Miss Percy was immediately effected, by the manipulations of Doctor Everard.

The sleeper neither moved, nor spoke farther.

While Doctor Everard was preparing a composing draught for Alfred Tracey, the paroxysm suddenly passed away. He opened his eyes, and exclaimed, with a slight shudder:

"My God! a terrible dream!"

"What is the matter, Tracey?" inquired Willoughby.

"It is nothing, Fred—only one of my nervous fits."

No explanation, no inquiry, no word of comment on the scene which had just transpired, escaped the lips of Willoughby Montessor.

The restoration of Miss Percy was immediately effected, by the manipulations of Doctor Everard.

The sleeper neither moved, nor spoke farther.

While Doctor Everard was preparing a composing draught for Alfred Tracey, the paroxysm suddenly passed away. He opened his eyes, and exclaimed, with a slight shudder:

"My God! a terrible dream!"

"What is the matter, Tracey?" inquired Willoughby.

"It is nothing, Fred—only one of my nervous fits."

No explanation, no inquiry, no word of comment on the scene which had just transpired, escaped the lips of Willoughby Montessor.

The restoration of Miss Percy was immediately effected, by the manipulations of Doctor Everard.

The sleeper neither moved, nor spoke farther.

While Doctor Everard was preparing a composing draught for Alfred Tracey, the paroxysm suddenly passed away. He opened his eyes, and exclaimed, with a slight shudder:

"My God! a terrible dream!"

"What is the matter, Tracey?" inquired Willoughby.

"It is nothing, Fred—only one of my nervous fits."

life." When a brother or a sister is overtaken by a fault, how little do we know how much they have struggled to avoid it; and seeing the failure, how apt are we to pounce upon them as a culture upon its prey.

We believe that a great amount of the crimes that abound in the world to-day, arise from those terribly fierce and scathing denunciations, which go forth from church and people everywhere, even when the soul, struggling with temptation, has only failed and would not have done this, but for some cold suspicion, instead of being properly encouraged.

A kind word, a look upon a brother or sister, might have enabled it to gain a stronger hold, and battle still more nobly with the conflicting elements within and around it. We do not mean to advocate wrong, but there is a beautiful lesson that was given by the gentle Nazarene,—

"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." When we see a brother or sister doing that which seems wrong, if we are moved by the spirit of pure love, we can go to them, and in kindness present the wrong, without judging or condemning the individuals. By this means we may often be instrumental in helping the struggling soul to overcome evil; and in this, we shall ever find the triumph of a true and holy life.

The Work Before Us.

Timothy Parker in one of his sermons, describes an ancient temple, in which there was a colossal statue of a man so immense that even as it sat crouching, its massive head reached to the roof of the temple, and its great brawny arms, as they lay folded by its side, extended to the walls of the temple.

Such, said he, is a type of humanity in the churches to-day. Should he rise up, the roof must fall; should he extend his arms, the walls would be broken down.

We have no controversy with the churches; but we have with ignorance and error wherever found, for these are the only evils that exist in the world, and knowledge is the divine savior, and just so far as any church or institution, dispels error and ignorance by presenting true knowledge to the people, they are blessings, and we extend the right hand of fellowship to all such institutions, whether heathen or christian.

But if a church can only stand by building its walls so close to each other, and its roof so low that men and women who remain in it, must sit forever with their arms folded, we warn it that its days are numbered, for the invitation has gone forth from the spirit world to true men and women, to rise up in their dignity, manhood and womanhood, and there are thousands all over the land who are doing this, fully conscious that they are throwing off the yoke, and breaking down the walls of the creed-bound churches.

We see three classes in the community; one called conservative, who prefer to sit crouching in the churches, and the little light that reaches them, colored by the rainbow hues of its stained windows, who boast that their belief dates among the ancient fathers, and whose fears are of innovation and infidelity, as they term all progressive ideas.

There is another and a larger class, which is rapidly increasing, who are more or less in favor of battering down the walls of sect, and lifting humanity to a higher plane; these would scatter the creeds to the winds, but their actions are very often impulsive; they require the encouragement and direction of the third class, which is the least numerous. This consists of the pioneers; the true reformers, the John the Baptists, crying all along the wilderness of life, to make straight the paths, for the coming of new truths. We can see these classes, but we do not see the individuals who compose them; it is for the God in every one, who is continually repeating the language as they walk in the garden, in the cool of the day of reflection, "Adam where art thou?" And theirs to answer truly for themselves. Let there be no shrinking from the questioner, no more declaration that "The woman thou gavest me, tempted me," but with a firm and devoted spirit, let every one say, "Here am I," ready for any work that my hands may find to do, waiting only to see clearly the path of duty.

Any business is more respectable than what is termed loafing. A young man had better sell claims by the palful than hang around public resorts murdering time and his own reputation.

The Knights of St. Crispin, a secret order of shoemakers, are said to number 100,000 in this country.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,

THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACT, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK FIFTH—THE APPOINTMENT.

THE ART OF CAROLINE PERCY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE EXPERIMENT—CONSCIENCE.

The shadows of the buildings were stretching across Broadway, and gradually mounting back after brick along the walls of houses and stores on the eastern side of the street. A capital sundial! It was five o'clock.

Frederick Willoughby sauntered into the reading room of the Franklin Hotel, and approached a young man who was turning over a file of newspapers.

"Well met, Alfred," he exclaimed. "I have been seeking you."

"Ah! Willoughby," replied Alfred Tracey, extending one hand, while he continued to turn over the newspapers with the other. "Have a moment's patience, and I will be at your service. I am trying to ascertain the date of the Sultan's arrival at this port. Here it is—May sixteenth."

The young man inserted a memorandum of the date in the tablets of a small morocco pocket-book, which he drew from his pocket; and then turning to Willoughby, said cheerfully:

"Now, Fred, I am yours."

"Take my arm," said Frederick Willoughby, and I will give you an inkling of our destination, as we pass by."

"To the club-house, Fred?" inquired Alfred Tracey, as the twain reached the broad paved sidewalk.

"No, Alfred; I have not wavered an instant in the determination to which I came, after the scrape we got in with those swindlers, Harcourt and Orme. I shall never again visit a public gambling-house. It would gratify me exceedingly to learn that you have formed a similar resolution."

"I see no necessity for it," replied Tracey, with a sneer. "I can take care of myself."

"Well, well, as you please. This has nothing to do with our present business."

"Business! I was pestered with business, this afternoon, till I came near losing my dinner; and I muttered, two or three times, a good hearty wish that the devil was supercargo of the Miranda, rather than your humble servant. Business! I hate the word."

"I employ it, Tracey," said the young man, laughing, "in its most latitudinarian sense."

"Proceed, then."

"You remember, I presume, what you related

Original Essays.

drawn that an opportune condition of the parties
above mentioned will necessarily precipitate
boody conflict; unless, indeed, the Spiritualists
will tamely consent to become the slaves of pseudo
democracy wedded to priest craft.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, MAY 15, 1869.

OFFICE 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 24 FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.
S. S. JONES,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and Prospec-
tus on opposite page.Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL,
should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new
subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

S. S. JONES, Editor.

All letters and communications intended for the editor-
ial Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S.
Jones. All business letters to John C. Busby.

84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the sword.

MOTION AND SENSATION.

"Nevertheless," it still moves." These were the words of Galileo, noble soul, when he retired from the presence of political officers, who had compelled him to renounce a grand truth. "Yes, it still moves," notwithstanding the perfect renunciation he made.

Wherever we may direct our attention, we find ceaseless activity in the various departments of nature. Not an atom, however small, but seems imbued with life, and sometimes we think we can see intelligence manifested in the various inanimate objects that surround us. Ceaseless activity seems to be an inherent quality of matter, for we observe it in the two motions of the earth, diurnal and annual, in the revolutions of the planets, in the progress of comets in their eccentric orbits, and in the revolutions of our solar system around a central sun, located somewhere—astronomers say—in the Pleiades, thus forming a more extensive system, and then that moving on around a still more magnificent centre, revealing on a grander scale, the wonderful mechanism of the universe of God. Thus we see that motion seems to prevail everywhere around us. The earth to the senses, seems to be stationary, although it is moving on its course with wonderful rapidity. We look at the stone, apparently a lifeless mass, yet that united with the grand whole, is moving on with unceasing rapidity throughout space. Knowing, then, that nothing is stationary, but that the whole universe of God is in constant motion, we can learn a lesson therefrom that will open some of the hidden recesses of nature's work.

This motion of the universe—how grand! Passengers on a train around the sun—how magnificent the thought! Travelers in the blue vault of the ethereal regions—how strange the sensation that comes over us like a pleasant dream! Now here—now there—millions of miles away among the stars, inhaling the breath of our sister planets; basking in the genial warmth of a comet; drinking in from the inspiring scenes around us, thoughts from the Great Fountain of all thought! Grand indeed,—this circulating in the veins of the universe, at times, seemingly touching the Central Heart, and feeling flow within us, the pulsations of angels. Such sensations we admire. Our mind absorbs, sponge-like, the beauties of creation—in fact, we see nothing but beauty, harmony and love in all the manifestations of Deity. We behold all laws wedded together in harmonious action, and therefore our soul-chords vibrate in unison with them.

But in this article, it was not our intention to demonstrate the harmonious action of all laws but to show the wonderful activity that prevails throughout nature. In all objects, then, we recognize an inherent quality, motion; but allow us here to remark that we do not believe in abstract laws. Newton discovered the law of gravitation, and in so doing, he regarded it as an abstract quality, which is absurd. There is no law that governs matter—it governs itself. The matter is the law—it is a law unto itself, and operates on the principle of independent sovereignty. A law independent of matter, or impregnated with it that governs or controls it, there is not. Our earth is a law unto itself, and you can, if you choose, call that law gravitation or anything else. It is absurd to suppose a law exists independent of matter, controlling it; it is equally absurd to say there is a law impregnated with it that controls its movements or shapes its course. The fact of it is, matter governs itself, taken as one grand whole.

Recognizing this grand fact, that each body or particle of matter is a law unto itself, we prepare our minds to receive still grander truths.

Motion, then, pervades all space. The whole universe is alive; the ponderous wheels of creation move on with ceaseless activity; the comets of heaven are traveling through space with untiring speed,—while above,—around,—everywhere,—the myriads of living creatures pay tribute to the great First Cause, in songs of joy.

Not only is nature constantly in motion, but in some cases where our knowledge extends, she is exceedingly sensitive. The Sensitive plant will fold its leaves, its tiny stalk will droop, its expression of green will become more light, when ever you touch it, or jar the ground around its tender roots. In this particular case, we behold a little plant, magpie-like, shrink within itself when touched or disturbed in its quiet repose, by the rudeness of man. No less sensitive were the forces that produced this little plant, when diffused throughout all nature. The Judean Rose even ranks higher in the scale of existence than the Sensitive plant, for it seems to possess an intuitive intelligence, and manifests the same in various ways. Whenever it blooms in a soil not adapted to receive its offspring—its seeds—how wonderful the expedient it adopts. First, it loosens one fibril, then another, until only one remains in the soil to give it sustenance, seemingly watching for a favorable gale to take a trip to some fairer region, where it can find a soil adapted to the wants of its seed, and then it will adopt, and its little fibrils will again pierce the ground, where it will remain and deposit its seed.

Passing along on the gentle breeze, it looks like a fairy, and it never ceases its onward

flight until it finds a place adapted to its wants. Plato believed that plants had a soul. When a tiny plant loosens its hold in the soil, fibril after fibril, and then takes passage on some gentle gale, to a more genial clime—pilot-like—we stand ready to bow before the wonderful manifestations of its peculiar power, and acknowledge there is something within it—some pulse-thrill—some flash of intelligence that leads it to pursue the course pointed out.

We have pointed out to you the constant motion of every molecule of matter throughout space, and whether or not the same is imbued with sensation, is a mooted question. Certain phases or developments of matter seem to be highly sensitive. The least jar will cause the Sensitive plant to droop; the most careful touch will cause it to fold its tiny leaves, and weep with sorrow; while the Judean Rose, an Eastern production, when not liking its present habitation, like a bold pioneer, "pulls stakes," and seeks more congenial climes. Something besides sensation is manifested by this.

The next wonderful manifestation of sensitiveness is exhibited in the Resurrection plant. This was first noticed by Mr. Deck, to whom it was given by an Arab, who had found it growing on the bosom of an embalmed priestess, and he naturally ascribed thereto, marvelous powers. Now, apparently a withered plant, a little water will cause it to disclose a beautiful blossom, after which it seems to exhibit its peculiar powers by opening its buds. Then, in a few moments, it begins to wilt; the blossom to close, and soon exhibits nothing, seemingly, but a lifeless stalk. This operation can be repeated a thousand times or more, and the same results produced.

Knowing that motion is an inherent quality of matter, would it not be well to ascribe sensation thereto also. As we can not in all cases, detect motion, of course, in all cases, we cannot detect sensation.

Many of the ancient philosophers entertained the idea of a soul diffused throughout all nature, and although to the natural senses, it did not often exhibit itself, yet it did nevertheless exist. The forces of nature can not impart what they do not possess within themselves. If they do not possess sensation, could they impart the same transcendent quality to any dower or plant? Possessing sensation in man or animals, do they not possess the same diffused throughout all nature?

Man has been too apt to deny the existence of that which does not come under his own observation. Better deny nothing; better believe nothing,—than deny a truth, or believe an error.

Knowing full well that man is an epitome of the universe,—we know that he possesses nothing that is not found therein. Nature's forces—all of them—not one left out—are centred or localized in man. Great results are produced by centralization or focalization. This earth when in a nebulous state, bore but little resemblance, if any, to its present condition. Now a mighty aerial, shakling hands with its sister planets, obeying the gentle admonitions of the sun as it travels off among the stars, and breathes the pure air of the world of space, it seems to enjoy its mission by moving on its ceaseless course. The forces of the earth were once in space,—diffused,—and now concentrated or localized, wonderful results flow therefrom. The forces within man are diffused throughout all space; in him they are wedded together in harmonious action; or in other words are focalized, and great results flow therefrom. In man, they possess only their own native power; nothing more, nothing less. If sensitive in man, they possess it throughout all nature, for by no process can they impart what they do not possess themselves.

Thus step by step, new beauties in creation are disclosed to our view. We behold no jars in the movements of the vast universe—worlds are created—worlds destroyed—sadness here, joy there, yet in all this we feel nothing but the pulse-thrills of the great Central Heart, and we recognize the untold grandeur in all the works spread out in the infinite realm of space.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.

From a recent London letter, which has just made its appearance in the *Tribune* of this city, we learn that a committee of the Dialectical Society, are investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism. Prominently among its members is Mr. H. Atkinson, who, the writer claims, is putting the Spiritualists into quite a flutter and commotion—that he is the same person, who made the Davenport Brothers indignant by suggesting that they should be bound by the thinnest thread and have bands of silver paper around the wrist, sealed, so that at the least attempt to escape, the material would then give way.

From all this it would seem that this Atkinson is a very officious personage, and calculated to do much good, by being instrumental in producing an excitement upon the subject of Spiritualism.

The writer further asserts that William Howitt protests that no one should be allowed to investigate Spiritualism, who has a prejudice against it; for the particular reason, that the total failure of scores of inquiring committees during the last twenty years—meaning their condemnation of it after examination—is due to the fact that they were destitute of the "perceptive faculties" necessary for the research.

The writer then sums up his case after the following style:

"Here is a nice argument for a new faith. If fresh ideas or customs had been explained only to those who were predisposed to them, I wonder where Christendom would be? Spiritualism seems a greater humbug than ever when this is the way it is defended by almost the only literary man it can boast of on this side of the Atlantic."

The parties responsible for this letter, its premises and conclusions, should be aware, and may be, if they will seek for the truth, that "fresh ideas or customs," have from time immemorial, been scouted and battled against, and every inch of ground disputed in their progress.

by the world of Christendom; and wherever credit is due, it should be awarded; but it can not be maintained that it is due to the churches, or what passes currently for Christianity.

Furthermore it is not an unreasonable requirement that a committee appointed for the investigation of Spiritualism, should be, if not well informed, at least favorably disposed towards Spiritualism. For the purpose of investigating any subject within the realms of science no sane person would even think of nominating a committee man who was destitute of all scientific knowledge; and much less so, if he was known to be hostile towards the subject he was called upon to investigate and report upon. We therefore fail to see the unreasonableness of Mr. Howitt's objections. Yet we would not discourage this committee of Englishmen, or in fact any other committee or individual, from attempting to unravel the seeming mysteries that surround Spiritualism; but would rather invite and stimulate research into its phenomena and philosophy.

But it will not be claimed by any reasonable unprejudiced mind that the conclusions of any committee can be final, unless the committee men can minutely understand the cause and effect of Spiritualism. And if its oldest devotees fail in this, what may be expected of novices? We know that to many the evidences of the Spiritual phenomena is as well established in their minds as is the existence of the element of electricity. But notwithstanding we talk glibly of electricity, who is there that can analyze it, and give its proportions? In attempting to answer such interrogatories we but display our weakness and ignorance, and the most comprehensive mind will feel it.

A committee may examine the things, the moving and handling of physical or tangible bodies and instruments, and report their convictions of the causes; but to attempt to explain those causes and elucidate the connections and relation of media with the causes and effects thereof, is a vast work, and one that belongs to the more mature years of Modern Spiritualism. At every step, like the traveler on his meandering mountain path, the philosopher of Spiritualism, discovers many objects of interest—new truths, which, awaken new interest in a faithless subject.

How like the simplicity of the child it seems, therefore, for the inexperienced to attempt to solve the vexing question of Spiritualism, when its oldest philosophers and devotees are daily perplexed at the occurrence of new facts and phenomena.

WANTS TO KNOW MORE ABOUT CHRIST.

In the *Circular* of a late date, we find under the head of "Hodge Talk," the following from Mr. Noyes, the principal man of the Oneida Community, of which the *Circular* is the well-known organ.

It is also equally well known that under the lead of Noyes, the Community has pitted itself against Spiritualism:

"I want to know more about Christ than the Bible tells me. We have three four narratives of him that we can sit down and read in half a day. These narratives do not give us a thorough knowledge of the mighty works and deeds of the very short time they cover, which is only two or three years. John, at the close of his gospel, says he supposed it the things which Christ did, were all recorded, the world itself could not contain the books. I want to know the things which were not recorded. In the first place, I want to know what Jesus Christ felt and thought and said and did, during those thirty years of which we have no record before his manifestation; and in the second place, I want to know what he thought and felt and said and did, during that time which is covered by the Gospels; and in the third place, I want to know what he was engaged in between the time of his resurrection and ascension. We get glimpses of him during those forty days, but they are momentary and far apart. He was thinking, feeling, talking and acting all that time, and I want to know what he was about. I want to know what he was engaged in all through the times of the Primitive Church, when he only appeared in vision, as he did to Stephen, to Paul on the plains of Damascus, and to John on the island of Patmos. It is very evident that he was just as busy all that time as when he was visible, and what he was about was just as interesting. We have no reason to doubt that his words and deeds were growing in interest through all that time until the Second Coming. That is not the end of it. I want to know what he has been about from that time to this. I want to know what he is doing now in the heavens, and what is his faith and purpose and policy and what he is doing in the world. I want to know all that is going on in his operations in the heavens and this world. The Bible gives me but a very small idea of that. It is but a mere dust in the balance. There can not be a doubt but that those things which are unrecorded, if we could see and understand them, would be just as interesting as anything which is recorded.

When I say I want to know all these things I do not believe I am yearning after something that is inaccessible. I believe they are open to us. Christ is yearning to manifest them to us."

Neither do we think intercourse with the spirit of Jesus or other spirits "impossible." But it Brother Noyes or any one else desires intercourse with the spirit world—with Jesus or any other spirit, and would accept of a suggestion from us, we should recommend them to lay aside their pride, and with meekness and humbleness of heart, pray the Great Father of spirits, through his ministering angels, to grant them that help that their spiritual needs require. But they who in their self-conceited exaltation open their hearts only to Christ, may often find it tenanted alone by a spirit of self-righteousness, giving off the secret felt prayer: "I thank Thee, oh God, that I am not as other men; my heart is worthy of the abiding place of thy most holy angel or only begotten Son."

It requires much self-examination and discipline, after a thorough examination and understanding of these beautiful heaven-born principles, to escape the shoals and quicksands of self-righteousness. We should each and all remember that eternal vigilance is the price of our salvation.

With a willing mind and a soft heart, therefore, if we would be led safely through the mazes of sin, let us look to the bright abodes of not on-

ly Jesus Christ, but of quintillions of other redeemed spirits, who continually have their souls in the waters of wisdom, and ask that "Thy will not mine be done," feeling the truth that "Thou knowest," even before we ask, what we have need of."

THE POLLY OF DIVINITY.

The attack of the self-styled viceregent of Almighty God against the opera and drama, it seems has not been confined alone to this city. The New York *TRIBUNE* says:

"The gallant list of Madam Parepa Rosa against certain Western clergymen has been duly circulated in the columns of this paper, and we have the pleasure of recording a still prettier fight between the same estimable lady and a reverend bigot in New England. Madam Rosa and her troupe were engaged to give due solemnity and glory to the opening of a new 'opera house,' at Rutland, Vt., on the 25th of December. The occasion, for such a town was indeed a grand one. The people all bestirred themselves; fashion got out its richest garments; and there were 'Dedication Odes,' and such things printed in gold on cream-colored paper. A clergyman of the town took alarm at the arrival of the profane play-actors, and, in opposition to the concert, started a prayer-meeting on the same evening, remarking from the pulpit on the previous Sunday that 'it would be of the greatest interest to him to see who staid away from the meeting,' and that concerts and operas were no better than snares of the Evil One. Fulfilling his promise, being clothed enough for the occasion of his feelings, he gave vent to a poem in a local newspaper, in which he drew a forcible contrast between 'Parepa's Concert and the Marriage Supper of the Lamb,' and asked, ancient wedding-robe."

"Is that garment e'er woven
Of pleasures of earth,
Of scenes at theatre,
Of joys in the halls of mirth?
No, no! that endless concert,
Of artists, whose fame,
Time's trumpet, are, ever, too base,
To utter their names;
Whose sweet song and their singing,
Far richer shall be,
Than Parepa's e'er sung, with
her maid,
Their best melody:
That concert of happiness
None ever partake.
Who forsook not all, ALL, here,
For Jesus' sake."

For the evening of the second concert, the 'vicar' (vicar, singer, Mr. Philip Phillips), was announced as an opposition entertainment at the Methodist Church. We have not heard the result of this interesting rivalry, but we have no doubt that the Madam Rosa was victorious.

This is almost in the same strain of assumed sanctity that the Orthodox clergy of this city exhort the people to discourage and discountenance amusements partaking of the nature of the opera and drama, and will in all probability amount to nothing more than to relieve the brain pressure of these 'would-be saviors of the people. Sanctity of this kind is 'played,' and the people are hopelessly inclined to think and act for themselves, in this, as well as in other matters.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has been a trial subscriber to this paper, we will send it for three months longer on the receipt of fifty cents.

That will barely cover the expense of the blank paper, and putting the name of the subscriber upon the regular mailing machine lists.

Hereafter, the rate of three months' trial subscribers will be fifty cents.

We have sent several thousand dollars during the last five months, that we have sent out our paper to trial subscribers at twenty-five cents each.—The JOURNAL is now extensively and favorably known, and it is but justice that our friends should pay at least two-thirds of what it costs.

The labor and perplexity attending our trial list, has been beyond all expectations, and to avoid which in future, we have determined to put all new trial subscribers' names on to the regular list, as a guarantee against all mistakes. To enable us to do so, we must receive at least fifty cents for three months' trial subscription, and we will take a renewal for the second three months also, for fifty cents.

Will our friends be so kind as to make another effort to circulate the JOURNAL, on these most liberal terms, thereby aiding in disseminating widely, the principles of the spiritual philosophy!

We return our most hearty thanks to those who have already done much for us.

Any one who now has a list of trial subscribers made or partly made up, at the old rate of twenty-five cents each for three months, will please send them forward, and we will fill the order as heretofore.

NUMBER, THE SPIRIT ARTIST.

After a long and tedious trial in the city of New York, on the charge of fraudulently obtaining money, under the pretense of taking the likenesses of deceased persons, has been acquitted.

On the sixth page of the JOURNAL will be found an interesting account of his process and doings, taken from the New York *Sun*.

In this trial, the venerable Judge Edmonds was examined for the defence, giving the following remarkable testimony:

"I have seen spirits, many Spiritualists cannot remember the day I was in a court in Brooklyn, where the question at issue was the payment of an accidental insurance policy. On looking toward the jury-box, I saw standing behind the jury, the spirit of a man who had insured my case. He told me the circumstances connected with his death; he drew a diagram of the place at which his death occurred, and showing it to the counsel was told that it was exact; I had never seen the place nor the man, and no one in the courtroom saw the spirit except myself; it dictated to me, also certain questions to be put by the counsel in the case to a gentleman, who was then on the witness stand; this witness was the superintendent of a lunatic asylum, being examined as an expert; the questions were these: 'Can a man be insane and be conscious of his insanity?' 'Can a man be insane and be unable to control it?' 'Being unable to control it, is he not driven to despair and led to prefer suicide to life under such circumstances?' 'This latter,' said the spirit, 'was my case exactly when I lived.' Witness said he proposed these questions to the counsel in the case as requested; they were put to the witness, answered affirmatively, and gave a new direction to the case; the appearance of the spirit was shadowy, transparent; I could see material objects through it; the first spirit that ever saw was that of Judge Talmadge, who was leaning against a window; the spirit appeared to be seen through his body. I have seen spirits clothed apparently in their every-day dress, in grave clothes, and in the habiliments of the spirit world, but never saw one without clothing."

PORTRAITS AND SCENES FROM THE SPIRIT LIFE.

In another column will be found an advertisement headed as above.

As Mr. Mum has been acquitted of fraud by a jury of his country, in taking spirit likenesses, and as Mr. Milleson claims to be a spirit artist for crayon drawings, under spirit control, we with pleasure, call attention to his advertisement, hoping we shall soon have abundance of proof of the fact that spirit likenesses can be given, true to life.

EXCHANGES.

We are often asked to exchange with papers that are richly of no value to us, and are willing to grant such requests in all cases, when the editor of the paper desiring to exchange, has the independence to give our paper a fair notice, thereby advising their readers of the subject advocated by us, the style of execution, and general make up, terms of subscription, &c.

A note from the editor of any paper calling our attention to such notice, will secure an exchange. Otherwise those asking an exchange, may fail to receive one, and we never know of the request having been made, or that the JOURNAL has been noticed.

Literary Notices.

Tale of a Physician, or the Laws and Fruits of Crime. In three parts—complete in one volume. By Andrew Jackson Davis, William White & Co., publishers, Boston. Price \$1; postage 16 cents. In the introduction to the work, the author says: "The following series of strange and startling and tragical events, which I am now called upon to make public for the first time, are, even to the minutest details, founded upon facts, with only a thin veil between the reader and the real characters whose temperaments, circumstances, temptations, virtues, vices, and crimes, are herein truthfully recorded."

The principal facts concerning the manifold causes which developed the 'Mysterious Association of Criminals' in New York and vicinity, came to my knowledge about twenty years ago. The investigating reader, who is curious to know more on this interesting point, is referred to a volume by the author, entitled 'The Present Age and Inner Life,' pp. 230-265. The strange incident there narrated will repay perusal.

It is believed that so long as mothers and daughters shall exist, such disclosures as are made in this volume, can not but be productive of the best results. Not less are these fearful scenes important to fathers and sons. Because, if to be forewarned, is to be fore-armed, these horrible and truthful pictures of the causes of crime, and these faithful delineations of the ways of professional criminals, will serve as beacon lights and guide-boards by which maidenhood and manhood can avoid the evils and choose the good."

Coming from the pen of this inspired writer and seer, is a sufficient guarantee that it will prove of interest to the people.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

Low trash—Other people.
Bar gold—Fees to counsel.
False delicacy—Mock turtle.
Throne—A seat—on a sea-saw.
The bread of idleness—loafing.
Perfect integrity and properly cooked beef steak are rare.
Who belong to the "first set"—Early chickens.

What men "set up" the latest?—Compositors on morning papers.

What lady "sets the fashion"?—A lady compositor on a fashion magazine.

Where would you look for a coarse race of men?—On a race course.

Which feels worst, an editor over-bored or overboard?

How was the ark propelled?—By an oar (a Noah.)

What sort of ladies resemble Pocahontas?—Polka-haunters.

Which requires the most courage, to feud off or offend a man?

What time do debtors dislike?—The time of falling due (due).

Why is a hungry boy looking at a dinner like a wild horse? He would be all the better with a bit in his mouth.

Amusements.

J. Grant's Opera Bouffe has been more successful at Crosby's Opera House, than was expected. Crowded houses attended their exhibitions. They remain during the present week, which will give those a chance to witness their performances who have not yet had the privilege.

Crowded houses have gathered to witness Miss Lucille Western, in "East Lynne," "The Child Stealer," and other popular plays, in which she is a specialty, at M'Vicker's Theatre.

This week the play will be "East Lynne," which would probably hold the boards during the entire week—to large houses; but "Oliver Twist," will also have a night or two, in order to answer a general demand to see Miss Western as Nancy Sikes.

Mr. Frank S. Chanfrau, a comedian who is always popular, and who always has a large and varied repertoire, begins an engagement here on Monday, the 10th of May; he brings with him a new play, written for him by De Walden.

The management have made arrangements to play the celebrated Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe some time during the summer months. This troupe, with "Ixion," "The Forty Thieves," and one or two other burlesques has been playing at Niblo's Garden, New York, for several months, to crowded houses, and their season here will be a success as a matter of course.

At Aiken's Dearborn Theatre, Olive Logan's comedy of "Surf" has been so handsomely mounted and dressed, and so well played here during the past week that it has grown steadily in favor. It will be continued during the present week; when the audiences will be larger and more delighted than before.

Col. Wood's National Museum, the past week has been mostly devoted to comedy. This week, Virginia Gorman commences an engagement as leading lady, which line she has sustained for many years. She is highly spoken of. The play will be "Peep O'Day," for the first three nights, after which "The Serious Family" and "Married Life," may be substituted. "The Octonon" will be brought out on Monday, May 10th.

Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through
MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,
well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly re-
lied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the
spirit world.

Disputed by Elizabeth and Maria, short-hand Reporters, 138 Duane-
street, Chicago, Illinois.

Any questions, to be answered, at our Inner Life sessions,
should be briefly, well written, and directed to the editor,
when inconvenient for the questions to be present at the
sittings.

INVOCATION.

Spirit of light! Spirit of truth! Spirit of wis-
dom! and Spirit of love! At this hour, and in
all time, we would crave Thy blessing, Thy
watchful and ever blest care. We would be
governed by Thee every day, every hour, every
moment of our existence. We would feel Thy
presence in the valley and on the mountain top;
also, in all shadows as well as in sunshine—in
all disappointments to which we, as children of
Infinite Parents, are subject.

Upon every plane of life, sorrow unbidden
finds its place in our hearts; and yet the desire
of our souls is for perfect happiness, perfect
love, and praise unto Thee.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. What possible object can spirits have in
devoting their time to mortals?

A. What possible object has a mother in de-
voting her time and energies incessantly to her
child? You answer, it is for his happiness
while upon earth. So with guardian spirits.—
They are attracted by the innocent bud, and see-
ing the germ within that bud, they desire to wit-
ness its proper unfolding, and to surround it by
proper conditions through which it will gradu-
ally develop into beautiful manhood or woman-
hood. This is their care.

As there are many whose parents have not
the least care, or control over their children, these
need more especially the watchful and the ten-
der love of guardian spirits. They take charge
of them in this life, and not only in this one, but
they are among the first to greet them when
they enter upon the second plane of life—the
spiritual one—where, to the new-born spirit,
everything is as strange as it is at its entrance
upon the material plane of life. You will agree
with me in this; that a long-tried friend, one that
is true every time, is a very pleasant companion
in a strange land. He is one to be with you, that
you may never feel alone. One to give a word
of encouragement when all seems dark. One to
whisper peace when the storm is howling with-
out.

What possible object can spirits have in de-
voting their time to mortals? We answer that
their sole object is the happiness of their charges
as well as their own enjoyment, while thus at-
tending upon them.

Q. Is it possible that the time will come
when the people of this earth will become so
spiritualized that there will be no physical death
—I mean that by progression the physical will
emerge into the spiritual?

A. We would say that so long as the phys-
ical form is necessary for the birth of the spirit into
the material plane, just so long will it be nec-
essary for the dissolution of that form in order
that the spirit may be freed from the material, to
have perfect use of its faculties upon the spirit-
ual.

What there will be in the future, and at so re-
mote a period as that time must of necessity be,
we don't claim to have the power to tell. That
individuals can become so familiar with the
spiritual life while yet upon the material, that
there may no death ensue to them, but simply a
change, that we do know; but we cannot con-
ceive of the time when things shall become so
harmonious that the material form will not be
necessary for the birth of the spirit upon earth.
As we stated before, that form being necessary
for the covering of the spirit, in order for it to
become individualized upon earth, then it must
follow that that form will sooner or later pass
through different changes until the spirit can
no longer rest in it—then it will pass from the
material to the spiritual plane of life.

Everything in nature is beautiful. Nothing
more beautiful than the human form, and yet
how little prized and appreciated by those who
wear it.

FROM NETTIE TO HER MOTHER.

MRS. L. SMITH, MEDIUM.

Mother, the desire of your heart is to know
more of that life, to draw nearer unto it, and
learn of its revelations; and as with you, so of
others, the world desires to know, momentarily
at least, and with an intense longing, to gaze
through the misty veil of the future, and be of
the coming life,—know of a surety whether we
are tending. To know and give expression to
this thought, they cannot; the definition of their
soul's desire belongs to us to give. To place be-
fore them in a concise, lucid explanation, the
earnest desire of soul, varied according to each
one's expression, belongs to individual commun-
ion.

This is why our coming back may prove a
blessing to the world. All want to know of
themselves whether it is a reality or not, that
mind disembodied, retains an exact remem-
brance of the earth-life, whether we in our
changed relationship to earth, can and do re-
member our life's experience, and so on; or
whether we commence the journey over again
as individual personalities on an enlarged scale,
so widely different as to be mere creatures of
thought, oblivious of our first estate. These are
natural queries; but reflection would analyze
more intricate questions than these. Settling
aside all corroborative testimony which the last
twenty years' communications have unfolded
within you, does it look reasonable that mind

materialized, brought to the standard of reason, like
unto man's development, that he could be sup-
planted by an existence in all its features be-
neath present organism? You say of the gnat-
pillar, its form changes from the groveling
worm, existing, but not thinking; winds itself
into its chrysalis shroud, dies; that is, changes
through its new birth into another field of op-
eration,—the brilliant butterfly. The change is
a good illustration of birth into spiritual life,
a spontaneous attraction between the new ele-
ment it is fitted to enjoy, leads the liberated
prisoner at once to mount on its airy wing and
fly away.

The chrysalis, the worn out body, is but the
carcase or shell of what was, now no more, but
recreated unto new life. But the metamor-
phosis you suppose to shut out from the mind
of butterfly all knowledge of what it has been
in its plebeian earth-life, and here the question
comes up pointedly so in some minds—possi-
bly thus it may be with man. But did you
ever stop to reflect upon this one coincidence?
As the butterfly properly never looks back upon
its worm-like condition, neither does the worm
ever look up and imagine itself a butterfly. Ah!
here is the secret. You have the inherent de-
sire—expect—look forward—know that you are
to become something wiser and better, and if
you have the power of reflection look forward
in the same ratio you could look back, and
know from whence you sprang.

Man once materialized and grown into sen-
tient powers, cannot deteriorate. The earnest
desire which impels soul to look forward, is
something more than the instinctive preserving
faculty, which enables worm life to build its
cell-prison for metamorphosis change.

The infant looks not back; neither does it
look forward—but as it goes on in its discipline
here, its natural history, rise and origin is
taught it for obvious reasons, elsewhere explain-
ed.

There is an inherent vitality in all minds
which should be brought out to know more, for
this is growth in soul life.

As the tree puts forth buds each year, be-
coming more and more lively in its rapid growth,
so man unfolds as he travels on in daily experi-
ence.

There is life-thought in man that no other or-
ganism possesses to the extent that he does, and
when we measure man's capacity for enjoyment,
his negative sorrow or unhappiness, there is a
deep meaning which must carry you forward in
its elucidation.

Man was given to the attainment of higher
ends than he arrives unto here; and it is but
rational to suppose that a way has been provid-
ed whereas the means adapt themselves to the
end or attainment of that object; viz., the ful-
fillment of man's earnest desires on earth.

We would unfold truth from the most trivial
circumstances of earth's progressive history, be-
cause it is there particles compacted together,
that make life's whole.

Gradually we came to you, availed ourselves
of the first response of soul unto soul, or your
thoughts to ours, to open this communication
so fraught with happiness to us, and we feel,
of improvement to you, and thus it may be with
individual life everywhere,—the receptive mind
grows larger by spirit communion. Nature's
beautiful communion are fraught with lessons
of wisdom everywhere. Learn, then, from na-
ture, the great book of God's revelations to man-
kind.

Mother, we cluster around you, all uncon-
scious of it as you are in its real beauty, and lift
the curtain from your brow partially sometimes
and reveal much that is loving, pure, beautiful,
but never to the extent, we most earnestly de-
sire and fondly hope for, but have patience.—
The warm rays of sunshine open not the delicate
petals of the flower you love, all at once, but
gradually, slowly the warmth penetrates
through to interior, which causes it to expand
into full, beautiful bloom,—and so with you,
dear mother, we came and in quiet accent of love
drew nearer and nearer unto you, until now, we
can speak more plainly of the soul-life, its deli-
cate workings, &c.

Yes, we come, and daily, we see rapid im-
provement in your clearer perceptions of truth,
—a deeper insight into soul's inner reveal-
ings.

Suffer us still to move and in the way best
suited to our coming. Repress not the magneto-
current when you feel it leading your thoughts to
us, but listen to the impression given, and it
will gently encourage you forward. In the soft
hours of twilight when all nature is hushed, and
mind becomes calm and quiet,—then it is that
we can draw very near unto you, and speak in
low gentle tones of spirit experience. Is it too
much to ask that you center your thoughts upon
us, and the magnetic current is at once opened,
a line of communication commenced between us.

Minds peculiarly adapted to partake of spirit
communion need but little preparation for tel-
egraphic inspiration, but in the majority of cases,
they, emphatically do, and all the aids that
can be rendered us become abortive unless the
will be under our perfect control. All things
are governed by law, and spirit communion no
less than the rest.

An entire willingness only, or similarity of de-
sire on your part, enables us to come more effec-
tively.

Dear mother, the active cares of life almost
crush out from your soul, the disposition, to
look to spiritual emanation for that influx of
good, which should be the fountain to which
all can go for intercommunion of soul with soul,
and thereby receive nourishment, and sustain-
ing influence, to make lighter the earthly trou-
bles incident to all.

Could this line of spiritual communion be kept
open and always in working order, to use tech-
nical terms, the mother's unending source of
comfort would be to come to this legitimate, in-
ternal supply, and be healed.

Bereft of friends, the balm of consolation
could be administered in no other way, that

substantial comfort which assures the anxious
that it is all well—means of great rejoicing to
the translated, and encouragement tendered to
the waiting occupant of earth's pleasure still.

The fond dotting mother could be taught to
feel that her darling babe suffered naught by
the change, but exchanged its rough beauties
for immaculate purity.

The children of tender years open their eyes
with amazement upon the beauteous surround-
ings, and know no home but this, never desir-
ing more love or tenderness than here received
but are linked still with their earthly parents af-
fections, and take note of their double blessing;
and in all things, the soothing, comforting bal-
sam could be poured into every aching heart.
Is this no comforting assurance? Apply the
remedy, and the healing art will be found effica-
cious in every instance. This is what spirit
communion should effect, and does bring about
wherever we have gained permanent access to
the heart.

We did not come at this time to give a learned
disquisition, embodying intricate subjects, but
to give a few soul readings like unto such bal-
samic properties as we were just now referring
to, magnetic impression, our mind thoughts to
your mind, and as we have answered the moth-
er's appeal of your heart, unconsciously reflect-
ing back from your soul to mine, along the same
mysterious telegraphic spiritual current—my
work is done.

By way of explanation, mother, to others as
well as you, I will add that we seldom do our
work alone; helping hands are always ready to
assist us, and in this instance, the most promi-
nent aid which I have received as usual has been
Uncle Henry.

He is much with you, and through him we
control you much better than we could alone.

Please receive this as coming from me with
loving affection.

Your daughter,
NETTIE.

"Born into spirit life many long years ago,
when a fragile, delicate bud, but just formed into
being."

[London Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.]

Wonders of Spiritualism in London.

At this moment, next to the Spiritualist con-
troversy, I am inclined to think that the most excit-
ing topic in London is Spiritualism. It has
even been brought into the new philosophical
lectures, the Disfranchisement, which has several
lords among its members, if not elderly soap bol-
lers. Making a call in palmerston row the other
morning, I met a barrister of some literary and
scientific, as well as legal reputation and social
position, who gave me accounts of Mr. Home,
which have been witnessed by a hundred or more
notable and literary and scientific notabili-
ties, and which are more astounding than any-
thing which has happened perhaps for centuries.
Passing over the usual manifestations, such as
the raising of heavy bodies, playing on locked
pianos, or so that the keys can be seen to move
without fingers, I come to three or four distinct
manifestations, the testimony to which is very
difficult to get over. My informant is a man
every way reliable, and the other witnesses,
whose names have been confidentially given me
not only belong to the highest circles of politics
and society, but are men eminently capable of
forming a correct judgment. The first of these
facts related: In several instances the body
of Mr. Home has been elongated by measure-
ment upon the wall, and lying on the floor, to
the extent of eight or nine inches, and then
shortened as much, making a carefully measured
difference of a foot and a half. He has been at
times raised into the air from the floor to the
height of four feet to that of a higher ceiling, and
carried round the room, in the clear view of all
present, who have had the means of ascertaining
themselves that no deception was possible. He was
carried horizontally out of a window in the third
story of the house of Lord—, and brought in at
the window of another room some 20 feet distant,
having been carried through the air 40 feet or
more from the ground. Finally, he has on several
occasions taken a large live coal from a coal
fire, held it in his hand, and laid it in the hands
of other persons, without even the smell of fire
or the sensation of heat being perceived by them.
My informant states that when Mr. Home's body
had been burned in testing the reality of this
manifestation. He asserted me that he had seen
Mr. Home go to a large coal fire and lay his
face upon the white hot coals without even
singing his hair or beard. As this is a pretty
strong story, I beg to append the following,
which I find in the *Spiritual Magazine* for this
month. Mr. Hall is well-known editor of the
Art Journal—his wife, Mrs. S. C. Hall, is well
known as a writer, and has lately received pen-
sion from the Queen.

15 ASHLEY PLACE, Victoria street, S. W.
Sir: I state facts without explanation or com-
ment. On the 27th of December I was sitting
with nine other persons in my drawing-room.
Mr. D. Home left the table, went to a large
fire, took a glowing coal, brought it to the table,
and placed it on my hand. Not a hair was singed,
nor did I sustain any injury. The coal remained upon my hand about
a minute. Mr. Home then took it and placed it
in Mrs. Hall's hand without injury to her, and
afterwards placed it in the hand of one of our
guests. The gaslight and two candles were
burning in the room. I add that the nine other
persons present would depose to these facts.
Your obedient servant,
S. C. Hall.

The editor adds the following note: At the
Conference at Lawson's Rooms, Jan. 14, Mr.
H. D. Jencks, who was present on this occasion,
publicly stated the facts here given by Mr. Hall,
but, as the editor before the camera, he said
he had witnessed. "The fire test," he said, had
not been seen recently, at different times, by more
than fifty persons in the metropolis and its
neighborhood."

I may add that I know Mr. Jencks, and that
he is a gentleman of high scientific attain-
ments as well as social position, and I should say
every way to be trusted. If there is any value
in human testimony, in proof of any fact what-
ever, there can be no doubt of the verity and
genuineness of the facts above stated, and you may
judge of the perplexity and consternation of men
of science. Fellows of the Royal Society, and
other fellows, who think that science is to
understand everything, to explain what they do
not understand, and to have a theory ready
for every fact you can bring them. For a long
time they scornfully, and stupidly, doubted the
facts, but when a man is confronted in every
company by men of science as distinguished as
himself, and worse still by noble Lords, who
doubt that they have seen and tested the very
facts he denies, it becomes aggravating. Imagine
Prof Tyndale declares that the fire test is an
impossibility, an absurdity, a deception; calmly
walks up Lord Adare, Lord Lytton, Lord Dar-
rington, or any one of a dozen equally satisfactory
personages, and assures the company present

that he had a live coal of fire placed in his own
hand and held it for two minutes; that there was
no mistake about it; it was seen by his friends
around him, and that he would have burnt his
finger to touch the coal, and that it would have burnt
through an inch board in the time he was hold-
ing it.

THE EVIDENCE IS IRRESISTABLE.

The following, we take from the New York
Sun, of Feb. 26th, 1869. The secular press are
forced to yield to the constantly accumulating
evidence in proof of Spiritualism. The change
that is taking place in the minds of the people
in favor of the truth of immortality, and the
power of spirits to commune with and manifest
themselves to friends in earth life, in multifar-
ious ways, is surprising, even to the most san-
guine Spiritualist. Those Spiritualists who
have been so ready to denounce mediums for
physical manifestations in dark circles, because
contrary to any known law, will daily find new
nuts to crack, which may in time shake their
scepticism, and make them less denunciatory.

(From the New York Sun.)

Spirit Photographs.
Readers of THE SUN may perhaps have noticed
in yesterday morning's paper a telegraphic item
from Poughkeepsie stating that the Spiritualists
of that city—the former home of Andrew J.
Davis—had been greatly excited over some re-
markable specimens of what is called spirit pho-
tography; that is the photographing of pho-
togenes of departed spirits, not exactly from
life, but from their present spiritual embodiment.
It being added that these photographs were
taken at an establishment on Broadway, in this
city. The Sun, ever on the alert for new and
interesting intelligence, lost no time in sending
a reporter to find out whether there was any-
thing in the matter worth publishing. He came
back with such a remarkable story that we have
decided to print it in full, though we do it simply
as a matter of news, and without endorsing
the theories of the Spiritualists.

HISTORY OF THE WONDER.

About eight years ago a young lady, who was
what the Spiritualists call a "medium," kept a
shop for the sale of jewelry in Boston. One
important part of her business was the weaving
of hair into "society lockets," and similar arti-
cles, for the use of friends, both living and deceased.
Usually there was attached to these objects some
prayer for the person to be remembered, and at the request
of her customers, she undertook to take these
likenesses, in the size and form required,
and in fact, a number of the art she is tolerably
well. One day, however, the chemicals failed to
work as usual, the pictures coming out blurred
and confused, and inexplicable figures like stars
and comets showing themselves, instead of the
image of the sitter. In studying into the cause of
the difficulty, the lady made the acquaintance
of W. H. Mumler, then a young man, who was
a leading silver manufacturing establishment in
Boston, who had some chemical knowledge,
though he was inexperienced in photographing.
Mr. Mumler, being entirely alone one day in the
photographing room, engaged in experimenting
thought he would try taking a picture, and un-
derneath a chair in the room he had arranged to
photograph it. To his surprise, on developing
the plate he found the chair represented as
filled by a human being dimly outlined, whom
he recognized as a deceased cousin. How, to
account for this phenomenon he knew not; but
on showing the picture to the young lady for
whom he was producing the locket, his cousin
being, as we said, a medium, instantly pronounc-
ed it the portrait of a spirit who had taken this
method of communicating with mortals on earth.
Following up the discovery, Mr. Mumler experi-
mented further, and from that time to this has
been engaged in taking these ghostly pictures,
with remarkable success. For the present he has
established himself at the gallery of Mr. W. W.
Silver, 630 Broadway, where our reporter, in
company with an eminent photographer of this
city, whom we shall call Brown, and a gentleman
who was formerly a leading banker and stock-
broker on Wall street, visited him yesterday
morning.

WHAT THE PICTURES ARE LIKE.

Mr. Mumler has preserved a hundred or so of
the more remarkable photographs taken, and our
reporter saw and examined them. They all
present likenesses of living persons, which look
exactly as ordinary photographs do, being, in-
deed, taken in the regular way. But behind, or
at one side of the living sitter appears sometimes
a shadowy figure, sometimes a face in profile, and
sometimes the full length of another person,
rather indistinct and shadowy, but still in many
cases clearly enough defined for a likeness to be
recognized. There are, others taken by the help
of a photograph of a living person, which has
been sent for the purpose; and others in the
night time.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.

One of the most remarkable of these strange
pieces of work is a picture taken for the ex-
change above mentioned. Several years ago he
lost a wife to whom he was tenderly attached,
and who, as he believed, had never ceased to be
present in her spiritual form with him. A year
or two ago he sat to Mr. Mumler, and on the
plate there came along with his image of a
lady, which he and his friends all declare to be
a correct likeness of his deceased wife. The face
is perfectly distinct, one arm is thrown round
her husband's neck, and in a corner, holding a
branch of what seems to be lilacs, comes the
figure of his breast—Another picture being taken,
the same figure appeared in a different attitude
pointing with one hand upward. On a third
trial, however, this figure disappeared, and the
head of an unknown child came instead.

Another picture shown our reporter, that of
a well-known real estate broker down town,
near whom appears a lovely child's face, fit
one of Raphael's cherubs. Mr. Mumler could
not tell, however, of whom it was a likeness.

One particularly touching picture was taken
for a mother who, not long ago, lost a darling
boy. As she sat before the camera, she sponta-
neously said, "Willie, I wish you would come
and place yourself as you used to when you said
your prayers to me," and in response to her
silent wish there appears a child resting his head
upon her bosom, which she avers is a perfect
likeness of her boy.

At a spiritual seance that evening, a message
was received, purporting to be from the child
just mentioned, to the effect that if his father
would sit to Mr. Mumler, a better picture of him
still would be obtained. His father accordingly
came and sat, and in the picture obtained there
appears who relate with him a charming boy
of apparently ten years of age, which is said by
both father and mother to be their child beyond
a doubt.

Another gentleman, having sat for his like-
ness, found it accompanied by that of a lady to
whom he had been engaged twenty years ago,
and of whose relation with him his friends had
not been aware. Sitting a second time, he
got the likeness of a son who was killed several
years ago in Arkansas.

A distinguished miniature artist of this city,
having tried the experiment, was rewarded with
a portrait of his aged mother.

A lady's portrait was also shown, accompanied
by that of a clergyman to whom she was once

engaged, but who has since died, and whom she
had not seen for twenty years. Many other
equally wonderful things were exhibited, but
the general facts in all are the same. Of some
pictures, of which Mr. Mumler had not retained
copies, he gives the following account:

"The first is a portrait of Mr. Mumler him-
self, with one hand on a chair, the other holding
the black cloth covering just taken from the
camera. In the chair sits a half-dressed female
form, apparently about twelve or fourteen years
old. This was at once recognized as a deceased
female relative.

"The second picture has a lady spirit sitting on
a chair, with a white, undefined mass of some-
thing behind her, like two or three pillows. The
features are quite sunken, with a sober, serious
expression. This is said to be a likeness of a
spirit sister of Mr. J. J. Ewer, as she looked
when wasted by consumption. The father of
the deceased fully recognized the likeness, as do
the rest of the family.

"The next is an elderly lady, leaning on a chair
in which sits a faintly defined form of a young
man playing upon a guitar. This figure is shown
more fully than the last, one leg being visible
to the knee, the other not being visible at all—looks
as if moved leaving only a blur. This was at
once recognized as a deceased brother who
made guitars, and was fond of playing upon
them.

"Another is a female figure leaning upon a
chair, the hands clasped together, and eyes elevated
as in prayer. The spirit appears of a larger
size, and face and bust only visible.

"Another is a gentleman sitting with the edge
of a white marble table near him, and a female
figure behind him, and a little smaller—a female
figure, with the hair dressed quite plain and Quaker-
ish, a small white collar about the neck, tied
with a dark ribbon, a close-fitting dress, visible
only to the waist.

"A gentleman from Illinois sat for his portrait,
and raised the right hand as if holding some-
thing. He was told that was a very uncouth at-
titude, but he said:

"No matter; take it so."

"When the plate was developed, behold there
sat upon the raised arm a child, leaning its
head upon the sitter's shoulder. This child is
not very clearly defined; it appears as if it were
larger than nature, as if nearer the camera than
the arm it rests upon. The dress is transparent,
with the hand and arm of the sitter seen through it."

OUR REPORTER SAYS WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR
HIM.

His curiosity being excited by all these mar-
vels, our reporter thought he would like to see
what spirits would sit along with him. But
first he requested his photographic friend, whom
we have called Brown, to go through the process
himself, and watch the various steps of it. Mr.
Brown accordingly went up stairs to the sky-
light room with Mr. Mumler, and prepared the
sensitive plate himself from the naked glass.
Sitting down before the camera, he waited the
usual time, and then with his own hands "devel-
oped" the negative. At the side of his face
there came that of a middle-aged man, with a
dark beard, whom he could not recognize.

"Then came our reporter's turn. He took the
clean glass rubbed and polished with life, took
the plate upon the plate put into the nitrate of
silver bath, and taken out and put into the
groove. But on sitting, there came out in the
negative the same face that had appeared in Mr.
Brown's picture. To determine who this "mutual
friend" could be, the party concluded to
wait and get proofs from both the negatives.

A NEW SITTER.

While waiting for these proofs, an elderly gen-
tleman went up, and succeeded in getting the
portraits of two spirits; a father of which, how-
ever, he could recognize from the negative, and
had to wait for the proofs.

A NEW SITTER.

IN TRYING THE NEGATIVE TAKEN FOR OUR REPORTER
over the lapse, the glass was delivered to pieces,
and he was requested to sit once more. This
time, too, he watched the process from begin-
ning to end. While in the chair, however, he
thought he would try the effect of calling to his
mind the appearance of his father, as he looked
just before he died, some eleven years ago. This
time the negative gave a face in profile rather
dim, but in the general outline, he must confess,
very like his father as he thought of him.

HOW IS THE THING DONE?

Of course, everybody will ask this question,
and answer it according to his own notions.
Skeptics will insist that there is some trick, and
that the ghost pictures are obtained by using
light or glass or old pictures, or negatives, or by
some other expedient of that kind.

The difficulty in the way of this explanation
is that the photographer whom we have called
Brown, and who, if we gave his real name, would
be instantly recognized as excellent authority on
the subject, says that there is no process known
to the trade by which the thing could be done
by any unfair means without his being instantly
found out. A prepared plate must be used with-
in five minutes after it comes out of the nitrate
of silver bath, so that it is impossible that an
image could be clearly impressed on it and yet
be so clear as that, a living sitter could be taken
as clearly as he is. Besides, he went through
the process of preparing the plate himself, as we
have already mentioned, and yet another face
came from his own camera, without his seeing any
person near him.

Another photographer of the name of Goay,
whom our reporter met at Mr. Mumler's room,
stated that he had spent three weeks in watch-
ing Mr. Mumler and going through the process
again and again with his own hands, and had
not succeeded in detecting any imposture.

MR. MUMLER'S THEORY.

Mr. Mumler says that he really believes the
pictures are produced by departed spirits who
are attracted to the sitters by affection, or rela-
tionship or affinity. By some inscrutable means
they have the power of affecting the chemicals
used in the process, and impressing on the sen-
sitive film their image.

GHOSTS VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

Mrs. Mumler, who is the lady by whom Mr.
Mumler was led into the business, having since
married him, in a narrative that is as true as
the facts which she has seen, states that she has
seen behind the living sitter, the identical
spirit whose likenesses have afterward appeared
in the photograph. She says when the living
person sits down, there comes near him, at first,
what looks like a cloud; then it condenses into
something like a hazy form; and finally it
comes out clear and brighter than the sun itself,
to her, in a distinctly defined image. While the
portraits are being taken, she and her husband
both place their hands upon the camera to assist
the spirits by their personal animal magnetism.

REPORT OF THE WEATHER OF THE PROCESS.

When the weather is damp, the obtaining of
these spirit photographs is very difficult and
sometimes impossible. When, however, Mr. and
Mrs. Mumler can get the assistance of another
strong medium, as, for example, Miss Fox, even
the dampness will not interfere with it; and the
portraits of the banker's wife, already described,
were got on just such a day with Miss Fox's

(Continued on third page.)

OF THE

GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, MRS. SPENCE'S **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.**

Mrs. J. A. Harrison of Hartford, Ohio County, Ky writes as follows:

PROF. PATTON BRUCE—Dear Sir: Your Powders are Working wonders here. I have been afflicted many years with a complication of diseases, namely, Nephritis, Bright's Kidney Disease, Toothache, Deafness in one ear, Weakness of the eyes, so that could not see at night or twilight. I was also, afflicted with Rheumatism, Stomachic Distress, Paralysis of the hands and feet at times, and a stiffness in the joints. I commenced taking your Positive Negative Powders last October, and I am now entirely relieved of all these diseases. I also had Cough for several years, and it has entirely disappeared with the rest. Last trip all the best Physicians, upon hundreds of dollars, but was never relieved until I procured your Powders. I am now in better health than for twenty years. I would not be without them for the wealth of the world.

My husband, J. J. HARRISON, has been afflicted with the Asthma for ten years, tried everything that was recommended by the Physicians, and found no permanent relief until he took your Powders. He had one very violent attack after receiving your Powders and about six double doses of the Positive Negative Powders, which spurt, relieved him entirely of that attack, which otherwise would have lasted from three to two days, during which he could not have laid down day or night. He has now no fears of the Asthma, and considers your Powder the best medicine in the world.

An old lady of this county, Mrs. BREWSTER, now near 70 years of age, has been afflicted with Asthma for thirty years. She would have to sit up every night from midnight until day, Without sleep and could scarcely breathe. Two or three doses of the Positive Powders relieved her immediately, and she sleeps soundly every night. She says it is the best medicine we have always needed in this country.

The Positive and Negative Powders have also cured several cases of Cholera and Fever.

EDWIN JAMES, of Frankfort, Pike County, Missouri, reports:

"One case of Lung Fever, two cases of severe Cholera with Typhoid symptoms, and several cases of Infantile Diarrhoea, one of some months standing—cured by the Positive and Negative Powders."

The following is from J. T. LEON, No. 127 Grand Street New Haven, Conn.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: We thank your Powders the best medicines for Female Difficulties that we ever used. They have accomplished more for my wife than all the medicine she has ever taken.

PROF. PATTON BRUCE—Dear Sir: My little daughter, seven years old, was taken with Typhoid Fever last Wednesday evening and continued all night without abating. The next morning I commenced giving her the Negative Powders, and toward night the fever abated and she began to eat. On the second day of the illness, which was a large stomach Worm, and now as I write she is playing like usual. Her mother, who told me of the cure, said the Palpitation of the Heart by the Positive Negative Powders.

YOURS VERY TRULY,
SAMUEL M. DODD.

Salem, Ill., March 2nd, 1896.

W. BAKER, of Marshalltown, Iowa Co., Kansas, under date of Jan. 10th, 1898, writes as follows: "Before your Powders came my daughter was taken with Lung Fever, with pain in the side and bad Cough, so she had not laid down for two days and nights. I gave her two boxes of your Powders and they cured her less than twelve hours."

LINA DENNEY of New Haven, New York, writes as follows:

PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: These Powders you sent me did the work. About the first of September last, my wife was attacked with a severe Cold. She coughed at most incessantly, and was attended with a bad Fever which continued daily. After trying every thing that could be done, your Powders directed. The Fever abated, the Cough ceased, and she improved fast. But she had been troubled with the Neuralgia for years. But when the box of Powders came, she commenced using them, and before long that was gone her disease had died and has not returned. But that was not all. The disease had left her destitute of the sense of smell, and very hard of hearing. The doctor advised smelling things that could be obtained, all the same as her. Before she had a box of Negative Powders did the work, and she is now well, and can both hear and smell as well as she ever could, thank God. They ought to be kept in every family. This for truth.

The made control of the Positive and Negative Powders over disease still kinds is wonderful beyond all praise.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE LUNG FEVERS,

Hemorrhage, Scurvy, Toothache, Rheumatism, Gout, Colic, pains of the kidneys; Cholera, Diarrhea, Bowel Complaint, Dysentery, Nausea and Vomiting, Dropsy, Indigestion, Flatulence, Worms, Suppression, Hematuria, Catarrhs, Menstruation, Falling of the Womb, all Female Weaknesses and Derangements, and all other ailments arising from the Liver, Blood and Intestines. Fever, Bilious fever, Yellow Fever, the Fever of Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, Swelling of the Throat, Inflammation of the Lungs, Kidneys, Womb, Bladder, Stomach, Prostration, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Headache, Constipation, Dropsy, Scalding, and all other ailments.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE PARALYSIS OF THE FACE,

Amaurosis, and deafness from paralysis of the nerves of the eye and of the ear, or of their nerves, Neuritis, all Inflammations of the eye and of the ear, such as the Typhoid, and the Typhus, extreme nervous or Muscular Prostration or Relaxation.

"Smith the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS are used in Cholera and Fever."

The Positive and Negative Powders do no violence to the system, and cause nothing but good results, such as vomiting, or purgation, or in the language of Dr. W. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill.: "They are a powerful and safe remedy for all ailments."

THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS ARE ADAPTED TO ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES, AND EVERY VARIETY OF WEAKNESS likely to occur in a family of adults and children.

In instances where the patient is suffering from all ordinary attacks of disease brought on by cold, they will cure the patient. In those respects, as well as in others, they are superior to all other remedies.

THE POSITIVE FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE.

TO AGENTS male and female, we give the full Agency of entire counties and large and liberal profits.

PHYSICIANS are delighted with them. AGENTS are everywhere and ready to take orders, on terms and conditions, or Draught, or else in registered letters.

Fuller lists of diseases and directions accompany each box. Send for them free. Write for them. Send brief description of your disease, if you prefer specific written directions.

Positively	1	Box	44 Pos. Powders,	\$1.00
Negatively	1	Box	44 Neg. "	1.00
Both	1	Box	22 Pos. & 22 Neg.	1.00
FRICES:	12	Boxes		12.00
	12	Boxes		9.00

Send money and receive the goods. Terms of sale, cash, money bill, should be in the form of Money Order, or Draft, or else in registered letters.

Address PROF. PATTON BRUCE, M. D.
P.O. BOX 1517, NEW YORK CITY.

If you wish to send your money at once to Prof. Bruce's address, as given above, and the POWERFUL REMEDY, send it to you FREE OF CHARGE, and return mail.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

A Talk With the Spirits.

EDITORS OF THE JOURNAL:—I have room in your columns to relate what I saw and heard on Monday evening, at Lyceum Hall. Passing along Superior street in front of Case Hall, I saw a light in Lyceum Hall. Crossing over and ascending the stairs, I inquired of a man on the way, "What is going on up here?"

His reply was, "Wilson gives a lecture to the Spiritualists."

So moving forward I came to the door, and there I found a cluster of men standing around a stout, plain looking, gray haired man, of some fifty summers' age. I noticed that some dropped a quarter stamp in his hand and some did not.

"What," said I, "is this man doing?"

"He is looking for a coin to pay tribute with."

Well, we paid our quarter and went forward, taking our seat in the midst of over one hundred persons.

At eight o'clock, our friend of the gray hairs came forward, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen:—When our friends go to California or Australia, we are most anxious to hear from them, and when a stranger from the land of gold and silver comes into our midst how eagerly we ply him with questions, asking information of the absent one, and on mail days how we throng to the post office, anxiously asking: 'Any letter for me to-day?' and when the clerk says, 'None,' how the eyes fill with moisture and the lips tremble as we turn away in sorrow, and when we bury our dead, how we weep and are not comforted, and refuse any information in regard to them. We believe they are immortal and are happy, and yet we refuse to hear of or from them; and yet they are no more dead to us than the relative or friend is, in California or Australia. We are anxious to hear from the latter and refuse to hear from the former. Why? Because they are dead; and may we ask, 'What dies, the mind or the matter?' We answer: 'Matter dies, mind never.' And then we may ask, 'Is man immortal?' Certainly. The road he travels on into immortality can be retraced by him. To illustrate (turning to an old man): There stands by this old man, a soldier; five feet ten inches in height; weight one hundred and fifty pounds, dark brown hair, light complexion, eyes full, nose large and firm mouth; belonged to the army and was killed, and says you are his father."

"It is my son," said the old man, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

Second. Turning to Mr. W., he said: "There stands by you a spirit woman, who says she is your spirit wife, and places her right hand on your shoulder, and her left on the head of the lady by your side. She was a little younger than you, and you formed her acquaintance at eighteen. He then gave a very minute description of the spirit woman. What do you know of her? Have you lost a wife?"

"No, sir, I have never lost a wife," said Mr. W.

Nothing disturbed the medium said: "She continues by you. Says, I know you, but not this woman. I was engaged to you when I was seventeen. You went from me. The engagement was broken up, and at twenty years of age, I died. I was pledged to be your wife. Come to you in love and truth, and what I have said is true."

"Sir," said the medium, "what do you know of this?"

Said Mr. W., "It is true, and the description of the woman is correct."

Third. A man in the middle of the house was next pointed out, the medium saying: "Seventeen years ago you were acquainted with two men in a business transaction. You entertained a long journey and large outlay. It is an important undertaking. The second man is not reliable, the third man was; you are the first man. You became disenchanted with the second man; the undertaking is broken up and the latter fails. The second man is living; the third man is dead. This took place in 1852, beginning in March and concluding in August. What do you know of this matter?"

"It is true, sir," said the man, "in every particular."

Fourth. Crossing the Hall, he said to a man: "There stands by you one who was with you very often in 1859, 60 and 61. He entered the army in 1862; held a first Lieutenant's commission, and was killed. He and you were firm friends, and he helped you out. The medium then gave a detailed description of the spirit Lieutenant, asking the stronger if he recognized him."

The answer was, "I do, indeed."

Fifth. The medium here approached a man, and touched his hand or asked him to lay his hand on his wife's was done. Then walking leisurely from him, gave a minute delineation of the man's habits, character, and of manner of thinking, etc. This was one of the most minute readings that I ever listened to, and I have heard many of the best phrenologists in the land. When through, the medium asked: "Is there any one here who knows this man?"

Several answered, "Yes," and one said, "I know him better than to know himself."

Said the medium, "Had you been called on to read this man's character, in what would you differ with me?"

"In nothing, save I could not tell it as well as you have."

"What do you say, sir?" turning to the man.

"It is true; but you have spread it on pretty thick."

Sixth. The medium walked slowly through the hall, to a man and woman at the rear of the audience. Walking behind the parties, he said: "There is with this man and woman, two spirits; one a woman, the other a little child. The child is in the woman's arms. She holds the child over her head of the woman, and the child looks over into the lady's face in a playful mood. The spirit woman is either this woman's sister or aunt; I believe her sister, and if her sister, she was a little older than the woman and suffering intensely before and when dying. The child is under two years of age, and is the woman's child. I do not recognize the sex of the child. What do you know of this?" said the medium.

The woman answered and said: "I have lost a sister who was a little older than myself, and suffered intensely before she died, and I lost a child seven months old, and you have described them very well."

In this case there was a slight discrepancy between the medium's view of the age of the child and the woman's knowledge of the age.

Seventh. The medium went from these parties to a man and said: "Four years ago this man suffered terribly with vertigo, back head ache. Eleven years ago, became near dying from an attack of

inflammation of the lungs, and at eleven years of age, he was thrown from a bay colt and hurt in the back, pointing out the spot, by a kick from the colt or from the fall, and it troubles him yet. Will you tell us if this be true?"

The man answered: "I am from Richmond, Ohio, and all this man has told me is true. At eleven years of age, I was thrown from a bay colt, and hurt in the manner specified."

Eighth. He went to a gray-haired man and said, "There is a peculiar spirit with you who knew you when a boy and was a boy with you; giving a minute description of the spirit when a boy and then said, 'this fellow was a half-witted fellow, a butt for the boys in the neighborhood to plague and fool with, and, sir, he now stands in a most ridiculous position, crying, 'Why did you do that, and, sir, you and others had pushed him in the mud. Will you tell us what you know of this matter?'"

The man answered: "I remember such a boy, a half-witted fellow, and remember the incident of the mud-hole referred to, very well; but I do not know whether the fellow is dead or alive. It was many years ago."

There are but few of the wonderful tests, communications and readings that this medium gave, and out of nineteen persons read and forty-five tests given, the medium proved all but two to be true, and that, too, by the parties pointed out, and all through the evening, he illustrated and demonstrated that it was spirits that gave him his information.

Now, Mr. Editor, as ministers and newspaper men are supposed to know all things in heaven and on earth, from Moses of Tennessee, to Jeff. Davis of Mississippi, from the old red sand stone to the alluvial, and from the alluvial to the far off comets in space, I ask you to tell me what this phenomena is, and how the medium does these things; and is it not wise to understand their nature?

At the conclusion of the seance, or whatever it is called, the medium announced that on Saturday evening, April 17th, he would give a seance for the benefit of the Spiritual Lyceum Library, in Lyceum Hall.

Will the clergy answer?

D. A. EDDY.

Facts in Spiritualism.

In 1856, John W. Hughes was executed in Cleveland, Ohio, for murder. During his imprisonment, the churches moved heaven and earth to accomplish his conversion to their views, but failed; Dr. Hughes rejected them all. After which, D. A. Eddy, of 18, Lake street, visited him, sent him books and papers containing the Spiritual Philosophy, which were attentively read, and digested, producing the desired result, and Dr. Hughes died a Spiritualist, full of love towards all men, forgiving those who murdered him legally.

Below, we publish two communications from him, the first written in prison, forty-eight hours before his execution; the other written through a medium in Chicago, Illinois, after his execution. They speak for themselves. We give the poetry as written by him:

"Now, I go to the Summer Land,
Where the spirits are ever bliss
With pureness of thought, while the band
Of the good and the bad ne'er rest
To progress in the soul's repair.
All our friendship remains
That the grave has possessed;
Our earthly troubles to view
With a spiritual zest,
As they are freed from all mortal care.
Yet each is allotted to tend
To the wants of his seeking friends:
To assist, to guide, and to bend
Their will to the Father's great end;
For God is spirit, and all must endeavor
To worship in truth and in spirit forever."

We will soon meet again.
Your sincere friend,
JOHN W. HUGHES.

D. A. EDDY, Cleveland, Ohio:

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

"That which hath been named already and is known that it is man; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."
We will soon meet again.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

British Iron-clads.

Laird, the notorious ship-builder at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, has just launched a turret iron-clad steamer of 4,873 tons, with screws, strong ram, and two large towers, armed with rifled 600-pounders. This model ship has been built by the Lairds on Captain Cole's plans, in the most thorough and costly manner, to test the principle, and is intended to be the first and most formidable war vessel in the world. Why the British Government is spending such large sums on its navy just now is not very apparent. It may be the Suez Canal; it may be to give Mr. Laird the opportunity to atone for his failure in sending out the *Albatross*. Certainly, all things considered, employing him to build a large part of the British Navy is an act of singular magnanimity on the part of the Government.

A glass bottle was blown in Scotland, in 1747, which was said to contain two bog-heads.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATLANTA, GA.—Lycium meets each Sabbath at 1 o'clock P. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The Society of Friends of Progress meets each Sabbath at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

Tellico. Meetings are held and regular speaking in Old Mason Hall, Summit street, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

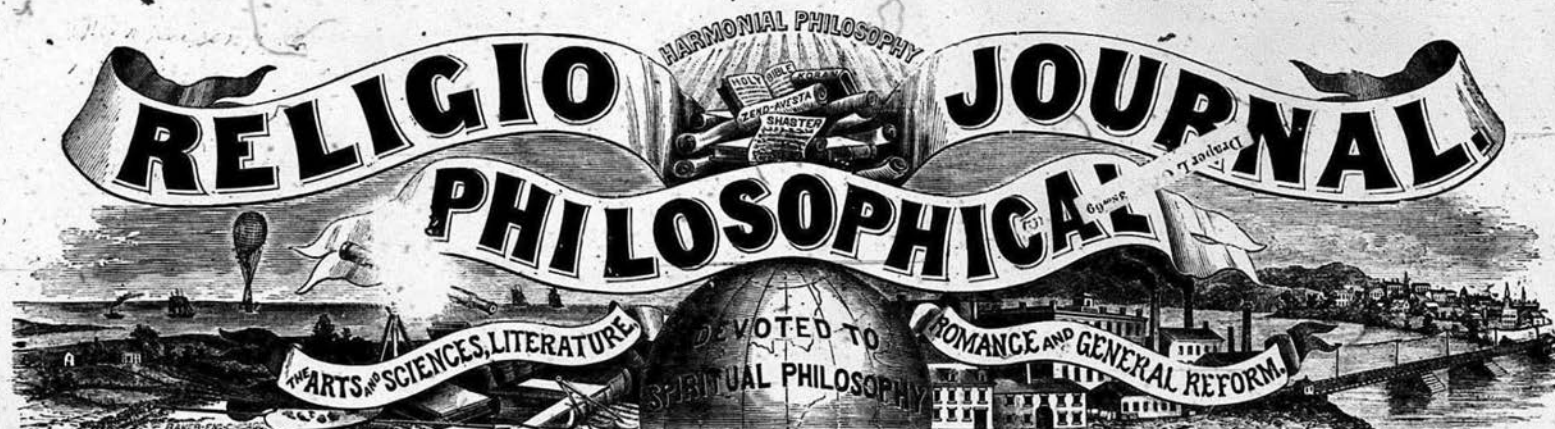
ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, 800 Superior St., at 10 o'clock A. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster



\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

CHICAGO, MAY 22, 1869.

VOL. VI.—NO. 9.

Literary Department.

SAILING OUT.

Have you any message, friend,
For your loved ones, drifting,
To the peaceful shores of Heaven
Lying just across the bay?
I am going out to even,
On the waters wild and wide;
Yes, my boat sails for Heaven
At the bidding of the tide.
Am I not afraid, you ask,
Of the waters deep and wide?
No! God keeps a beacon burning,
Over on the other side.
Ah! the night fall never so slowly
On so earthly a life before:
Full now is the tide-wave breaking
Yet, upon the rocky shore!
Am I glad to go, you say,
Friend, when sorrow fills your breast,
Do your pulses thrill with gladness,
When you thought of coming rest:
I am tired of earthly sorrow,
And I think on Heaven's fair shore—
There will be no sad to-morrows,
But one glad day evermore.
Ah! the nightfall gathers round me,
Soon will ebb the laggard tide,
And my bark go drifting, drifting,
Over waters reaching wide.
Do not weep that I must leave you,
Heaven is not so very far;
But the angels of the sunset
Leave the golden gates ajar!
Ebb the tide. The breezes blow
Forward, and the sails are set,
And my bark is drifting, drifting,
From the shores of life's regret.
Ere the morn breaks on your vision
I shall cast an anchor down,
In the safe and stormless harbor
Of the great Celestial Town.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,
THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.
A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK FIFTH—THE APPOINTMENT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HILL SMITH'S—THE ASSESSMENT.

As the shadows of twilight gradually deepened into the dark night, groups of young men—clerks, apprentices, and others—the idlers and loafers of the neighborhood, assembled at the porter-house of Bill Smith. What with their loud, noisy conversation, their boisterous laughter, the clatter of glasses and decanters, and the shuffling tread of creaking foot-steps, the bar-room presented a scene of disorder and confusion not often realized even in the precincts of the Bowery.
In the midst of the hubbub, Jack Highflyer entered the porter house.
"Here comes Jack!" shouted one of the company, "he'll tell us about it."
The noise ceased, instantly, and the eyes of the various squads comprising the assemblage were turned upon their acknowledged leader.
Jack Highflyer looked around the bar-room, and muttered to himself, audibly, though as if speaking to himself, "Tom Gaffney, Luke Fordham, Peter Fox, Harry Wilson—but where is Tim Hardmann?"
"Here I am, old fellow," said the butcher, advancing from one corner of the room; "give me your paw, Jack."
"Jack Highflyer extended his hand, and whispered at the same moment, "We have something on hand to-night, Tim."
"The boys are ripe for any thing," replied Tim Hardmann. "They were chafing over the Job Dingle's business as you came in."
"Job's trial comes off to-morrow, and we must do all we can to help him. I want to see him this morning, and I have something to propose, on his behalf, to our fellows."
"Tom, Harry, keep still there," said the butcher, "Jack Highflyer has seen Dingle, and will put you all on the right track to do him a service."
"Hold on, Jack," shouted Tom Gaffney, "there may be a spy among us."
"Not a spy," replied Luke Fordham, examining the features of his companions almost at a glance.
"There has been inside of the four stone walls of the cell," said Jack Highflyer, "where the police have shut up Job Dingle—a better man than any one of them."
"And no mistake about it," added Tom Gaffney.
"No man ever knew Job Dingle to refuse a fair fight, to desert a friend in a scrape, to abuse an enemy behind his back, or to keep a shot in the locker when he was out with one of the boys."
"He was a good one, was Job," said Luke Fordham.
"His heart like a lion's," drawled Peter Fox, with a lugubrious expression of countenance.
"And, I say, fellows," continued Jack Highflyer, "if we are bound in honor, to stand by Dingle, to the very last minute. They have got him pretty well cornered, in a damp, gloomy

cell, and there are people enough who would like to hang him, without lodge or jury; but if you will stick to him, one and all, as I think you ought to do, and as I intend to do, not a hair of his head shall be injured."
"We will, Jack—we will—we will," exclaimed the boys.
"What harm has he done, boys?" said Tim Hardmann, the butcher; "why he killed a Dutchman, in a row—a heels over head, rough and tumble fight! Does any one believe that Job was the first to draw a knife? Not he. He went to Hans Snyder's house for a bit of fun and they undertook to put him out. He would not go. Would you have? the greatest coward among you, I ask you that."
A tall, gawky chap, with long arms and legs, and a small, slender body, interrupted the speaker by remarking, emphatically,
"I'll be darned if I would!"
That young man was rather bewildered at the roar of laughter which ensued from the inmates of the porter-house.
"Let them laugh, Simon," said the butcher, nodding good naturedly. "I have seen you in a tight place, afore now. Though some folks may be a little brighter than you, I'll be sworn that you are not the biggest coward in the company. But, as I was saying of Job Dingle, he wouldn't go, and they tried to put him out—Somebody drew a knife, and then Job drew his; and in the fight, a big Dutchman got killed. There's the whole matter, boys, in a nutshell. Yet a great many people want to see Job Dingle strung up by the neck, as if he had turned pirate, or murdered a man for the sake of plunder."
"I wonder what they think he should have done," said Harry Wilson. "Hasn't a man a right to protect himself?"
"Yes sir-ee," replied Peter Fox.
"I rather guess they can't make a law to punish us for defending ourselves when we are attacked; though no one knows what they will do next. There seems to be a regular conspiracy to put down the native-borne spunk of the country. It used to be thought a credit, to a person who insulted him; but now they call it by some big name or other."
"Assault and battery?" said Tom Gaffney pompously.
"Yes, and they will jug him for it," suggested one.
"Jug or no jug," interposed Tim Hardmann, the butcher, showing his brawny arms and doubled fists, "if any man treads on my toes purposely, I'll give him a touch of the blind stagger. For my part, I think we should be a good deal better off if we were entirely rid of the police justices, police officers, and the whole set of blood-suckers that hangs around them."
"True enough, Tim," replied Harry Wilson; "here we pay hundreds and thousands of dollars to support these fellows, and what do they do? They just go swooping around sticking their noses into other people's business and making a fuss about what is no concern of theirs or the public's. Are we free born Americans, or are we not?"
"The point will come up fairly some of these days," said Bill Smith, the proprietor of the porter-house, gravely shaking his head. "There is a great deal of stuff in the newspapers about the evils of the license system, and the teetotalers threaten strongly to get up a law to stop the sale of spirituous liquors. That will bring up the question fairly," continued Smith, shaking his head still more gravely and ominously. "That'll bring it up. If the American people stand that they are ready to submit to any thing."
"We won't stand any such nonsense, Smith," exclaimed Harry Wilson.
"We won't, Smith," echoed fifteen or twenty voices.
In the meantime Jack Highflyer had been conversing privately with a large proportion of the inmates of the porter-house. As the chorus of voices died away he tapped lightly on the counter, with a whalebone cane, and arrested the attention of his followers.
"The trial of Job Dingle will commence to-morrow," said Jack Highflyer. "The worst trouble in the way, at the present time, is the want of funds. Job is as poor as his namesake was after the devil had been permitted to tempt him."
"That is high Dutch to me," said the tall, gawky youth, in a whisper, to Luke Fordham.
"The lawyers won't stir a step in the business without money. They are a set of mean scoundrels to let a poor fellow suffer because he cannot pay their exorbitant fees; but their services must be had, or Dingle must be convicted. So boys, we must raise the money as quickly as possible."
"To-night, Jack?" inquired Tim.
"Yes, to-night."
"How much is wanted?" demanded several voices.
"Two or three hundred dollars, at the lowest," said Jack Highflyer. "Besides, the lawyers employed by Dingle, we must secure the assistance of David Graham, whose ability as an advocate, and fidelity to his clients have been tested successfully in so many instances. As to the mode of raising the wind, I propose that each one of us contribute something to the fund, and that afterwards we proceed to lay and collect an assessment throughout the domain of Bowerydom."
The proposal of Jack Highflyer was received with acclamation by the assemblage.
"Tim Hardmann, take your hat and pass it round."
The butcher performed the bidding of Jack Highflyer with alacrity. None of the company refused or neglected to contribute, save two or

three miserable loafers, who, by a gesture, more expressive than elegant—that of thrusting the hand deeply into the trousers' pocket, seizing the lower end of the pocket between the thumb and forefinger, and drawing the hand in a direction upward and outward, thus turning the pocket inside out—manifested their inability to add even a half dollar to the offering. More or less small sums in specie, ranging from a shilling to a dollar, according to their ability. Three or four only, among whom were Bill Smith and Jack Highflyer, threw bank notes into the hat.
While the hat was passing round Jack Highflyer related to a knot of listeners, the details of his visit to Job in the prison.
"The old fellow is in good spirits," continued the leader, after Tim Hardmann had given him the wink that the collection was completed—"count the money, Tim—but it is not human nature to lie in a gloomy cell with the blood-hounds of the law howling and barking outside the walls and feel perfectly at ease. At such a time, if ever, a man needs friends, and at such a time will true friends proffer their sympathy and assistance. I told Job to lace his accusers without finching a hair's breadth, and that nothing should be wanting on the day of trial to save him. He was very grateful to me, for, as I said a while ago, he is entirely out of money, though many a man has been driven there by the want of it. I had a proof of it this morning. In the cell next to Dingle's lies a prisoner by the name of Williams, who has always been considered an honest, hard-working man, and who undertook to commit a burglary because his family were in danger of starving, and his lawless landlord threatened to turn him out of doors unless he paid the rent."
"If law and justice went together," exclaimed Harry Wilson, "the landlord would be punished as well as the thief."
"It was that cutting hypocrite, Josh Grayson, remarked Jack Highflyer.
"I have owed him a grudge these three years, and I never forget to pay my debts, sooner or later. Well, Tim," the speaker added, as he perceived Tim Hardmann, approaching him, twisting a dirty silk handkerchief round the money which had been collected.
"Thirty dollars and fifty cents," replied the butcher.
"That's enough, boys, to show that you are in earnest," said Jack Highflyer, with a smile of satisfaction. "A glass of grog all round, Smith, and then we'll start on a cruise through the neighborhood."
The young men pressed toward the counter, and partook freely of the contents of Bill Smith's tubular store.
"In a minute or two the confusion partially subsided.
"Follow me, boys," said Jack Highflyer, "a dozen of you or so. Tim Hardmann will carry the purse. Come on, Tom, Harry, Pete, not more than a dozen of you, or they will accuse us of wanting to get up a row."
Jack Highflyer and his squad sallied forth from the porter-house, and proceeded up the Bowery until they arrived at the corner of the next street above Smith's. There was a grocery store on the corner, fitted up with a counter, at the farther end of the store, for the sale of spirituous liquors, Jack Highflyer entered, with two or three of his associates; the remainder stood lounging on the sidewalk, outside the door.
"Clisby, how are you?" said Jack Highflyer in a good natured tone of voice.
"Fat, Jack."
"Fat," whispered Pete Fox, to one of his companions; "there's more fat in a soap-ladle than in his whole body."
"Short stories to-night, Clisby," said Jack Highflyer. "We have turned out to raise the wind for Job Dingle, as a good fellow as ever thrashed a Cornish's Hook-bill. The boys have assessed you five dollars."
"There's the cash, Jack," replied Clisby, opening the money-drawer, and taking therefrom a five dollar note, which he laid upon the counter. "I would give five times the amount, without grumbling, to be certain of getting Job a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' Won't you drink, Jack, you and your friends."
"No, thank you Clisby. Good night to you."
Jack Highflyer and his followers traversed the upper portion of the Bowery, and many of the circumjacent streets in that region of the city as rapidly as possible, visiting, with an exception, the opium-cellar, bowling-alley, groceries, porter-houses and taverns on their route. The acquaintance of the leader of the squad with the character and circumstances of the proprietors of the various establishments, enabled him to open his business with a show of diplomatic sagacity, and to regulate the assessments fairly and judiciously. In general, his requests, or rather his demands, were complied with promptly and willingly, and in many cases, with a hearty expression of good will toward Job Dingle. Here and there an individual, under the pretence of real poverty or temporary want of means, excused himself from the payment of a portion of the assessment, but, during the first hour of Jack Highflyer's predatory expedition, not a single person had absolutely refused to contribute to the increasing treasury of Tim Hardmann.
"Stimers is a regular skinflint," said Jack Highflyer to his comrades, as the squad withdrew from an eating house in Elizabeth street, near Prince street.
"How much did he give you, Tim?" inquired Luke Fordham.
"A Mexican dollar," replied Tim, snapping his fingers contemptuously.
"Only a dollar. I would never have taken it."
"Why, you see, boys," said Jack Highflyer, "Stimers is worth his twenty thousand dollars, and is doing a good business, yet he will sigh

and groan over the paltry dollar he bestowed so grudgingly for eight and forty hours at least. But for that I would have had it thrown back into his teeth."
"You need not wonder at Stimer's meanness. He swore out a state's warrant, against one of his waiters last winter, for stealing a silver spoon of the value of seventy-five cents, and actually had him sent to Blackwell's island on his testimony."
In passing down Mott street, Jack Highflyer and his follower stopped at the tavern of Sylvanus Westervelt. The tavern was a brick building, two stories in height, with dirty windows and unpainted walls, having a covered archway of brick on the south side leading to the stables in the rear.
The bar room, on the first floor, opened into the street, and was furnished in the ordinary style of a third or fourth rate tavern. There were several tables in the room, covered with green paper of the last two or three days, a dozen chairs, two filthy spit boxes, and several coarse prints in mahogany frames, suspended from the walls. The bar was fitted up with a heavy oak counter, and shelves behind the counter, on which were ranged a number of decanters filled with brandy, gin, whiskey and other intoxicating liquors. The spaces between the shelves were covered with panes of looking-glass, which, though by no means clearly reflected the various objects in the bar room with sufficient distinctness. Upon the counter were half a dozen decanters, two pitchers partly filled with water, and a number of empty tumblers.
Behind the bar stood Sylvanus Westervelt, a tall, portly man, with piercing black eyes and an irascible expression of countenance.
"Come up, fellows," said Jack Highflyer, "come up and take a drink; we haven't taken a drop since we left Bill Smith's."
"It's a melancholy fact," muttered Harry Wilson, "and I am as dry as one of Pete Fox's jokes."
The young men quaffed their liquor, laughing heartily at the sally of Harry Wilson.
"Six shillings, Varus," said Jack Highflyer, tossing the change upon the counter. "There's an small instalment towards paying your assessment in the affair of the state versus Job Dingle. We want five dollars from you, Westervelt."
"Five dollars?"
"Five dollars. More if you please."
"For what?"
"Six shillings in defraying the expenses of Job Dingle on his trial for the murder of the Dutchman, at Hans Snyder's."
"I won't give you a cent," said Sylvanus Westervelt, in a firm and decided tone of voice.
"You won't?"
"And more than that, I think Job Dingle ought to be hung for murdering an innocent, unoffending man, and I hope he will be."
"Do you hear that, boys," said Jack Highflyer, turning to his comrades. "His father was a Dutchman, and so Master Sylvanus is disposed to shirk off his obligations as a citizen and a man. But you will think better of it, if you continued addressing the landlord. You will pay it."
"I won't."
"Are you in earnest?" inquired Jack Highflyer.
"I am."
"You will gain nothing by the refusal," said Jack Highflyer, coolly. As he spoke, the young man raised the small whalebone cane, which he carried in his hand, to a level with his breast, and by a rapid movement, swept four or five decanters from the counter to the floor. An angry, vindictive glance blazed from the eye of Sylvanus Westervelt, as he heard the noise of the falling vessels, and the splash of the liquors on the sanded floor. He laid his right hand upon the counter as if to leap it at a single bound.
"Boys show him your knives."
The blades of half a dozen gleamed in the face of the landlord.
"We will not be so meagrely with you as cold steel as you have been with your money."
"I'll set the police after you," said the landlord, foaming with rage.
"You had better not, Varus," replied Jack Highflyer, with a smile of contempt. "If you set the thing to drop here, you are punished, and I am satisfied. But I assure you that you will play the game of retaliation at fearful odds, to yourself."
Jack Highflyer and his squad retired amid the muttered curses and imprecations of the landlord.
They pursued their route until they arrived in a region where the streets are lined with brothels and houses of assignation. To the inmates of these dens of infamy Job Dingle was not unknown; and even from them was received into the treasury of Tim Hardmann, a portion of the wages of harlotry.

Philadelphia Department

BY N. T. CHILD, M. D.
The Gates Ajar.
This book, which at present is creating quite an interest, is calculated to do a vast amount of good in many directions, especially in comforting the mourners, among a class of persons who will only be reached by such means. It is so near the theological world as to be acceptable to many who would be terribly shocked to read

similar ideas from the writings of Spiritualists, yet it embodies many of the fundamental ideas of our religion and philosophy.
It is written in the pleasant and attractive style of the journal of a young lady, an orphan, who has lost an only brother, "Royal," or "Roy," as she terms him, who was killed near the close of the rebellion, and only a few weeks before she had fondly looked for his return. The picture is a very sad one. When the news was flashed across the wires,—"shot dead," it stunned her so terribly, that, for a time, she knew nothing, and in a few days, she writes:
"The house feels like a prison. I walk up and down, and wonder that I ever called it home. Something is the matter with the sunsets; they come and go and I do not notice them. Something ails the voices of the children—snowballing down the street, all the music has gone out of them, and they hurt me like knives."
Speaking of the condolence by friends, which is so little understood, she says:
"A solid blow has in itself the elements of its rebound; it arouses the antagonism of the life on which it falls; its relief is the relief of a combat. But a hundred little needles pricking at us,—what is to be done with them? The hands hang down, the knees are feeble, we cannot so much as pass, because they are little needles."
In the sadness of her soul-anguish, most earnestly for a recognition of a loved one gone before; but her religion furnished no ray of hope.
A widowed aunt comes to her, and brings in a beautiful manner the relief which her soul needed. Speaking to her of the recognition in heaven, she writes, "I drank in the blessed words without doubt or argument. I was too thirsty to doubt or argue. Some other time, I may ask her how she knows this beautiful thing, but not now. All I can do now is to take it to my heart, and hold it there. Roy, my own again,—somehow or other to be as near as,—to be nearer than he—let there be, really mine again! I shall never let this go."
Little consolation did she receive from her minister who told her "that he expected to be so overwhelmed by the glory of the presence of God, that it may be thousands of years before he should think of his wife."
Well she says, "He gave me glittering generalities, cold common-places, vagueness, unreality, a God and a future at which I shivered."
Gradually the argument in favor of the recognition of our friends is presented, and some of the accounts given in the Bible are cited,—"Many shall come from the East and from the West, and sit down in the Kingdom of God with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob," and she asks: "Will they not be likely to know that they are Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? or, will they think they are Shadrach Meshech and Abednego?"
The account of the Transfiguration is also presented as a striking illustration of the recognition of spirits. They speak of the employments in heaven, and the author says:
"God keeps us too busily at work in this world,—although too busily, considering it is a preparatory world, to intend to put us into an idle one. What more natural, than that we shall spend our best energies there, as we spent them here,—in comforting, teaching, helping and saving people, whose souls we love better than our own? In fact, it would be very unnatural if we did not."
Speaking of her aunt, the author says, "she has done what it takes a life time for some of us to do; what some of us go into eternity, leaving undone; what I am afraid I shall never do,—sounded her own nature."
The question which has troubled so many honest, inquiring spirits,—whether if the spirits know of our trials and sufferings, they can be happy? is thus answered:
"Perhaps Roy sees the end from the beginning, and can bear the sight for the peace that will come, and thus he watches my coming and waits to meet me."
"I think," says the aunt, "Roy is here, close beside you all the time, trying to speak to you through the blessed sunshine and the flowers, trying to help you, and assure to love you; I do not believe God means to send him away from you either."
But our space forbids further extracts, nor do we hesitate to recommend the work as interesting and profitable, especially to those who have doubts as to the condition of the after-life. For, although these are mainly made as suggestions we are glad to have them presented. "Milk for babes, and strong meat for those who can bear it."
The book is another evidence of the growing demand of the age for spiritual food, and a proof that a cold formal theology cannot, and will not, supply the demands of the living soul.
[The above work is for sale at this office, 122 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.]

Injustice.

The interest continued to increase until the large

are sufficiently positive to external, while completely sensitive to internal, influences; and so many are completely at the mercy and services of designing, crafty pretense, that the determined, unscrupulous individual, of sleek exterior and slippery intent wields the power because

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, MAY 22, 1869.

OFFICE 124 SOUTH CLARK ST., 24 FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

S. S. JONES,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

For Terms of Subscription see Preliminary and Prospectus on right page.

Subscriptions should be made to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

S. S. JONES,

EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S. Jones. All business letters to John C. Brady.

84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

THE OUTER AND INNER SENSES—GOD OUR FATHER, NATURE OUR MOTHER, ALL HUMANITY OUR BROTHERS.

In one respect at least, man is a five-fold being, for he has five senses, viz., hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and feeling. These five senses are the superstructure on which man's very existence depends. Should we live throughout all eternity, we will never find that we are favored with a sense additional to those that we now possess.

As man possesses only five senses, we can rightly conclude that there are only five sources of enjoyment in the universe, each of which act upon the physical organization and the mind in a specific manner, producing, many times, the most pleasurable emotions.

Music is one thing, and in its action, it first touches the auditory nerve, and thence tingles in our whole being; a beautiful painting, however, is quite another, and yet it is equal to music in exciting into action the emotional elements of our nature. We live for results. The senses receive the action of the world around them, and transmit their peculiar effects to the mind. In their action, however, they never make a mistake. You never mistake a beautiful landscape painting for music, or music for some production of the mechanic's chisel and saw.

In the examination of the senses, a lesson can be learned, for we thereby gain a correct idea of Deity, which otherwise could not be obtained. Learn your own nature, if you wish to understand God, for you are a part of the Infinite whole, possessing every characteristic of God himself. It is difficult, it is true, to understand our own nature, and comprehend the *modus operandi* of its action, yet, by proper attention, we can, to a certain extent, at least, work a solution of the wonderful problem.

There is certainly a vast meaning in those attributes of man called his senses. We can hardly appreciate the grandeur connected therewith, or the important lesson that can be learned from a proper understanding of their nature.

Man's physical nature, however, is not the real man—but is simply a medium of communication between matter and spirit. We have the outer senses, and the inner senses; consequently hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and feeling are incorporated in the spiritual nature, and the question naturally arises whether as such, they are dormant or not; if dormant, how can they be rendered active, and if not dormant, what are the laws by which they are governed. Here, some might say, we almost reach a point beyond which, we cannot proceed. Not so, however. The spiritual senses have a mission to perform, even while incorporated in the physical structure, and it is our purpose in future articles, to explain their nature, the phenomena of their action, and the wonderful truths that they reveal when brought into perfect exercise.

The inner senses, the spiritual; the outer senses, the physical; the former standing in the same relation to the body that the aroma does to the flower that it surrounds. The spiritual body is, as it were, an outgrowth of the physical, and possesses all of its distinctive characteristics.

In the first place, we fully appreciate the fact that the body is composed of matter, and that at death the constituent parts thereof return to the elements from which they were taken. In this position, we will find no one to dispute us. But when we state that the spirit stands in the same relation to man that the aroma does to the flower, we will, no doubt, excite the opposition of those who think they are learned on this important question. It would be well to ask what is matter, and define its nature, before explaining that which proceeds from it. We are led to look upon the solids of the earthly matter, but when viewed in the right light, there is nothing but matter in all of God's universe. We talk glibly of gases, vapors, forces, etc., yet each one is nothing but different modifications of matter. In the organization, we find a part of each of the elements in the universe blended in harmonious action together; hence man is an epitome of the universe, and is subject to the action of all the laws of the same. In this combination of all the elements, we find the *ultima ratio*, the grand object sought after, a miniature God, floating, as it were, in the veins of the universe. Man is simply a blending of all the elements, a concentration of the constituent parts of the universe, in such a manner, that a human being is generated therefrom.

The universe is composed of positive and negative forces, and which act upon each other in a specific manner. In man we find the constituent elements of all things. The flower with its aroma, the diamond glistening in the coronet of a queen, the gold that ornaments your person, the wings of a butterfly, the vilest tadpole in existence, in fact, the constituent parts of all things, are incorporated in the physical organization, and there united in harmonious action, they produce an outgrowth that is immortal.

When man was created there was a grand wedding in nature, and a season of rejoicing in the vast universe. The planets sang songs of

joy; the comets of space shone forth with additional splendor; the heart of the universe beat stronger; the chords of the infinite vibrated in songs of love; the purring streams, the rivers, the lakes, and ocean, reflected the pleasure derived from the grand success, for this day a "son has been born" to Nature. She feels proud of him. Within his veins course the choicest treasures. His eyes glisten like the diamond; his features have the tints of the rarest flower; then how grand his intellect! Part of the infinite whole! on the planet Earth, traversing the veins of the Infinite! He is Nature's child, and constantly revels in the infinite works of his mother. Does he not resemble her? Point to the little flower bowing its head to the gentle touch of the zephyr, its variegated tints glistening in the sunbeam; point to the golden wheat in the field, to the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, and then, behold man! You find within his organic structure, the constituent parts of all of them—of the whole universe. Then is not Nature his mother, God his father, all humanity his brothers?

Within man is the action of nature's forces. In nature there are sixty-eight primal elements—thirty-four positive, and thirty-four negative; or thirty-four female, and thirty-four male, which, after courting for millions of years in the mammoth, in fishes, in reptiles and various other animals, were brought together in harmonious action, or were wedded together, and the result was, "man." Within him are all the forces of nature, hence he is Nature's child. He breathes the air, it enters the lungs, purifies the blood, gives life and vigor to the vital forces. Did not Nature nurse him, how soon he would die! In her lap, like a young child, he gazes at the ocean of infinity before him, and ever receives nourishment from her bosom. Nature our mother, God our father, all humanity our brothers!

As a part of the infinite whole, he can wander throughout all space, drink from the fountains of other worlds, study the mechanism of the universe, and occasionally touch its Central Heart, but he may wing his flight to the remotest regions, and still he will find ages whose wisdom excels his own, and the grandeur of whose souls strikes him with awe—and thus onward, ever onward, he will find himself no nearer the end of God's universe, than at first.

THE HEBREW CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

This is the title assumed by an association of zealous Christians of the West, which lately held its annual meeting in this city, whose object is to convert Jews to Christianity. By a report of the officers of the Association, they have expended during the year \$1,457.78; being \$62.61 more than their receipts; and only four Jews were converted. Besides this pecuniary outlay, it also cost the Association's Missionaries one hundred and fifty visits to the Jews and the delivery of seventy discourses. The net cost of each convert, therefore, it will be seen, is over thirty-six dollars. This reminds us of a certain agitator of ancient times, who spoke of certain sects in his day who would compass heaven and earth to make a proselyte, and who upon being proselyted became tenfold more the child of the devil than before. Such may not be the case in the present instances, yet we can not avoid looking upon all this missionaryry as a useless and misdirected outlay and expenditure of time and money; for the particular reason that we can not see, where the superior advantages of what is popularly known as Christianity over Judaism comes in. Christianity in all its practices, indulgences and tendencies, as a moral power, is essentially Jewish. It is but Judaism christened with a new name. This assertion is so palpably true to any candid unbiased mind, who will take the time and pains to compare the moral influence of these two sects, that arguments become unnecessary. By moral influences we wish to be understood as having reference to the practice of overcoming evil with good, exercising charity, &c. &c. In the exercise of these fundamental precepts of the gentle and divine Nazarene, we candidly confess our inability to see any advantage likely to accrue to society, or to the converts themselves, by their conversion from one theory or religion to another, both of whose practices are essentially the same.

A true conversion of a so called Christian, or Jew, to the elevating and god-like precepts of Jesus Christ, would indeed be just cause for even joy in heaven. But verily, as in ancient days we know the tree by the fruit it bears. And when we see a human soul so deeply imbued by spiritual influences as to practically expose the heaven-given precepts of Jesus, we shall accord to him or her the prerogative to talk to others of conversion. But of such are not the churches of to-day. Then why dare they with such brazen-faced assumption talk to other sects of conversion to that which they do not themselves adopt. For them we may put in the plea of ignorance. But ignorance is no justification before the law. All must reap the fruits of their works, be they sown either in ignorance or wisdom. From the law of justice and just desert there is no appeal.

SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

In another column, will be found the advertisement of Mr. Milleson, a spirit artist. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of those who have investigated the subject that spirits can influence certain mediums to paint or draw correct likenesses of the loved ones of spirit-life. Mr. Milleson claims to be such a medium, and we have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of his claim. When we see specimens of his work, we will give further particulars.

UNDERHILL ON NETHERHILL.

The above named book should be in the hands of every investigator.

It will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of \$1.50.

An enemy is a teacher that teaches us nothing.

THE MICROSCOPIC SERPENT—TRICHINE.

Two cases of this startling malady have lately occurred, one in Montreal, and the other within the interior of this state, which have produced quite a sensation among the medical faculty and scientific gentlemen, who are giving their attention and devoting their investigations to microscopic subjects. The case in this State has already proved fatal, and the attending physician suspecting the presence of this terrible worm, instituted a post-mortem examination; and by a report in a late number of the *Times* of this city, we learn that a portion of the biceps muscle was forwarded to Doctor Hay of this city; who, upon placing a fragment under the microscope, not traces simply, nor one or two specimens, but a mass of trichine was visible, and in less time than it takes to write it, the doctor had counted forty five, not one of which were encysted.

It may reasonably be doubted whether a parallel case is on record. And it is calculated to produce a thrill of horror to contemplate being literally bitten to death by these horrible beasts, though invisible to the naked eye, yet appearing, when subjected to the magnifying power of a powerful magnifying glass, like noxious and frightful reptiles of five or six inches in length. Well may every feeder upon swine's flesh, while reading this, query within his mind as to whether his system is free from the presence of these microscopic snakes.

From the report before us, we glean some other facts in relation to this horrible animal.

It usually exists singly within a cyst, situated between the muscular tendons. At each end of the cyst is a group of fat cells, resembling those of ordinary fatty tissues.

The cysts are about 1.50 of an inch in length, elliptical or oval, usually narrowed and slightly reduced at the obtuse ends.

The worm is cylindrical, narrowed toward the anterior end, the posterior end being obtuse and rounded.

The integument is transversely striated or annular, and exhibits an anterior and a posterior longitudinal muscular band.

The mouth is situated at the anterior extremity, from which a small papilla is sometimes protruded.

CONFUSION OF IDEAS—ELDER GHANT AND DR. ADAM CLARK.

In the 7th of April No. of the *Census*, Elder Grant gives currency to the fact of the activities of the Planchette, but ascribes it all to the poor demons, cautioning his followers to shun the devil and stick to Jesus. We can at least give him credit for sticking to the demons. But here is what he says:

The little instrument, known as the Planchette, is very widely introduced. It has become a fashionable parlor companion. Of course there is nothing wrong in the instrument itself, but its use is wholly opposed to Christianity. Says the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," a Spiritualist paper, published in Chicago—"The Planchette is, indeed, revolutionizing the world." The Spiritualists call it a "flank movement," by means of which they have been able to introduce Spiritualism into thousands of families, who would not go near a circle for incarnation. The instrument is a convenient machine for the use of the demons, when they wish to give communications. Every lover of Jesus should shun them as he would deadly poison.

The foregoing is of the tenor of that we shortly published from the *Perfectionists* of Oneida, New York, and is pretty current among Orthodox, but clashes with the ideas held by many of the D. D.'s of other days. Especially with the views of that popular writer, Dr. Adam Clark. He says, in his comments, page 229, vol. second:

I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals. I believe Samuel did actually appear to Saul, and that he was sent by the special mercy of God to warn this infatuated king of his approaching death.

The Elder is a stout believer in the Bible and we should be pleased to know how he would explain away the grounds that Dr. Clark had for believing in this plain, simple Bible statement. If this spirit purporting to be Samuel, was only a trick of the demons, then Bible writers were humbugs and the whole Book, so far as its accounts of the appearance of spirits is included is an unmitigated humbug.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has been a trial subscriber to this paper, we will send it for three months longer on the receipt of fifty cents.

That will barely cover the expense of the blank paper, and putting the name of the subscriber upon the regular mailing machine lists.

Hereafter, the rate of three months' trial subscribers will be fifty cents.

We have sent several thousand dollars during the last five months, that we have sent out our papers to trial subscribers at twenty-five cents each. The *JOURNAL* is now extensively and favorably known, and it is but justice that our friends should pay at least two-thirds of what it costs.

The labor and perplexity attending our trial list, has been beyond all expectations, and to avoid which in future, we have determined to put all new trial subscribers' names on to the regular list, as a guarantee against all mistakes. To enable us to do so, we must receive at least fifty cents for three months' trial subscription; and we will take a renewal for the second three months also, for fifty cents.

Will our friends be so kind as to make another effort to circulate the *JOURNAL*, on these most liberal terms, thereby aiding in disseminating widely, the principles of the spiritual philosophy!

We return our most heart-felt thanks to those who have already done much for us.

NOTICE.

Don't send any money for extra copies of the *JOURNAL*, before they are printed, for we have no means of keeping such accounts.

When such copies are wanted, send the money for them as soon as the paper is published, giving the number and the volume desired, and they will be promptly forwarded.

WESTON, MO.

Our friends residing at the above named place, desire good lecturers passing that way, to give them a call.

Address T. Gramsire, Esq.

REV. H. W. BEECHER'S TESTIMONY.

"Oh, tell me that the fathers of the Republic are dead—that generous host, that army of invincible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?"

In one of his practical sermons, delivered on the 8th of Jan., 1857, he says:

"Our field of conflict is different from that on which men oppose each other. It comprises the whole unseen realm. All the secret roads, and paths, and avenues, in which spirits dwell, are filled with a great invisible host. These are our adversaries. And they are all the more dangerous because they are invisible. Subtle are they. We are unconscious of their presence. They come, they go; they assail, they retreat; they plan, they attack, they withdraw; they carry on all the processes by which they mean to subvert or destroy us, without the possibility of our seeing them."

"I confess to you, there is something in my mind of sublimity in the idea that the world is full of spirits good, and evil, who are pursuing their various errands, and that the little that we can see with these bare eyes of ours, the little that we can decipher with these imperfect senses, is not the whole of the reading of those vast pages of that great volume which God has written. There is in the lore of God more than our philosophy has ever dreamed of."

"An evil spirit may be consummately refined, may be inspired. Our first thought in contemplating this subject is that an evil spirit must be a vulgar thing. Doubtless there are vulgar spirits; but it does not follow that all the spirits who are most potential, and most to be feared, are vulgar. On the contrary, where spirits are embodied, it is supposed that those who are the most cultured are the most powerful for evil."

THE RADICAL.

The "Radical," for April, is on our table, and as usual, is replete with articles of great interest to every reflective mind.

Published at Boston, by Morse & Marvin. Terms, \$4 per year.

Personal and Local.

Goldwin Smith thinks Carlyle is a bore—Carlyle's opinion of Goldwin Smith is not known yet.

Mrs. Woodward Hinchhiss, of Connecticut, signalized her 99th birthday by writing some verses.

Peter West, the well known test medium, has discontinued his rooms in this city; and after a brief tour through Wisconsin and Michigan, he will leave for Montana and the West.

Gen. Sherman offers for sale the St. Louis residence presented him by his friends in that city, and they are indignant at his disposal of their gift.

The president of the new Cincinnati council, made a speech upon taking the chair, which the *Commercial* of that city calls "a cowardly attack on the English language."

At the recent Press-Societies' dinner, Fanny Fern and Phoebe Cary met for the first time. Yet they have lived for many years within two blocks of each other.

Carlyle says of suffrage: "O wondrous system of extricating the wisdom of the people by counting their noses; getting the hidden essence of *vox populi* from thirty millions of people—mostly fools."

The Washington agent of Mrs. Stanton's paper, is described as a woman of a stout, square figure, dressed in gray water-proof cloth with a red, round, good-looking face, but as haughty-looking through all its good-humor as a rather millstone, with an expression of insuperable impertinence that will never take or own a rebuff, and never allow itself to be emboldened.

The Empress Eugenie is going to visit Carlotta at Lieken, about the first of May. As both Carlotta and the queen of Belgium are known to dislike the Empress intensely, the goings in Paris are at a loss to know what may have induced the Empress to resolve upon visiting them. The prince imperial will accompany his mother.

Robert R. Randolph, cousin to John, died in Washington, on the 20th of April last. He was a very loyal man, nevertheless suffered fifty years of persecution by the officers of his own government, the immediate cause for which was, that he once piloted President Jackson's nose.

General Grant has invited Mr. R. E. Lee, late General-in-chief of the rebel armies to visit him at the executive mansion.

Robert Dale Owen is at work on a book to be called "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next."

A young man by the name of Goodwill, died a horrible death from hydrophobia last week in this city.

The legal name of Blind Tom, the pianist, is Thomas Greengrass, so named after General Bethune, of Georgia, who was his former owner.

Motto for a fashionable lady—never too late to bend.

The Princess Salm-Salm has sued a Stuttgart author for charging her with being the mistress of Maximilian.

Gen. Schenck sails from New York for Europe, about the middle of this month.

The laying of the last tie and rail, and the driving of the last spike, on the Union Pacific Railroad, was largely and enthusiastically celebrated in this city on Monday, the 10th inst.

George Francis Train delivered an address at Farwell Hall, in this city, on the evening of the 10th inst., in which he claimed that Ireland would be free in 1872.

James Fisk, Jr., has employed Dodworth's band to play on board of his steamboats. It is rumored that he is the owner of the "Imperial."

Tom Thumb has had a velocipede made at Elphira, Ohio. One of the wheels is twelve and the other fifteen inches in diameter, and the portions usually made of iron are of burnished steel.

Amusements.

At McKiver's Theatre Mr. Chanfrau is the Star this week. He attracts full houses, in his inimitable character as "Sam."

The great event of the week at Crosby's Opera House, has been the return from the Quaker City, after a most renowned triumph there, of the popular Opera House burlesque company, and their reappearance on the Opera House stage, in the great extravaganza, entitled, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Their reception has been enthusiastic.

On Monday, the 17th inst., will be presented the last most pleasing burlesque, "Ixion" or the Man at the Wheel. It is said to be a most magnificent production, and calls forth the full strength of the company.

At Wood's National Museum, Manager Blaisdell has had the good judgment to put upon the boards of this theatre, that most fascinating play, entitled the "Octoroon or Life in Louisiana," which has drawn full houses. John Dillon appears to great advantage in his part as Salem Scudder. It is given with new scenery and new appointments.

"Surf," at Alken's Dearborn Theatre, has proved to be one of the greatest successes in the field of drama of the season. It is to be continued during the week, and will be hailed by a full and delighted audience, until it is removed to give place to another great novelty, which is announced to be in active preparation, for this theatre, and entitled "Wolves at Bay."

DR. GREER.

Dr. Robert Greer has vacated his office in this city for the purpose of visiting in the country, and making a general tour through the state of Illinois, where he is so widely and favorably known.

His first place of visit will be Galesburg, on the 13th inst., where he will remain at the Henshaw house three days.

Taylor's Red Springs.

Don't fail to read the advertisement in another column. Any man who wants a good paying agency will do well to send and get a set for a sample, and go to soliciting for them. They are so light, as to be easily carried under the arm, and once seen by housekeepers, a sale is almost certain. Mr. Taylor will furnish agents on such terms as to make it profitable business for any energetic man.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS

OR THE

WONDERS OF THE

UNIVERSE

REVEALED TO MAN.

Is the title of a new work from press.

By the Guardian Spirit of David Corless.

S. S. JONES,

Publisher.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

800N PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corless, of Huntley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years, and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal.

The introduction entitled "The Unveiling," treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized Life in the native purity of all things.

On page twenty-four, the author treats of "the way mediums part lives," in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences.

In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we induce Mediums to speak. The influence of all kinds of language investigated. The ring feat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

The work will be sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents.

Address, S. S. JONES, 124 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

VINE COTTAGE STORIES.

LITTLE HARRY'S WISH

OR

PLAYING SOLDIER.

BY MRS. H. N. GREEN.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

AND

THE ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE.

By the Same Author.

S. S. JONES, Publisher.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OFFICE,

124 South Clark Street,

Chicago, Ill.

The above named little works of about thirty pages each, are fresh from the press, and are a series designed especially for children, youth and Children's Progressive Lyceum Libraries.

Mrs. H. N. Green is one of the most popular writers of the present age and especially adapted to the writing of popular liberal books for Children.

This series of Books which we have entered upon publishing is designed for the youth everywhere, but of course their tone and philosophy will conform their sale principally to the families of Spiritualists, Liberalists and the Children's Progressive Lyceums.

They are aptly embellished and every way attractive and will be sent by mail on receipt of twenty five cents per copy.

A reasonable discount to the trade.

Address S. S. JONES, 124 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give his angel charge concerning thee.

All communications under this head are given through
MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,
 well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly re-
 lied upon as coming from the source they purport to be
 the spirit world.

(Reported by Noble and Nixson, short hand Reporters, 118 Dearborn
 street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life seances,
 should be concise, well written, and directed to the editor,
 whose convenience for the questioner to be present at the
 seance.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, our life, and our God, unnumbered
 are Thy blessings unto us Thy children.

Unnumbered would be our thoughts of grate-
 fulness unto Thee, our Father. Many of Thy rich-
 est blessings come to us in seeming disguise, but
 when disrobed of that mantle or covering, we
 see them in their full light and glory, and realize
 that they are indeed rich blessings given to us
 for a good and wise purpose by a loving Father.

Unnumbered to us are the drops that compose
 the great ocean, but not unnumbered to Thee.
 So alike to us are the deep sorrows of Thy
 children, and yet like unto the drops of the
 ocean, they are numbered by Thee and have a
 wise mission to perform.

We realize, our Father, that all is in accord
 with Thy will—all of the drops in the sea
 of time—and that with Thy power, every drop
 will be revealed to us in crystallized form and
 beauty, for, governed by infinite wisdom, watch-
 ed with loving eyes, nurtured by a strong hand,
 all, ye all, are blessings from Thee—unnum-
 bered to us, yet to Thee, the all-wise Father,
 we feel a perfect trust—a perfect confidence—a
 perfect hope, and forever we would continue to
 do Thy will, and offer to one another words of
 light, love and truth—and unto Thee, the Father
 of all, we would ever give praise.

Liaison to his Mother.

REPORTED BY LAVINA L. INGALLS.

MY BROTHER:—In the communication from
 our infant child which was published in the pa-
 per that has just been received, he spoke of not
 being often with Henry. We wondered at this,
 and often spoke of it, but never expected any
 solution to the mystery. Weeks later, the follow-
 ing was received:

FROM YOUR BOY.

I am here, mother! You wonder I am not so
 much with you as Henry. My attractions to
 earth are not like his. I have more interest in
 spiritual things, because it is more like home to
 me. But I have always been drawn to you, my
 mother.

Several weeks later, I received the following
 from the same:

MY FRIENDS:—I feel a pleasure in giving to
 you these communications, because there are so
 many mothers throughout the length and breadth
 of our land, that have had these little sun-lights
 extinguished in their dwellings. These mother's
 hearts may be cheered (as mine has been) in
 learning that their infant darlings, whom they
 last saw draped in garments for the grave, are
 not dead, but can, indeed, return, and testify that
 still they live and love.

I look back along the vista of thirty-five years
 (when my home was in Illinois), to a certain
 dark and mournful day, when there laid upon
 my bosom, a darling infant son, four brief months
 old, Linus by name.

For two or three weeks, he had been slightly
 indisposed; not so as to excite suspicion of ap-
 proaching change.

While cradled in my arms, hushing him to
 repose, he imperceptibly passed away. Oh, the
 agony of that moment, when I found my child
 was gone. He was my first-born, and then my
 all; and had left only the chrysalis form behind.
 To me, the child was dead; and to me, was lost
 for thirty-five long years, when lo! a voice from
 beyond the river, through the spirit ropes, brought
 me tidings of the dear immortal, and since Henry
 entered spirit life, he has communicated with
 his mother. But to return to the communica-
 tion.

FROM YOUR BOY WHO HAS GROWN UP IN
 SPIRIT LIFE.

TO MY MOTHER:—Leaving your care too
 young to comprehend what was before me, I had
 little thought of the future, in fact, not any. I
 entered spirit life with but little knowledge of
 anything; but as I grew in experience, I learned
 to love all by whom I was surrounded.

I, with a number of others, were cared for by
 those who had charge of little children. I was
 taught to love the beautiful and good, the pure
 and refined; to shun everything of a debasing
 tendency.

As time passed on, I was shown how it might
 be possible for us to communicate with those on
 earth. I tried, but there was so much difficulty
 in the way, that I relinquished all idea of it, and
 returned to my own enjoyment and pleasures.

All heaven was a scene of unsurpassed beau-
 ty, not one discordant note, no jarring element.
 Here I found all my spiritual nature demanded.
 There was nothing left me to wish for, except
 an occasional desire to communicate with you;
 and even this grew into a secondary considera-
 tion. All discord was so incongenial to me that
 I visited earth less and less frequently, till Brother
 Henry came home. That enlarged my views,
 brought me nearer to my living kindred. I dis-
 covered a new-born love for you all.

Spiritual Excitement in Cincinnati.

Miss Lizzie Kaiser, a German servant girl, who
 has lately become mediumistic, is giving public
 seances in Cincinnati, which are causing no little
 excitement among the people of that city.

She takes her position on the stage or stand—
 usually moving to and fro—from which she
 overcomes her audience, and points out and
 describes spirits in the hall. They commonly ap-

pear by the sides of their friends. These spir-
 its she describes by their size, complexion, fea-
 tures, hair, eyes, &c., with such accuracy as to
 make them instantly recognizable to their
 friends, and then to the description, adds the
 spirit's name.

Persons who never saw her before, and whom
 it is evident she personally knows nothing
 about, go to her seances, have their deceased
 friends satisfactorily described, and from them,
 receive communications which remove all doubt
 of their identities.

The number and character of the people who
 assemble to see and hear her, gives some idea
 of the effects which her seances are producing. The
 halls are filled to overflowing with people seek-
 ing to none in the city for intelligence and re-
 spectability, and recently many have been turned
 off for want of room.

The girl has not been favored with an educa-
 tion, and in her normal condition, presents no
 marks of character above those of her ordinary
 calling; but when entranced, uses good language,
 and appears like a dignified and commanding
 woman.

Test of Spirit Power.

The following case, reported by Leonard How-
 ard, Esq., of St. Charles, may be relied upon as
 strictly true. We know Mr. Howard and his
 wife, the medium referred to, well.

Mrs. Howard has for many years, been one of
 the best test mediums in the country. The In-
 dian spirit who has long controlled her, has the
 most remarkable powers to foretell coming
 events, of any spirit we have ever conversed
 with. We hope to be furnished with reports of
 his powers, for publication, frequently.

FRIEND JONES:—Having been strongly solici-
 ted, I make the following statement of facts in
 regard to the power of clairvoyance, as well as
 the power of spirits to tell what will take place
 in the future. On Thursday morning, about
 eight or nine o'clock, Mr. Charles Gibb was
 drowned in Fox river at this place. Search
 was made for the body all day, without success.

Mrs. Howard, my wife, is a medium, often con-
 trolled by an Indian spirit. She was solicited
 by some of her friends to see what her control-
 ling spirit could do by the aid of clairvoyance, or
 his powers, to assist in the search for the body;
 but she was not controlled, or made clairvoyant
 at the time; but, about four o'clock, P. M., on
 Friday evening, she being then under control,
 told me the body was on the east side of the
 river, and would be found the next day, between
 the residence of Mr. Sill and a place called Cedar
 Bluff—a distance less than half a mile—the
 body being found at the time and place indicat-
 ed. He further said that if his medium was a
 man, he would control him and take a boat and
 go directly to the body.

While I am writing, I will give you in brief,
 another incident:

Last fall, Mrs. Nagg (an entire stranger)
 called with an orthodox friend (a resident of
 this place) on Mrs. Howard, who told her among
 other things, that she would lose her little boy
 soon; but she said she could not think so, as the
 child was in good health. Four weeks ago, we
 received a letter from Mrs. Nagg, dated Lawrence,
 Kansas, saying:

"Alas! Mrs. Howard, your predictions about
 the death of my little boy were too true. My
 little Willie is dead. He was thrown from a
 wagon and instantly killed."

I could give you many more of the same kind
 of tests, but this will do for the present.

LEONARD HOWARD.

St. Charles, April 25th, 1869.

From the Salem (Mass.) Gazette.

Spiritual Manifestation.

Last Tuesday evening we attended and witnessed
 some striking "manifestations" by a spiritual me-
 dium, who resided at the house of Mr. Wm. Ta-
 bouret, in Lynn street. We were invited, not
 because of any supposed learning toward spiritual-
 istic theories, but because there were good reasons
 to believe that something wonderful might be ex-
 pected, such as might be profitable for skeptical
 or uncommitted minds to witness, and for the pub-
 lic to know. The medium was CHARLES H. READ,
 whose name has been given in the past, and who
 has given some manifestations that excited
 the wonder of even the Harvard Professors and
 other professional men.

Arriving at the house at a few moments past
 eight o'clock, we found the parlor well filled with
 the guests who had been invited. The room was
 perhaps three-quarters filled. The company were
 seated in chairs closely placed, and a corner of the
 room, including a little space, perhaps, one-fourth
 quarter part of its area, was kept clear for the op-
 erations of the medium. The audience contained
 some confirmed spiritual believers, with several un-
 professional mediums, a considerable number of
 those who are inclined to think that spirits may do
 these things, without being quite positive in the
 conviction; a good representation of those who
 are willing to admit the unseen, but who believe
 that such phenomena do occur, but have no belief in supernatural
 agency; and, finally, at least one (if not more) con-
 firmed and apparently invincible skeptic, whose
 mission it was to test the power of the medium.

The medium was a short and thick-set man, rather
 nervous in his ways and movements. He was seated
 in a chair, facing the audience. At his left was a
 vacant chair. At his right was a parlor table, or
 small light table, on which were a guitar, tam-
 bourine, and a composition book, one wooden
 ring, and perhaps other articles. In front of him,
 upon the carpet, were strong ropes, one a cotton
 rope, and three rope links joined together. These
 ropes and rings were brought by the medium, and
 he said he would just as willingly use with any
 other ropes. The articles bore the test of examination,
 and we could see no reason to suppose them other-
 wise than genuine.

When all was ready, the medium said that dark-
 ness was essential to the manifestations, and that
 it was necessary that there should be harmony
 among the audience. "You may laugh and jest,"
 said he, "as much as you like, but do not get into
 any arguments or disputes." Any gentleman was
 then invited to step forward and assist in tying
 him to the chair. The writer of this account was
 invited, among others, to do the tying; but not be-
 ing skilled in mysterious and difficult knots, he ex-
 pressed our content with the closely watching the
 tying by others, the medium's attention being con-
 siderable part of it. At the outset, it may as well
 be said, the notorious skeptic before alluded
 to (Mr. James Gass, a student and writer, who was in-
 vited by Mr. Tabouret chiefly on account of his dis-
 belief in these things), stepped forward, and on be-
 ing invited to assist in the tying of the medium,
 said, "Well, in order to make the thing sure, why
 not put a pair of handcuffs on his wrists?" It seems
 he had previously provided himself with a pair of
 these implements, unknown to the rest of the com-
 pany. The medium objected, Mr. Gass insisted,
 and a warm dispute ensued, considerably to the
 annoyance of those who considered "harmony"
 essential to success. Mr. Gass finally resumed his

seat, with a dissatisfied air, declining any further
 part than that of a quiet spectator, and resumed
 his previous position, before the evening closed, to
 settle his doubts by observations. It may as
 well here, as anywhere, perhaps, be said that at
 the close of the sitting, we asked Mr. Read what
 things, the last he had done, could have occurred
 with the handcuffs in place of the ropes, and his
 answer was substantially this: "Yes; but to night
 something told me I must use the ropes. If I had
 used handcuffs, I could not have secured the result
 in which case, the manifestations would occur just
 the same."

After the medium had been fully pinned in, full
 view of the company, the audience was invited
 to appoint some one to a committee to make an
 examination at the close of each manifestation, and
 to stand near all the while. It is perhaps no viola-
 tion of the rules of propriety to say, here, that
 among the company, were quite a number of gen-
 tlemen well known to the community, as impelled
 by no other possible motive or predilection than to
 witness and investigate the strange things about
 which they had heard. Among these were the Rev. Willard
 of this city, and Rev. J. C. Kimball, pastor of the
 Unitarian church in Beverly. There were, of course,
 many others, but we would not wish to be consid-
 ered equally above suspicion, but we name these as be-
 ing better known from the public position they oc-
 cupy. Mr. Spaulding was chosen as the committee
 and took his place near the medium. The
 assistant of the medium stood four or five feet
 away at the mantle piece, attending the lowering
 and raising of the kerosene light, and covering and
 uncovering it with a cord quite a number of times.
 The windows were rendered more secure
 against the admission of light by having dark ta-
 ble-clothes pinned up to them.

When all was ready, the medium, sitting all
 the while pinned in, with his hands bound
 together, and the order to darken the room. The
 attendant turned down the light and covered it
 with the hollow cone, and darkness was consequen-
 tly visible. The audience then looked in the di-
 rection of the medium, and the necessity of having the lights
 put out, and we could hear a sort of suppressed
 jerky movement, as if something, no one could
 tell what, was being done. In half a minute, the
 light was turned up, and the room was again
 visible. The medium, sitting in exactly the same
 position as before, looked toward the empty
 chair that had been standing at his side, and with
 his left arm, by the legs, and with the seat down-
 ward, Mr. Spaulding examined the medium, the
 chair, and the knots, and, said, publicly, that he
 could not discover that the tying had been dis-
 turbed.

Without undertaking to give the details of all
 that was done in this way, we would simply men-
 tion two or three other things. Once the medium
 was pinned in, he was asked to raise his arms, and
 they having previously laid upon the table. Once
 a tumbler of water was found resting upon the
 head of the medium. Perhaps the strangest thing
 that occurred, however, were those relating to the coats both of the medium and Mr.
 S. Mr. S. after making a careful examination of
 the chair that had become vacant, and the coat
 that had been hanging over it, and the coat of the
 medium, and a ring of the chair were a little
 loose. Mr. Tabouret declared that he had fur-
 nished the chair and that he knew nothing of the
 matter. "Well, it is a very curious thing," said Mr.
 S. "Let us have another chair." But the medium
 said, "Take off your coat, sir, and put it into the
 chair." Mr. S. did so, the room was again lit,
 and in about half a minute, the light was again lit,
 and the coat of the chair was found to be drawn
 upon the left arm of the medium, with no visible
 indication that the tying had been disturbed. From
 another time, the coat was found removed from
 the arm of the medium, and was in front of him,
 upon the floor, with the rope extending from his
 hands to the chair rung, running through one of
 the sleeves, and yet not more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair, and yet more than three feet
 from the chair, and yet more than three feet from
 the chair, and yet more than three feet from the
 chair, and yet more than three feet from the chair,
 and yet more than three feet from the chair, and yet
 more than three feet from the chair, and yet more
 than three feet from the chair, and yet more than
 three feet from the chair, and yet more than three
 feet from the chair

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

At Home.

Home again, readers, in the midst of the dear ones who love us, romping and playing with the babies; loving and kissing our mate, and being loved and kissed by them all. Five months away from our home to day. Yet the long winter far from our home, and yet, each week, we have read each other's thoughts, calling on the Lord daily to send his angels to our help, and he has heard us, and we have been blessed by his ministering spirits.

One of our house-hold has gone over the river; went away with the angels on the 22nd day of January, left us in the midst of joy and song on earth to enter the peace and good will of the Spirit World, and we have the evidence that she remembers us in the Summer Land, and every day we think of her in her spirit home, and she responds in her joyous nature, full of love.

Her chair is now vacant, and we miss her, but do not mourn for she was full of years, and is happy in her spirit home.

On the 31 of December, 1908, we left our farm house on a tour, lecturing in Buffalo, New York, for two months, and to day, May 14, 1909, looking over our diary, we find that we have visited Mich., Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Illinois. We have rode many miles by railroad—and by stage and hack, over two hundred miles. We have lectured one hundred and eight times, held fifty-three public seances, ten private seances, given twenty-one private readings of character, held two debates of four days duration each. We have attended the Children's Lyceum thirteen times, taking an active part in the workings of the same. We have written three hundred and seventy-five letters, and an average of two columns for the Frontier Department of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, each week.

In our public and private seances, we have given five hundred readings of character, seen and described fifteen hundred men, women and children who have been fully identified by the relatives and friends who knew them, and visited twenty-six persons, and attended one funeral. We have also been to three lectures, two concerts, and the theater three times. We have been out to dinner and to sixteen times. We have lectured in Utes, Syracuse, Skaneateles, Geneva, Danville, Rochester, Buffalo, Farmville, and Edinville, New York; in Corry and Titusville, Pennsylvania; in Cleveland, Ravens, Youngtown, Farmington, Painesville, Geneva, Kingsville, Thompson and West Richfield, Ohio; also, in Aurora, Illinois.

Our course has been a revival course, and has added to our number in every place we have visited. We have been blessed, blessed, blessed, abused, cursed and damned, both by believers and unbelievers. Some call us blessed, some curse us; some say we are modest (I); some say that we are full of bombast and egotism. We have been called a myth. A minister of the gospel has called us a liar to our face. Others have told us that we were greater than Jesus Christ (I) (vide Prof. Craft and Elder Graham, of Farmington, Ohio). Nine men and four women have given us the lie. We have made some mad, and some glad; many have left us full of joy; some full of sorrow; many have laughed; some have cried and others frowned. We have been imposed, exposed, deposed, and, in repose, called a devil, a saint, the Christ greater than Jesus, a Daniel, a Shister, and the Prince of Humbug.

One brother Spiritualist, an inspirational lecturer wants to be settled; has repudiated us, and we are excommunicated from his "feelings." He labored very hard for two months, thought he was going to bring forth a mountain, but gave birth to a mouse, and has gone into ordinary, and is now in the hands of a nurse for safe keeping.

We have been threatened with tar and feathers as well as a ride on the rail, without a fee. We have been ordered to leave instantly, or take the consequences,—signed, Bowle-knife; had one stone thrown at us, one snow-ball and "many prayers." We have made many warm friends as well as bitter enemies. We have received and read, seven hundred and nineteen letters, and worked late and early. We skinned Van Vleck publicly, and have after the skins of two others who are doing the dirty work of the churches, and their skins will be for sale to any church that has a job of dirty work to do, or any society who may want an anti-sensational speaker. We have been well paid, most princely paid; well cared for; had enough to eat; good beds to sleep on, and more than we could do. We are engaged up to the first of August next, every day and night we wish to speak.

And now, dear friends, let us thank you, one and all, for your loving kindness toward us. Bless you, and may angels watch over you,—have you in their keeping.

To our enemies, let us say,—fall on; curse us; expose us; abuse us all you can, and when you want a file to grow, grow us. We wish you well; we love your immortal souls, but not your deeds. May your God bless you, for ours pays no attention to you, and we can say with our Brother Jesus: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Lombard, Illinois, May 31st, 1909.

The Effect of Freedom on the Freedmen.

We copy from Editor's Drawer of Harper's Monthly Magazine, the following. It is rich.

"A southern friend, who is curious in his observations as to the effect of freedom on the ordinary field-hand freedmen, says that in no way does Sambo 'feel the oats' of liberty more than in his devotions, and in support of his assertions sends the following, which he says is in many quarters a favorite hymn in public religious services:

We're nearer de Lord
Dan de white folks, and dey know it;
Se de glory gade unbarred;
We're up darkeys, past de guard;
Bet a dollar he can't close it.
Walk up darkeys, froo de gate;
Hark! de white folks a-boller;
Gade dey colored folks; you'er too late;
We're de winnin' color; wait
Till de trumpet sounds to foller.

Hallelujah! tanks an' praise;
Long enuff we've borne our crosses;
Now we're de superior race;
We're gwine to huppen ober de bosses!"

The above is good, in fact, everything in the Drawer is spicy, and reminds us of what we heard among the darkies at Memphis, Tenn., some years ago.

"De day dat hell is berry hot; dey stev de sinners in a pot.

If dat be true, may we be drot, ifeber we go dar, if eber we go dar. O! no, my sisters, we'll not go dar.

O! no, brodders, we'll nebbor go dar, by de light ob de moon.

Who am I? What am I? Where am I?

Where do I Live? and Where am I going?

Questions enough for one article, is it not, dear readers? Who am I? Well then, we are not a myth, but a fact,—real and tangible, fifty-one years old; last March, three and a quarter of a century, and weigh two hundred and fifty pounds.

A Penninite writes to us asking, "If we are a myth?" By no means, "If the court knows herself, and she thinks she does," we are not a myth, but a solid fact, and think we demonstrated that to the full satisfaction of the aforesaid Penninite at Farmington, Ohio.

What am I? The church says that we are the Devil. Ministers teach it, and thousands believe it, and we have been told to our face that we have a devil. Well, one day when we were alone, we felt a little queerish like, having been told a little while before that we were possessed of the evil one; so we thought we would look into the matter a little, and put our senses into use. First, we smelt of ourself, and were actually alarmed, for we smelt sulphur; but when we began to reflect, we remembered that the day before in riding from Buffalo to Rochester, we sat in the same seat with a minister, this accounting for the smell. We felt relieved.

Second, we pulled off every part of our body, found no extraordinary heat, and we were pleased; and then we listened and became alarmed, for we fancied we heard gnashing of gums, with unearthly sounds, and remembering the smell of sulphur, we may say that we were "skereed," but always reasoning from effect back to cause, we remembered that we had dined on beans and our apples the day before, and the spirit came to our relief.

Third, we pulled off our boots and examined our feet carefully, and after using our senses according to the best of our ability, we come to the conclusion that we were not a devil.

A friend or foe writes us: "Long may you live, brother, for you are the Jesus of this age."

We emphatically deny. We are simply what we are, and no more. We claim no leadership; make no promises, and never fail.

An esteemed brother writes us (by the way this is one of our settled speakers, "You are egotistic, bombastic, furious, and having watched your course over eight years, and learn of this fact, you are repudiated and a liar."

Well, all I can say to this brother is, "Go and do likewise, and you won't go about begging for calls at starvation prices."

A Western brother says of us: "I wish I had included him in my report to the Fourth National Convention, with the rest of the vagabonds."

We ought to be thankful for our escape, but fatter ourself that we made work for the committee, forcing them to change base, and they now find themselves lower than the vagabonding anglings.

A friend writes us: "You have been my helper, and I am a Spiritualist through your mediumship."

We are in receipt of hundreds of letters expressing every variety of opinion of and about us; therefore, from all these opinions, we think we are "some punkins," and that our readers can determine for themselves, who, and what I am.

Where am I? This is readily answered. We are here to-day, was there yesterday, and will be yonder to-morrow. We are lecturing, teaching and writing all the time. No idle moments for us, and we do not beg for places, and if certain speakers will do as they will be well paid, well treated, and have no occasion to abuse or misrepresent committees, societies, or speakers.

Where are we going? This is the question of all questions, and who can answer it? Not the Theologians, for they frankly say they do not know; only believe. Not the Materialists for they deny a future existence. "You are going to the devil," is dinned into our ears continually, and is devoutly prayed for.

We are anything but an angel in the minds and thoughts of some; and by others, we are damned hence, taking it altogether, it is a little mixed. One thing, however, is clear to us; we prefer to go with the multitude, whether they go to hell or heaven, for from the Theologian's stand-point, the devil gets the wholesale trade, and God gets the retail custom of this world, and as we have always taken first-class seats and paid full fare, we expect to go with the multitude. But candidly, in the hearts of the people, we have an abiding place, and that place is sacred to us. We know our friends and love them, and hate not our enemies. We love those that duplicitously use us, and we can say with Jesus: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We were opposed to settled speakers and all other fossil conditions, and mean to do the right.

We live at home a portion of the year with Mary and her pets, and the balance of the time, we are on the wing.

Thus we answer a few of the many questions asked us. In a future article, we shall answer other questions, not quite so personal.

Infatuation of Age.

We clip the following article from the Cleveland Herald, of the 27th of March. It speaks for itself. But what a mean and untruthful criticism! Where in the history of the world, has there a principle sprang into being and became so great and grand a fact as Modern Spiritualism? Twenty-one years old and full of wisdom, truth and goodness, embracing amongst its devoted followers the noblest men and women of the age. In Spiritualism, the Infidel finds life everlasting; the Scientist, truths, near and noble, and the Ignorant are educated.

All hail! to the twenty-first birth day of Modern Spiritualism. On the thirty-first day of March, 1909, Spiritualism reached its majority, and is a child no longer. So stand firm under, Old Timothy.

We had a grand good time, and all were edified. The speaking was good, the singing good, and all went away pleased. The society of Spiritualists in Cleveland, are a live society, meet in a beautiful Hall, and are as true as steel. Long may they flourish, and by and by put off this mortality and put on a glorious immortality.

"By a notice in an advertising column of the proposed celebration of the 21st anniversary of the Rochester Spirit Rappings, it appears that this 'infatuation' is of age. We wish we could add that 'it has come to years of discretion,' but must content ourselves with mentioning the 'infatuation' of to-day than when they were confined to knocks and raps under the table in a dark room. This singular delusion, of course, finds many honest believers, and that honesty is to be respected. We only regret that these misguided people had not such respect for their departed friends, as to procure the expiation that embodied spirits were seeking such questionable shade as they appear in through mediums and other Spiritualists, who claim the power to call up the dead."

Love your enemies.

Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" has been excluded from the list of operas to be given in Rome this spring, as the theatrical censor has decided that the entire work is of too revolutionary a character.

The through fare by rail from New York to Sacramento, California, will not be over \$100 in gold, and the emigrant will be able to get through for less than \$100 in currency.

During the recent visit of the Princess of Wales to Constantinople, she obtained a place for herself and three other ladies at the table of the Sultan.

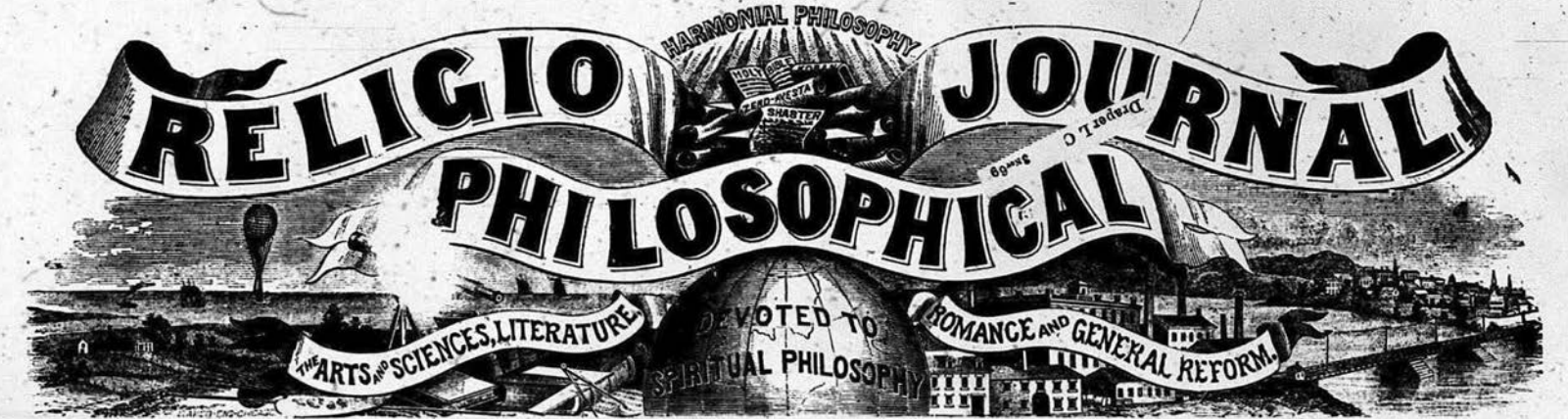
Corcoran, the banker, who is building a large hotel at Washington, in front of the White House and on Lafayette Square, will name it "Arlington House," out of compliment to Gen. Lee, whose Arlington is now the National Cemetery.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATLANTA, MISS.—Lycium meets each Sabbath at 10 o'clock A. M. at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Allen.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP COUNTY, OR.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a hall, and invite speakers traveling by rail to give them the call. They will be kindly received.

BOSTON.—MERCANTILE HALL.—The First Spiritualist Association will hold their regular meetings at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 31st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, July 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, August 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, October 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, November 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, December 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, January 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, February 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, March 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, April 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 2nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 3rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 4th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 19th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 21st, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 23rd, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 28th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, May 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 1st,



\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.] CHICAGO, MAY 29, 1869. VOL. VI.—NO. 10.

Literary Department.

GOLDEN HAYS. BY E. J. K. BAKER. Life is not a "floating shadow." Life is a being with heart and soul, life will bring us sweetest bliss, if we but our spirit know. To the noblest, grandest mission Of the good that we can do, If we but ally the sword Of each heart—their lives or lives— Then let not thy soul be wasted With the carking day of hate; But seriously bless each wanderer From the path of frightful fate. Calmly pour the healing unction, Of selfish, trusting love, Into the heart of every mortal— Golden manacles from above. Free thy soul from all incubence Of the fog, so damp and cold; Renew thy brow with sweetest dews: Fill thy heart with joy and love. Thus extract unending friendship From each miscreant foe; Love begins its kind forever Hate will e'er return but soon. Thus the golden rays of love-light Will pervade each heart and home— And no cancer of the soul-life Ever will touch the benighted dome.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR; OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN. A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME. BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC. BOOK FIFTH—THE APPOINTMENT. CHAPTER XXXVI. WITH APPOINTMENT—THE ESCAPE.

In the early part of the same evening, a cab drove up in front of the residence of Owen Tracy, and a young man alighted. He entered the front door of the mansion and proceeded directly to the library. "The cab is waiting at the door, Mrs. Tracy," said the young man, bowing; "are you ready to make the proposed visit to Mrs. Williams?" "I shall be ready, Alfred, as soon as I put on a bonnet and shawl," replied the lady, ringing the bell. A domestic entered the library. "I am going out with Alfred," said Mrs. Tracy, addressing the servant, "to visit a sick person. If Mr. Tracy inquires for me on his return home, tell him that I shall not be absent more than an hour. An hour will be sufficient," continued the lady, turning to Alfred Tracy. "Unquestionably," replied the young man. "I must go to my dressing room, Alfred," said Mrs. Tracy, "but I will be down instantly." Alfred Tracy descended the stairs, and traversed the hall to his brother's residence. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes glared restlessly from the floor to the ceiling; his mind was evidently disturbed. "Am I really suspected by Wilfred Montessor?" muttered the young man, indignantly; "and have I fallen into a snare, or have I been suffering from a nervous phantasy? It cannot be—it cannot be—Montessor said nothing, and seemed to take no interest in the affair beyond my simple explanation. I must not lose my coolness—my self-possession. I will not, and to-night I am a fo-e to a coward? Shall I not take advantage of the circumstances which have occurred to opportunity to favor my designs—to hasten my triumph? Away with hesitation and doubt, and the fear of consequences!" His reveries were interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Tracy. He left her to the carriage, and entered after her, remarking in a subdued tone, to the cab-driver, who awaited his orders: "Drive to No. Orange street." In somewhat less than a quarter of an hour he was in the carriage. "Is this the house?" inquired Mrs. Tracy, as with her companion, she ascended the steps of a three story brick edifice, which, notwithstanding the darkness of the evening, loomed up perceptibly above the humble dwellings in its vicinity. "Unless I mistake, you told me that Mrs. Williams resided in an old wooden building in Orange street?" "She has been removed to more comfortable quarters," remarked the young man. "By your orders, Alfred?" "Alfred Tracy rang the bell, murmuring an indistinct reply to the question of Mrs. Tracy. The bell had scarcely ceased ringing, when the face of a woman was seen peering through the movable blinds of the outer door, as if with the design of reconnoitering the persons of the visitors. After a moment's inspection, she opened the door apparently satisfied. She was a large fleshy woman, with bloated features and dark hazel eyes, beaming with an expression of malignant cunning. Her garments were made of costly materials, made in fashionable style; but her appearance was, notwithstanding,

slovenly and repulsive. Mrs. Tracy felt an involuntary shudder stealing over her as she met the scrutinizing glance of the stranger upon entering the hall. "How is the invalid, Mrs. Williams?" inquired Alfred Tracy. "Poorly—poorly." "We have called to see her—Mrs. Tracy and I," said the young man. "Walk up stairs, sir—up stairs. Her room is in the third story—the first door on the left side after reaching the head of the stairs. Shall I show you up, sir?" "It is unnecessary, madam. You are Mrs. Waters, I presume, the mistress of the boarding-house?" "Yes, sir; the servants have gone out this evening, and have left me entirely alone." "In the third story, Mrs. Waters?" "The third story, sir—the first door to the left." The hall and stairway were well lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling in the first story. The stairs were handsomely carpeted. Mrs. Tracy experienced an inexplicable misgiving as she mounted the staircase, arm in arm with Alfred Tracy. The young man opened the door, which was indicated to him by the mistress of the house, and ushered Mrs. Tracy into the apartment. It was a parlor or sitting-room, neatly and even elegantly furnished. Toward the right, at the distance of eight or ten feet from the entrance just described, was another door leading to a small inner room, apparently a bedroom. A handsome lamp, with a ground shade, was burning upon a small mahogany work-table. Alfred Tracy closed the door, and requested Mrs. Tracy to be seated. "Where is Mrs. Williams, Alfred?" said the lady, surveying the apartment. There was an expression of deep humility on the features of Alfred Tracy, as he replied with down cast eyes: "I have delivered your madam—Mrs. Williams does not reside here." "Does not reside here?" exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, starting from the seat which she had taken at Alfred Tracy's request. "No, my sister. Yet do not imagine that my deceit has extended further. All that I have told you in regard to the history and present distress of Mrs. Williams, and my brother Owen's guilt, is literally true; but—" "What does this mean?" inquired Mrs. Tracy. "Where am I?" "With a man who loves you," exclaimed Alfred Tracy, earnestly; "in a place where there is no danger of intrusion, no risk of discovery." "Where am I? In a house of assignation, of infamy? Have you dared, Alfred—" "Do not, in mercy, do so," exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, and the young man, melting into tears, and falling upon his knees before the astonished and indignant lady. "The mask is torn from my face by my own hand, and I implore you to have compassion on me. I love you with a wild, burning, terrific passion, which seems and feels like chaos. You are my brother's wife. I know it. I have lived for months in your presence, striving, sorely with success, to veil the secret of my bosom. I have seen you moving like an angel of light in your narrow household circle. I have beheld your kindness, your gentleness, your forbearance, your charity toward others, your control over yourself. I have seen you return good for evil continually, and endure, in silence and submission, the unfeeling harshness and unmerited reproaches of a tyrannical husband. I pitied you at first—then admired—then loved you. But I did not dare to reveal my love, for I knew the strictness of your principles, and I feared that you would banish me from your presence. And that presence oh—how dear to me. I lived in the sound of your footsteps; the glance of your eyes; the tones of your voice. You were a spell upon me. When I retired to my couch at night, I thought of you; I dreamed of you in my hours of slumber; I awoke with your name upon my lips. Day by day my love for you increased, until it has become a raging, torturing passion, which inflames my soul and consumes my heart with the blazing fires of hope and desire. Is it wonderful that I have plotted for an hour like this, when I might strive, with agonizing sighs and burning words, live coals, as it were, from the altar of the heart, to kindle the flames of passionate love in your bosom? You do not love my brother Owen. You do not— you cannot. And yet you are not cold, heartless, passionless. Oh! have you felt like me, the secret, restrained affection, which lives, unseen by others, in the depths of the soul? Have you felt the delicious hope of mingling the sentiments and sympathies of your imaginative nature with those of a congenial spirit? Have you felt your heart's blood rushing, like streams of molten lava, through your veins? For me, for me, have you felt this?" Mrs. Tracy stood in the centre of the apartment at the distance of two or three paces from the speaker. She was, as it were, transfixed by the audacity of Alfred Tracy. Her face, though extremely pale, did not betray the feelings which agitated her. "Have you finished?" she interposed, in a low tone of voice. "Speak not so coldly to me," said Alfred Tracy, impetuously. "Is it nothing that I have loved so long, so devotedly, so passionately? Say that you return my affection with the same ardor, the same intensity, the same earliness of consequences, and I will be your slave; your humble, yet adoring slave. All that I have; my life, my soul, my being, shall be yours and yours only. Why do you fear to speak? Are we not here alone, sheltered from the intrusion of impertinent menials; concealed from the angry eyes of friends and foes? Here only, we taste the bliss of mutual love; here may our

souls exult in perpetual kisses. The young man paused, trembling with emotion. His eyes, though tearful, beamed with fiery, passionate glances. "Have you finished?" repeated Mrs. Tracy, with forced calmness; "or do you wish to prolong insult, to drive me to madness?" "Insult?" shouted Alfred Tracy, rising to his feet; "have I insulted you?" "Grossly—unpardonably." "Is my love an insult? My love, ardent, powerful, unchangeable, an insult? Avenge yourself," continued the young man, sinking again upon his knees and unheating a dirk knife which he carried in his bosom, the handle of which he extended toward his companion. "Plunge this weapon in my heart, and avenge yourself upon one to whom life without love is valueless." Mrs. Tracy took the dirk from the hand of the young man and glanced at its keen, glittering point. "You deserve to die, Alfred," said she, slowly and emphatically; "but I am no executioner. You are the first being who has dared to breathe in my ears the language of insult and infamy. You have abused my friendship and confidence. You, my husband's brother, have dared to talk to me of love! I leave you to your own reflections on the baseness and hypocrisy of your conduct," continued Mrs. Tracy, advancing toward the door of the apartment, with a look of unutterable scorn and contempt. Alfred Tracy sprang to the door, turned the key, and extracted it from the lock. "Unlock the door!" said Mrs. Tracy, in a tone of command. "Never, until you consent to be mine." "Yours!" exclaimed the lady, pausing within a few feet of Alfred Tracy; the tone of her voice, her attitude, the expression of her countenance, displayed the uncontrollable disgust and contemptuous defiance of an insulted woman. "Yours?" "Yes, mine!" replied the young man with a sneering, domineering smile. "You have scorned the inspiring slave. Perhaps it will better please your pride to be compelled to submit to a merciless tyrant. We are alone. Do you understand me? alone. You shall be mine—to-night." The speaker advanced a step or two apparently with the design of clasping the person of his intended victim. Mrs. Tracy did not recoil from her position, but she clenched firmly the handle of the pignoir, and said, with superb haughtiness of manner: "Touch me with your polluted hands, if you dare." The young man passed a moment, and threw himself upon the sofa, crying out in a hoarse, desperate voice: "Nay, I will argue the point with you," remarked Alfred Tracy, only. "You fear, perhaps, that your reputation is at stake. So it is. You are in a house of assignation. You are known to Mrs. Waters, its accommodating mistress. To-morrow your name will be linked with irretrievable infamy. Be wise to-night, and purchase my silence." "Unlock the door; I command you." The countenance of Alfred Tracy grew livid with anger. He started from the sofa exclaiming fiercely: "I swear—" He paused suddenly, and listened. Up the staircase, at the end of the close door, came a low, reverberating crash, as of a heavy door burst open by main strength. Then were heard the shouts of angry voices, mingled with peals of laughter, and the confused shuffling and stamping of human footsteps. It was evident to both the listeners, that the lower part of the house had been stormed by a band of rioters, and that an eruption in the third story was by no means unlikely. "We are not alone," said Mrs. Tracy, with decision. "Another word, Alfred, and I will call for help, and denounce your insolence and your villainy in the presence of these men, be they desperadoes or heroes. They can not, they will not, refuse to protect a woman from murderous violence. Give me the key." Alfred Tracy recoiled backward a step or two, and sank listlessly upon the sofa. The words of Mrs. Tracy vividly recalled the scene at Caroline Percy's. A violent tremor pervaded his person. The key of the apartment fell upon the carpet with a peculiar clink. Mrs. Tracy took the key, unlocked the door, and left the room without opposition. As she descended the stairs, she perceived two or three young men, earnestly dressed, leaning idly upon the banisters. Others were walking backward and forward in the hall. These persons, it is also needless to say, were a portion of the followers of Jack Higghlyer. "Here comes a lady," said one of the idlers on the staircase, with a significant wink at his companion. "All alone, Miss?" said another; "won't you have a seat?" "Do you think she wants you, Smiley?" shouted Tom Gaffney, from the hall floor. "She wants a man, not a boy." As the door of an apartment in the first story opened, the angry tones of the shrill feminine voice of Mrs. Waters mingled with the laughter of Tom Gaffney's companions. Jack Higghlyer appeared at the door, and said, authoritatively: "Are my orders forgotten the moment my back is turned? Let the woman pass, boys, without any fuss." The young men opened a passage for Mrs. Tracy and indignantly themselves for the silence imposed on them by their leader, by indulging in glances, and nods and grimaces. "Are you there, Luke?" inquired Jack Higghlyer, raising his voice. "I am, where else, Jack?" replied a stripling, near the hall door.

"Let the woman pass, Luke," "I warrant you, my boy," muttered the tailor. "If you say it, the devil and all his imps may pass. Good night, Miss, and a pleasant walk by starlight." Dark as was the night, and lonely as seemed the narrow street, the noise of riot experienced by Mrs. Tracy on reaching the open air, was great beyond description. Not that she had covered or quailed in the presence of Alfred Tracy, or the followers of Jack Higghlyer. But her pride and delicacy had been deeply wounded. She had been deceived into a house of vile repute. She had been compelled to listen to unmanly threats and infamous proposals. She had been exposed to the coarse taunts and buffoonery of a gang of rowdies. The atmosphere she had breathed within doors had appeared to her heavy, oppressive, pestiferous. Mrs. Tracy paused an instant on the paved sidewalk, uncertain what course to pursue. A man, who had been congealed in the angle formed by the front wall of the building and the massive stone steps, approached her and whispered rapidly yet distinctly: "Vonder is a cab in waiting for you. The gentleman who escorted you hither is perhaps detained by the rioters, but the cab driver will convey you safely to your residence. Do not hesitate to avail yourself of his services. As for me, madam, I shall never betray your secret." Strangely, fearfully, in the ears of Mrs. Tracy sounded the whispering of that well-remembered voice, the voice of Wilfred Montessor. No word or gesture of recognition escaped her. She ventured no reply, offered no explanation. She moved silently toward the carriage. As she seated herself in the cab, she glanced almost instinctively towards the house of assignation. The figure of Wilfred Montessor was blended inseparably with the shadow of the imposing edifice. He stood motionless on the spot where Mrs. Tracy had left him, but she saw him not. The cab-driver mounted the box and drove rapidly away. The premises of Mrs. Waters were still the scene of clamorous disorder. The violent intrusion of Jack Higghlyer's squad had kindled the anger of the mistress of the house, and her stormy outbursts were as fitful, as furious, and as frequently repeated, as the gusts of a terrific north-east. "A nice parlor, mother Waters," said Jack Higghlyer, as the woman terminated one of her harangues, from utter exhaustion. "Why the devil don't you go out of my house, Jack; you and your gang of rowdies? A set of hanging dogs and State's prison birds running round and breaking into honest people's houses. Why don't you get all of you? I wish I was a man for half an hour, and I'd thrash your mean, sneaking, cowardly souls out of your bodies." "There is no use in talking to the boys in that style, mother Waters," said Jack Higghlyer, tapping his whalebone cane on the heel of his boot. "When you lived in Elm-street, you were glad enough to sing songs; now you have got your head stuck in this big house, you want to cut your old friends. They won't stand it, mother." "Pretty friends; you broke in my door to-night." "Because you wouldn't open it, old lady," said Tim Hardmann, the butcher. "The boys don't care for the house." "It is all right, Tim," exclaimed Peter Fox. "What do you want here?" inquired Mrs. Waters angrily. "A contribution of a few dollars for Job Dingle," said Jack Higghlyer. "You used to know Job, mother Waters, and won't begrudge a trifle to get your hands off the Tomb?" "There is a half eagle, Jack," said the woman, taking a gold piece from a handsome bead purse. "Now begin, will you?" "Not yet," said Jack Higghlyer, handling the money to Tim Hardmann; "the boys are in for a frolic." "Here, in my house?" "Here, in my house," said the woman, "but I don't want to see you often in these days. Bring out your champagne." "Champagne, Jack?" said the woman with a scornful laugh. "I have some stout cider in the cellar." "Champagne!" "I'll sell you as much as you want for three dollars a bottle." "Stop, mother," said Jack Higghlyer. "Fellow, sit down; we won't stir a step from the house till mother Waters brings out her champagne." "Not we," said Tim Hardmann, taking a seat on an ottoman. "Not a girl," said Peter Fox. Mrs. Waters surveyed her unwelcome visitors with the glance of a tigress. "You villains! you blackguards! I'll have you up for this! I'll see Mr. Grayson." "Josh Grayson?" inquired Jack Higghlyer earnestly. "My landlord." "Stop, mother," exclaimed the leader, rising and approaching Mrs. Waters. "Is Mr. Joshua Grayson, residing in Bond street, your landlord?" "Yes, Jack." "He owns all this splendid furniture then, mother Waters? These mirrors, sofas, tables, carpets? It must be so," continued the young man; "for you were sold out as clean as a whistle in Elm street." "What if he does?" said Mrs. Waters angrily. "The old chap comes here once in a while to look after his rent, don't he?" asked Harry Wilson, with a knowing wink. "What if he does?" repeated the woman still more furiously.

"Be quiet, for a minute," said Jack Higghlyer seriously. "You hire this house completely furnished of old Josh Grayson, at a round rate per month, don't you?" "To be sure, I do. What of it?" "Nothing," replied Jack Higghlyer, whistling; "nothing at all. Bring out your champagne." "One bottle, Jack?" "One bottle for this crowd?" said Harry Wilson, with a loud laugh. "A hamper, old lady." "Two or three bottles, mother Waters," said Jack Higghlyer. "Enough for one round among the boys, and then we'll clear out." "Will you, Jack, positively?" "As sure as my name is Jack Higghlyer," said the leader of the squad, glancing carefully at his comrades. Mrs. Waters took a lamp from the mantelpiece, and remarking sulkily: "The wine is in the cellar," left the apartment. "Now fellows," exclaimed Jack Higghlyer, "we'll have a bit of sport at the expense of old Josh Grayson, before the old woman gets back. Open the folding doors." "Beautiful carpets, these," continued the leader. "Out with your knives, boys, and do as I do." Jack Higghlyer strode up to the wall of the front parlor, followed by his comrades, and leaning forward, placed the point of his bowie knife upon the carpet. "Steady, steady," he remarked, walking slowly backward, and pressing the point of the knife continually to the floor. When he and his comrades had reached the lower end of the back parlor, there were a dozen strips of carpet lying irregularly upon the parlor floor. "This is pleasant cutting, Jack," said Harry Wilson, burying his knife in the cushions of an elegant sofa. "One back in the sofas, boys, for the sake of poor Williams." The work of destruction was so completed. "Who has any pebbles in his pocket?" inquired Jack Higghlyer. "If you mean young rocks," said Harry Wilson, showing a handful of stones of the size of a small black walnut, "look here." "Pass them round, Harry. Take your stations, boys, as I point them out to you." "Now then," said Peter Fox, with an intonation which caused a general shout of laughter. "Make ready." At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Mrs. Waters appeared with several bottles in a basket of common wicker work. "Take aim—fire." The glances of four large and costly mirrors were instantly shivered to atoms. "You'll pay dearly for this, Jack," said Mrs. Waters, surveying the ruins of her splendid apartments, with mingled dismay and anger. "You'll not go to sing songs for this, villains." "Here's a health," Harry Wilson commenced humming. "No singing, Harry," said Jack Higghlyer; then turning to the mistress of the house, he added: "Seriously, mother Waters, the boys bear no grudge against you. This is old Grayson's house, not yours, and you must not make a fuss about it. Let him scold and grumble as much as he please." "I shall tell him." "Tell him as little as you can," said Jack Higghlyer, in a peculiar tone. "You know me, mother Waters—none better than you. I advise you not to mention names. If you don't wish to make Jack Higghlyer's squad your sworn enemies, I advise you not to mention names." Half an hour after the departure of Jack Higghlyer and his companions, Alfred Tracy left the premises of Mrs. Waters. He passed the night at the Club House in Broadway. **Marrying and Unmarrying.** Two Liberal Christian very truly says: It is not in the twenty with which people get divorced, but in the forty which they get married, that the mischief lies. It is in the unmarrying—the marrying without proper consideration, marrying from wrong motives, with false views and unfounded expectations, in marrying without knowing who or what—that causes all the disturbance. And there is all, either too much water, or too much fire. When men and women marry all over and clean through, every faculty and sentiment of each finding its complement and counterpart in the other, separation is impossible. But when they are only half married; when only a third part of them is married, when they are married only in their interests, or their imaginations, or their fancies, the unmarried part of both is very apt to get uneasy and they find a bedlam where they look for restful. **A Gipsy** predicted to the Empress of Austria, during her recent journey through Greece, that she would become over eighty years old. But not right away. **A lady** in Salem, Mass., recently lost about a dozen yards of velvet, which took her from the rays of the sun passing through a globe of water. **Chinamen** are beginning to come from California to the Atlantic coast. **A great base ball tournament** will be held in Syracuse in June.

Are We Not Ungrateful.

LEOLINE.

There Are no Shadows.

LEONIE

Man's Condition in Spirit Life.

If we but once know the object of human life we shall then have attained the grand and most important step to ascertain how that object is to be obtained. The grand aim of our existence, we believe to be the individualizing of our conscious-

Sacramento and Vicinity.

The Rostrum.

Humanity's progression may be compared to a mighty river, swollen by the rains or melting snows, as it rolls on its restless current from the mountains to the sea. Here and there a rock, a headland, or a curve will form an eddy, causing the drift-wood to float swiftly in a counter current toward the mountains. A short

As the globe gradually contracts, its velocity of rotation continually increasing, another ring of matter may be thrown off, and another planet formed. The particles of the central mass may finally be able to resist any further change, and the process ceases. The planetary masses, while in the act of cooling and condensing, may produce satellites in the same manner, and by the operation of the same laws, they may themselves be formed. There are many facts which tend

A full account of this remarkable occurrence can be found in the October number of the *Atlantic Magazine*, in an article entitled "A Star on Fire."

We find that nature, in her ceaseless efforts towards higher forms, is very prolific of new births. In the vegetable world there are vastly more blossoms than ever attain to mature fruit. In the animal world the number of eggs laid by the efforts of nature towards reproduction are still more prolific. Should each embryonic spawn become a mature fish, the rivers, lakes, and ocean-borders would become crowded to reptition. Even in the higher types of being, the added care that affliction can bestow, aided by the light of experience and science, a considerable part of humanity shuffle off the mortal coil in infancy and childhood. Is it not fair to extend this analogy to the birth of worlds for the infinite and the infinitesimal are subject to the same laws? Is it not probable that in the formation of a world, owing to some defect in its organization, or the presence of

Original Essays.

The Nature of Things.

spirits' earth and draw freely to themselves, and with the spirit world, and also that spirits least developed are more in harmony with material nature and more likely to linger near the earth on the simple ground of like attracting like, and on the same ground, the lower order of mediums are likely to attract the lower order of spirits.

The law of incipient development and decay being as much a law of globes as of animals, the time will come in the great future when this earth having passed from youth and beauty to old age and decay, when cohesion shall subside and leave the material particles free to unite with unappropriated matter; in a word, when this mortal earth purged from the material shall

put on immortality—"Oh Death, where is thy sting?" Before this great millennial age, man in his physical state growing more and more spiritual, and consequently more and more in harmony with the spirit world, will have more frequent and more definite communication, until every man shall converse face to face, as it were, with his friend in the spirit land.

A SUBSCRIBER.
St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 27th, 1899.

Letter from James Lamont.
BROTHER JONES:—I comply with your notice to subscribers to write you the current incidents in their localities. I have one which is worthy of note, and specially designed for the ears of the orthodox portion of the readers of your valuable JOURNAL. It happened in this county, some two months since.

A man by the name of Gowens, a true blue sanctimonious Methodist, sometimes an exhorter, also a faithful attendant of Sabbath schools, where the young and plastic minds of children are taught false doctrines concerning the divine Being, attended services recently at one of the above Sunday schools, and heard the leader quote from the Testament, as follows:

"If thy right hand offend thee cut it off; thy right foot, likewise; thy right eye, pluck it out."

Now, this beloved lamb of the flock (I presume of pure prey), on the following day, being in a clearing some distance from home, deliberately took his axe and cut off his right foot above the ankle. Failing to sever it by the first blow, he gave it the second, to complete the job. He then went to shouting, glory! glory! which now is not uncommon with the Methodist craft.

After being carried home and a surgeon called to dress the stump, and being interrogated as to the cause for his mutilating himself, he replied that the foot had been a source of trouble to him all day and seemed to be much in his way, and that the New Testament being the law of God, it had authorized him to cut it off, and he considered it his duty to obey its commands to the letter, and that he would never be satisfied until he had cut off his right hand and plucked out his right eye also. Now the poor deluded coupe is suffering the penalty inflicted upon him by whom? Is it by himself or by the Methodist Church?

JAMES LAMONT.
Harrison, Hamilton County, Tenn.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal
Positive and Negative Powders.
BY A. C. STONE.

The following letter, the original of which is before us, affords additional evidence of the singular and varied powers of that strange medical preparation, which is so widely and so favorably known to the Spiritualists of the United States, as the Great Spiritual Remedy, or Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

PROF. SPENCE—DEAR SIR: I received your package of Powders, yesterday. Please accept my thanks. I shall do all the good I can with them. With regard to that cure of which I spoke in my last letter—the girl lived at Maple Rapids, and worked for a man by the name of Garner, a Presbyterian. She was taken sick, and the doctors employed gave her arsenic and strychnine. She grew worse, and finally became perfectly helpless. Mr. Garner thought she would never recover, and sent her on the cars to his brother's, a Spiritualist, within ten miles of my place. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Garner one day, and I being a healing medium, they wanted me to operate on her, or treat her. I set a time to go, but could not; so I sent her one box of your Powders.

In two weeks I went to see her, and she could walk. I gave her one more box, and in one week she went back to Maple Rapids, well. Her name is Caroline. I do not remember her other name; but if it is necessary, I can find it out. You can make what use you wish of this.

Vernon Station, Mich., May 1st, 1899.

Convention of Spiritualists.

The Bucks County Association of Spiritualists will hold its first annual meeting in the public hall at Humesville on Saturday and Sunday, the 29th and 30th of May. Meeting to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Missionary for the Pa. State Association of Spiritualists, Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, President of the Pennsylvania State Association, and the Rev. William Callam, are expected to speak on the occasion. The friends of truth and progress are cordially invited to attend, giving encouragement by their presence, trusting by united effort, to help on the good cause.

By order of the Board,
WATSON KENDERDINE, Pres., Lumberville, Bucks Co. Pa.
MARY W. EVANS, Secy., Evansville, Bucks Co. Pa.

Utterly Impossible.

That the old lady who believes in "signs and symptoms," always looks out for the new nib on her left shoulder, and never makes a pickles on a Friday, will not know "something to happen" within the year, particularly if she has the bad luck to break the looking glass! As the old Dutch farmer said, "Things is always happening, most years!"

That the man who says, "plenty of time, there's no hurry," should not miss the boat, lose the train, and get generally behind hand! Just notice: whether people that have "plenty of time," don't usually end with having no time at all.

That the woman who puts off her washing until the washing is done, and the washing until the weather is a little warmer, and sits down to read a dog-eared novel in the meantime, should have anything but a drinking husband, shiftless children, and a desolate home!

That the man who carries his hands in his trousers pockets, should ever possess anything else to carry in his pockets!

That the young lady who sleeps in dim gloves and powders her face "for the benefit of her complexion," should have more than her share of common sense!—Phrenological Journal.

Philadelphia Department

BY.....HENRY CHILD, M. D.

In Memoriam.

Passed on to the higher life, Hattie S. Farnsworth, wife of Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

Our sister, who has been long and favorably known to many of the Spiritualists, has laid aside her mortal body—not to lose a friend, or to love or be loved any less. She had been suffering for a long time, and disease had wasted away her beautiful form, and left it but a shadow of what it once was. She spent the past winter in Washington, and was very desirous to live until the spring flowers had come, and she expressed a wish to pass away in Philadelphia. During the last ten days, it has been our lot to meet with her frequently here, and to receive from her the assurance that she knew full well that the River of Death was but a narrow stream, connecting the Sea of Time with the Ocean of Eternity, and that to those who were ready as she was, to pass over it, it was not a tumultuous stream, but calm and placid as a quiet lake, over whose unruffled bosom we may glide in peace. As the time for her departure came, she was fully conscious of it, and gave directions to her husband and friends, in regard to matters in which she was interested.

On Monday morning, the 10th of May, we were at her bedside, to witness the beautiful birth of her spirit,—what this cold world calls Death. It was a glorious scene: as we sat by her side, there was visible to the spiritual eye, a shaft of pure light, extending from her chest, about four or five feet in height. Upon her left side stood the spirit of her mother, on her right, her former companion; over her head were several children. Gradually, as the breath became slower, we could see the shaft of light becoming more beautiful, and then rising a short distance above her head, floating in the air like a balloon with a slender cord which kept it from passing off. Thus for an hour we watched it; then a beautiful bright star was seen immediately over this shaft, which had now become very clear, and swayed to and fro as the star moved; gradually as the forces left the body, we saw this star, and then all passed from our vision, and as our sister thus left us, we heard these words: "Blessed are they who have a part in the second birth." We then realized, too, "that the chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged beyond the common walks of life."

Never have we witnessed a more beautiful birth than this; and we could not feel a desire for a moment, to hold the spirit from its freedom in the land of life, and love to which it had gone.

It is difficult for human nature, even when we know the loved ones are much better off, to say "all is well"; but it is as beautiful to feel that the separation is only temporary; that it is not true that "we can go to them, but they can not come to us," for we know that her spirit, freed from the chains of a frail body, can and will come and speak to us in language that is most consoling to our spirits.

And to the friends who knew and loved our sister, she will come as the bright morning star comes to herald the day; she will come to cheer us on in the journey of life, and it is glorious to feel and know that such workers are not cut short in their labors by the scythe of death; but from realms of bliss, we may ever hear the cheering notes of their sweet voices, cheering us onward.

Rest in peace, our sister, and let thy blessings mingle with the angels, as they come to lighten life's toil, and remove its cares by their loving presence and influence.

Be Thyself.

Socrates, one of the wisest and best, as well as boldest of men,—for his heroism consists in the fearless expression of the hearty convictions of the soul,—has left us many lessons of profound wisdom.

Those ancient writers, both sacred and profane, as the theological world calls them, often wrote far more profound truths than their contemporaries. Socrates says repeatedly, "My demons," or whom he always spoke in the most free and familiar manner, "never tell me what to do, but always warn me when I am about to do anything that would lead me into trouble."

Here is the true philosophy of Spiritualism. Wise spirits in the form and out of it, are careful to educate us by drawing out our thoughts, and awakening our intuitions. Their mission is not so much to tell us what to do, as to strengthen us in the course which tends to unfold our powers. They are ever urging us to exercise our reason and judgment, and especially our intuitions, which are the spiritual perceptions, and do the best we can to grow strong, so that we may rise above the waves of credulity and bluffs that so often buffet the Ocean of Time. This is the real philosophy, not only of Spiritualists, but of education of which Spiritualism is really the key.

Let the child, old or young, exercise its own powers, call forth its innate faculties, and when you see him or her likely to run into error, give a gentle caution, and thus will you make strong men and women.

The greatest minds that have carved their lifelines on the strong monuments of history, have been those who have been dandled on the lap of luxury and ease, or kept under the guarded and ever watchful care of prudent parents, but they have been those whom the stern hand of necessity has compelled to act under their highest and noblest convictions. We believe in parental influence, especially in the power of good example, which more than anything else forms the foundation of a character based upon a true and elevated development, which alone can enable any one to realize the truths of the new commandment which Spiritualists are giving to the world. BE THYSELF.

Pulse Beats from the Heart of Humanity.

We are constantly receiving gems of thought in our association with the living world, and in the correspondence that comes to us from day to day, and we propose making an occasional article from them.

Sitting with our inspired Brother, Thomas L. Harris, years ago, the question arose: "What is the difference between memory and intuition?" His poet soul immediately responded: "Memory is a patient calm, bearing huge burdens over the sandy deserts of life; intuition is a bird of paradise, drinking in the aroma of celestial flowers."

Sister Nellie Brigham said: "Mankind has been so accustomed to drink of the muddy waters of superstition and bigotry, that they do not recognize the pure, crystal streams of inspiration which flow in numerous waters over the mountains of a true life, and in the valleys of humanity where they may often be discovered by

the sweet flowers and beautiful verdure which marks their course."

"We should learn to take truth for authority, and not authority for truth."

"All great works are accomplished through martyrdom, and the path of success is often marked by tears."

"Decay, which is but another name for change, is written upon everything and is but the key-note of progress."

A friend in the West writes:

"What a strange anomaly our lives present; today away down in the slough of dispond, with leaden clouds of doubt shrouding in our horoscope, until the mind's eye can see no star to guide its destiny, no ray of light to penetrate its gloom. Tomorrow comes the grand reaction; the clouds are dispersed and the glad spirit, elastic, pure and strong, leaps forth to freedom, guided by its own God-given power, developed and strengthened in the fiery furnace of experience."

Speaking of the progress of Spiritualism, a friend writes:

"Plants and animals have struggled from time to time in the past to feel a footing on the earth; so has truth. To-day the truths of Spiritualism have gained that footing which can never be uprooted or destroyed. Let us rejoice at this."

We shall only have room for a little poem which was given by our Sister, Mrs. Townsend, now Mrs. Hoadley, at the close of a lecture in this city, on the subject of our duty to the fallen and outcasts:

"Oh! ye who watch these trembling flames
Of human love that roll
In mystic beauty up to God,
From out these human souls,
Like gilded clouds across the heavens
That enshrine and fly,
They leap and flash, until the heart
Is lifted up on high."

"Oh! let them glow ever bright and strong,
Nor check them as they rise;
For all are sacred offerings:
The heart's pure sacrifice!
Let every heart that lifts to God
Its aspirations pure,
Find rest, and confidence, and trust
That always must endure."

Oh! let them feel, when true ones bend
Beneath their weight of woe,
That angel guides their steps attend
Wherever they may go.
And every prayer they offer up
Shall fall in gentle dew,
As water by sun beams absorbed
Falls back refreshed and new.

To reinvigorate the heart
And make its powers grow strong,
Until temptation can not lead
Their thoughts or steps to wrong.
Oh, Father! may these human hearts
With holy love be blessed,
Until in peace they blend as one,
And find eternal rest."

Department Of Iris And Sciences.

Life Within Life.

Swammerdam, the naturalist, discovered by accurate dissections that the caterpillar is not a simple but a compound animal,—a uniting within it the germs of the future butterfly. By pinning the winged of spirits of wise a caterpillar about to assume the pupa state, and setting it remain there a few days for the purpose of giving consistency to its parts, or by boiling it in water a few minutes, a tough dissection will then enable you to detect the future butterfly; and you will find, says Kirby and Spence, "that the wings folded up into a sort of cord are and between the head and second segments of the caterpillar; that the antennae and trunk are coiled up in front of the head, and that the legs, however uncluttered their form, are actually associated in its legs. A caterpillar, therefore, may be regarded as a fecundative egg, having for its embryo the incipient butterfly, which after a certain period metamorphoses into that of the adult stage, in which it is surrounded, has its organs gradually developed and at length breaks through the shell that encloses it—Circular."

A Colony of Insane People.

Prof. Gieseler, in his work on "Mental Pathology and Therapeutics," says: "A colony of the insane has been formed in the remarkable Belgian Village of Gueci, in which, for several hundred years past, lunatics have lived together with the inhabitants, and even resided in their families. In former times people frequently resorted to this village to consult the premier spiritist of Gueci, who was capable of it. It is the patron saint of the insane, although people are seldom in the habit now of consulting her oracle. Out of a population of about 9,000, it has from 900 to 1,000 inhabitants who are insane. The lunatics enjoy an amount of pleasure and freedom which never could be permitted them in any asylum. All who are capable of it, share in the mechanical or agricultural employments of the same. The treatment in the insane, so very mild, and restraint is never made use of without previously consulting a physician. Suicide is rare, and the general physical health so good, that in 1825 two of the patients resorted upwards of 100 years of age. It is hardly the premier spiritist of Gueci, escape by the patients is difficult. With all its advantages, it has undoubtedly drawbacks. But the experiment at Gueci has proved that the greater number of the insane do not require the confinement of an asylum; that many can safely be trusted with more liberty than those institutions allow; and that association in family life is very beneficial to many insane patients."

Piles Driven by Gunpowder.

Messrs. Editors:—I take the liberty of correcting a little paragraph that appeared in your issue of May 1st, relative to Thomas Shaw's method of driving piles by explosive charges. Instead of the ram being elevated by one charge and driven down by another, but one cartridge is used, as follows: The frame used is an ordinary arrangement, except at the top, where it is provided with a ratchet and pawl to hold the ram up until ready for use. When piles are to be driven, a cast-iron cap is put on the head for the pile, having a small cavity in the upper surface.

The cartridge is put in this, and the ram allowed to fall on it by liberating the pawl from the ratchet teeth. A short nipple on the end of the ram strikes the cartridge and explodes it, the result being to force the pile violently down into the earth, and blow the ram back to its high elevation; the objects attain d being to save the weight by the same force that does the work. By repeated experiments the results obtained by the use of the explosive charge over the ordinary method of driving the pile alone are as follows: One man can manage the machine with great ease, supplying the cartridges and letting the ram fall. So quickly does the ram ascend that it is impossible to follow its motion with the eye, and the noise of the explosion, so called, is scarcely perceptible, or noisy at all, distinguishable from any ordinary mechanical opera-

tion. We hope soon to present you with an illustration of it.

ROBERT P. WATSON.

Hearing of the Blind.

The blind boys in school know the step of all their school fellows, with unerring certainty. Thus a boy having missed his friend at play, he watches for him as the ranks file past, walking round the green sward, or marching in to dinner. He hears the tramp of his friend amid the din and the scuffle of the other boys long ere he has reached him, and pounces upon him with the same certainty as though he saw him. Indeed, the blind speak of hearing as seeing. In the end of the school, they know that the master has left the room, they say, "I saw him go out." It is a curious fact that blind people never run up against each other. Thus, when playing a game of hide-and-seek, the leader leads to some rough jutting even amongst boys gifted with their eyes—those sightless little fellows but natively come into collision with each other. Each boy, when he enters the workshop in which he is employed in basket making—a room twenty matches up to his own seat, and he never by any chance mistaking his place. If they are in search of a friend, and they happen to call out his name in an empty room, they never stop for an answer, their sense of hearing telling them that there is no one in it. Mr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, tells us a tale which well illustrates this point. "I had occasion," he says, "to send out a man with a mattress; I gave him a bill with it that he might receive payment, but to my surprise, he returned with the account and the mattress too. 'I've brought back both,' he said. 'How so?' 'Indeed, I didn't like to let your honor, else I am sure we would not see the slier—there's a man's stick of furniture within the door!' How do you come to know that? Oh, sir, two taps on the door with my stick sent 'em that, and the man's estimate proved to be correct.—Exchange."

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore believes Lecturers to promptly notify of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lecturers only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address, leaving particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.]

Harrison Angier, Calais, Clinton Co., Iowa.
C. Fannie Allen, Stoughton, Mass.
Mrs. N. K. Andrews, trance speaker, Detroit, Wis.
Mrs. K. A. Anderson, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass.
O. Box 48.
Mrs. Orin Abbott, developing medium, 127 South Clark St. room 16.
J. Madison Allen speaks in Tyne Hanter, Indiana, during May.
Address in care of James Hook.
J. Madison Alexander, trance speaker, Chicago, Illinois.
Charles A. Andrews, Fishing, Mich.
J. O. Allen, Spirit guide, Mass.
Dr. A. E. Ames, address Box 201, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Anne E. Allen, 141 West Washington street, Chicago.
Joseph B. Allen, Editor of the Spiritualist Journal, Wis.
Wm. Bush, 163 South Clark St., Chicago.
A. F. Bowman, Joyfield, Michigan.
Rev. J. O. Barrett, Syracuse, N. Y.
Dr. K. Bailey, Lupton Ind.
Dr. Bernard, Lansing, Mich., lectures upon Spiritualism and scientific aspects.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, address 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.
Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt.
Mrs. H. F. Brown, P. O. Drawer 5666, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. F. Jay, Baltimore, 151 West 12th street, New York.
Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham, Elm Grove, Colorado, Mass.
Mrs. N. A. C. Brown, address West Randolph, Vt.
Add. A. Bailey, address Box 201, Rochester, N. Y.
Wm. Bryan, address Box 201, Rochester, N. Y.
M. C. Best, inspirational speaker, address, Almond, Wis.
H. B. Buckford, Charlestown, Massachusetts.
John Corbin, River Corners, N. Y.
Mrs. G. S. Cole, 73 Broadway, N. Y.
Warren Chan, 544 Broadway, New York.
Dana Clark, permanent address, 24 Wamsuit street, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. C. Owen, St. Charles, Ill.
Mrs. Auguste A. Currier, address, Box 515, Lowell, Mass.
H. T. Child, M. D., 624 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. P. Costa, M. D., address Box 1374 Ottawa, Ill.
M. C. Child, inspirational speaker, Campout Adams Co. Ill.
Mrs. Dr. Wm. Craus, P. O. Box 935, Elkhart, Indiana.
Theodore Child's address is Drawer 9023, Chicago, Ill.
Albert E. Carpenter, address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. A. IF G. G. by, Trance speaker, Pennville, Jay Co. Indiana.
Dr. J. B. Doty, Stockto, Ill.
Miss Lizzie Doten, address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
Henry J. Durgin, permanent address, Cardington, Ohio.
George Dutton, M. D., Rutland, Vt.
Andrew Johnson Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.
Mrs. E. DeLamar, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.
Dr. E. C. Dunn, lecturer, can be addressed Rockford, Ill.
Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, inspirational speaker, San Francisco, Cal.
Miss Alminda B. Fowler, address, Saxtons River, Wis.
A. T. Fox, Manchester, N. H.
N. E. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.
James F. Gieseler, address for the present 52 Washington Avenue, Chicago, Mass., or as above.

Mrs. Laura Jo Force Gordon, San Francisco, Cal.
R. G. G. Jr., author of "Biography of Satan," address Richmond, Ind.
Mrs. Jo Force Gordon, will lecture in the State of Nevada ill further notice. Permanent address, Treasure City, White Pine District, Lander Co., Nevada.
Dr. L. P. Griggs, address Cedar Falls, Iowa.
Dr. L. P. Griggs, lecturer, Elkhart, Ind.
S. H. Wortman, Buffalo, N. Y., box 1484.
Mrs. Juliette Yew, address Northbrook, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Young, Box 3, Idaho Territory.
Mrs. Fannie T. Young, address care of Banner of Light, O. B. Hazlett, Mass. Mania, Wis.
Inspirational speaker, Fairfield, Iowa.
Dr. H. Henry Houghton, address, Milan Ohio.
Miss Julia J. Houghton, address, Canton street, Boston.
Moses Hall, Hubbard, Lake County, Ind.
Mrs. A. A. Horton, 24 Wamsuit street, Lowell, Mass.
Miss Nellie Howell, address No. 23 Wilmet street, center, Massachusetts.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 122 E. Madison street, Baltimore Md.
Dr. A. Hunt will receive calls to lecture Sundays, Cold Water, Michigan.
Dr. L. P. Hunt, North Cleveland, Vt.
W. D. Hume, address West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.
J. D. Husack, M. D., address 204 Walnut street, Chicago.
Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker, Box 90 Fredonia, N. Y.
Charles Holt, Warren, Warren Co., Pa.
Mrs. M. S. Toward Hoadley, Bridgeport, Vt.
Dr. William Jordan, Spoken, Wash, Michigan.
Wm. H. Johnson, Curry, Pa.
Dr. P. T. Johnson, lecturer, Tyngton, Mich.
F. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Belvidere, Ill.
Abraham James, Pleasantville, Venango Co., Pa., box 34.
H. A. Jones, Syracuse, Ill.
E. S. Jones, Drawer 9023, Chicago.
Dr. G. W. K. Kirby, speaker, address this office.
George F. Kirtledge Buffalo, N. Y.
O. P. Kellogg, East Trumbull, Ashabula Co., O.
Mrs. E. King, trance speaker, care of Joseph Smith, P. O. Box 1118, Indianapolis, Ind.
J. S. Loveland Monmouth, Ill.
Mrs. F. A. Logan, Wisconsin, Mass.
W. A. Loveland, 34 Bromfield street, Boston.
Geo. W. L. Lundy, address Taunton, Mich.
Mr. E. T. Leonard, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H.

Mrs. L. W. Litch, address 11 Kewland street, Boston, Mass.
Mary E. Langdon, 60 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J.
John A. Lowe, address Box 17, Sutton, Mass.
C. E. Lynn, inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich.
James B. Morrison, Box 374, Haverhill, Mass.
Dr. Leo Miller, Appleton, Wis.
Dr. John H. Myers, Washington, D. C., P. O. Box 97.
Dr. G. W. Merrill, Jr., address Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Hannah Moore, Joliet, Will County, Ill.
Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 178, Bridgeport, Conn.
J. W. Matthews, Hephworth Illinois.
Mrs. Sarah Helen Mathews, Quincy, Mass.
Charles S. Marsh, address Wauwau, Juwan Co., Wis.
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care W. B. Hesel.
Mrs. E. Marquand, Trance and Inspirational speaker, 120 South Third street, Washington, Long Island, N. J.
Emma M. Martin, Birmingham, Mass.
Dr. W. H. C. Martin, 173 Windsor street, Hartford, Conn.
J. P. Munn, Canton, Ill.
Prof. R. M. McCord, Cheltralia, Ill.
A. L. E. Nash, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y.
C. Norwood, Ottawa, Ill.
J. W. Van Name, Brooklyn, New York.
Mrs. Puffer, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass.
O. S. Panton, 114, South 6th street, room 2, Philadelphia Pa.

Mrs. Harriet E. Poph, Merrimont, Mass.
Lydia Ann Pomeroy, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.
Mrs. Pike, address St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Plumb, Galesburg, 83 Russell St., Charleston, Mass.
J. H. Powell, Terre Haute, Ind.
Miss Nellie M. Pease, trance speaker, New Albany, Ind.
Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer, Elmira, N. Y.
J. L. Potter, Lake Como, Wis., care of E. A. Wilcox.
Care of H. S. Brown, D. Mass.
Dr. W. K. Ripley, Box 55, Fitchburg, Mass.
C. A. Robinson, Salem, Mass.
Dr. B. Robinson, care Box 3032, Boston, Mass.
J. T. Rome, normal speaker, Box 408, Cheltralia, Illinois.
Mrs. Jennie R. Rind, 144 Main street, Providence, R. I.
Wm. Ross, M. D., address Box 288, Springfield, Ill.
Mrs. Frank Reid, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Mrs. Sarah A. Rogers, Princeton Iowa, care of E. A. Chamberlain.
Mrs. Leander Smith, Medium of Whittemore, communication Mediums, Ill.
Austin E. Stinson, address Woodstock, Vt.
H. B. Storer, 56 Pleasant street, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. A. F. Swan, Union Lake, Rice Co., Minn.
E. Sprague, M. D., Schenectady, N. Y.
Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass.
N. H. Swain, Union Lake, Rice Co., Minn.
Mrs. Nellie Smith, inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich.
James Smith, State Missionary, Green Garden, Ill.
J. W. Swaver, Byron, N. Y.
Dr. Wm. H. Salisbury, Box 1313, Portsmouth, N. H.
Mrs. Eliza W. Smith, 36 Salem street, Portland, Me.
Mrs. C. M. Stone, address San Jose, Cal.
Belah Van Sickle, Greenburgh, Mich.
Mrs. E. B. Sawyer, Seldwinnville, Mass.
Alfred Smith, Esq., Sturgis, Mich.
Mrs. Mary Abine Smith, trance speaker, Toledo, O.
Mrs. E. W. Sidney, trance speaker, Fitchburg, Mass.
Eljah B. Swackhammer, 177 South 4th street, Williamburg, Long Island.

Herman Snow, Liberal Books and Newadair, 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Missionary for the Pennsylvania State Association of Spiritualists. Address care of Dr. H. T. Child 62 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dr. Nathan Smith, Kewadaira, Ind.
J. H. W. Tinsley, Room 5, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Frances A. Tuttle, Box 394, Laporte, Ind. Will answer calls to lecture in the West.
Mrs. E. A. Tallmadge, inspirational speaker, Westville, Indiana.
Mrs. Charlotte F. Tabor, trance speaker, New Bedford, Mass., P. O. Box 352.
Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.
Benjamin Todd, Grass Valley, Cal.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Thompson, inspirational speaker 161 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O.
Dr. Samuel Underhill, N. 22nd st. Chicago, Ill.
James Frank Underhill, Mich.
Dr. J. Volland, Ann Arbor, Mich.
A. Warren, Detroit, Wis.
Mrs. E. F. Warner, Box 227, Danversport, Iowa.
N. Frank White, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, 1P Downer st., Worcester, Mass.
F. L. H. Willis, M. D., 2 West Fourth street, New York.
Dr. E. B. Wheelock, speaker, New Hartford, Iowa.
Mrs. Fannie Wheelock, clairvoyant, New Hartford Iowa.
E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.
Mrs. N. J. Willis, 3 Tremont Row, Room 15, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcox will speak in Quaga, Ill., during June.
June, address, Care of S. S. Jones, 191 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
Henry C. Wright, address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. M. E. Wolcott, address Danby, Vt.
Mrs. Hattie E. Wilson, (colored), address 70 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
Eljah Woodworth, inspirational speaker, Leslie, Mich.
Address, Waukegan, care of George O. Ferguson.
Oliman R. Washburn, Woodstock, Vt.
Dr. H. O. Wells, Rochester, N. Y.
Prof. E. Whipple, Clyde, O.
A. A. Wheelock, Toledo, O.
A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.
Warren Woodman, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.
Miss L. T. Whittier, 402 Syracuse st., Milwaukee, Wis.
Zerah C. Whipple, address Mystic, Conn.
Mrs. L. A. Willis, Lawrence, Mass., P. O. Box 473.
Mrs. Mary E. Withers, 182 Elm street, Newark, N. J.
A. C. Woodruff, Battle Creek, Mich.
Miss H. Maria Worthing, Oswego, Ill.
E. S. Wheeler, address care of Banner of Light, Boston.
Willie F. Wetherill, Waukegan, Ill., care of George O. Ferguson.

Fannie T. Young, care of E. H. Gregg, Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Illinois Missionary Bureau.
HARVEY A. JONES, President; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Vice President; Mrs. Julia N. Mann; Secretary; Dr. S. J. Ayer, Treasurer.
MINISTRIES AT LARGE.
Dr. E. C. Dyer, Rockford, Illinois, P. O. Box 1000. W. F. JAMIESON, Rockford 5006 Chicago, Illinois.
Societies wishing the services of the Missionaries, should address them personally, or the Secretary of the Bureau.
All contributions for the Illinois State Missionary Cause will be acknowledged through this paper each month.
Contributions to be sent to Mrs. JULIA N. MANN, No. 92 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

SEWING MACHINES
Having made arrangements with
THE MANUFACTURERS
of all the best style of SEWING MACHINES, we
Will Furnish
any one of the sixty-five Dollar Machines as well as those of a higher price,
Ten Dollars Less
than regular rates, and warrant every machine to be perfect and the very best of the kind made.
That is to say we will, for the regular price of the Sewing Machine, not only send the machine, but will send
TEN DOLLARS
worth of any of the books advertised in our Book List, or the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, or a part in each, regular rates, as a premium or inducement to buy machines through this agency.

All who want to HELP US and THEMSELVES, will buy through our Agency.
Address,
S. S. JONES,
192 South Clark Street,
Chicago Illinois.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

OFFICE 192 SOUTH CLARK ST., 2d FLOOR.

S. S. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

LATE THE

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, MAY 29, 1899.

Subscription price: \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. For terms of subscription and price of single copies, see inside cover.

All letters and communications should be addressed to S. S. Jones, 192 South Clark street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Pen is mightier than the sword.

THE ROMANCE AND PHILOSOPHY OF MENTAL EPIDEMICS.

Laroy Sunderland, the author of the "Trance," not yet satisfied with the position he therein assumed, has launched off in quite another direction in a late number of the *Chicagoan*, under the above head, endeavoring to prove that all psychometrists, clairvoyants and trance mediums are merely the afflicted ones of a "Mental Epidemic," and that in no case do spirits have anything to do with the phenomena. According to the idea entertained by him, the thousands of mediums in the United States are all laboring under a hallucination, and are fit subjects of an insane asylum, and do not see what they think they see, hear what they think they hear, feel what they think they feel—in fact, they are really crazy—deluded, and unreliable.

Mr. Sunderland belongs to an unfortunate class. He avoids truth in his investigation as he would a dangerous weapon. He starts out with the determination of establishing all the so-called spiritual manifestations of the day, as the result of the automatic action of the brain, and nothing else, and are, consequently, unreliable. In his investigations, he appears to be bewildered, and determined not to ascribe the manifestations to spiritual agency, and he knows of no better reason than to assign the cause thereof to the automatic action of the brain, yet gives no reason to sustain him in his conclusion. Now, it is a well known fact, that in not a single instance has insane persons in Europe prior to the discovery of America, been troubled with a spectral Indian, although spectral Negroes were frequently seen by them; and it is true beyond cavil, that in no case of diseased brain alone, do those thus effected ever have presented before them what they have never seen, heard of, or read about. We would sooner think that Laroy Sunderland is crazy, than his mind is unbalanced, or brain disordered, than that the thousands of mediums throughout the world are merely the subjects of a "Mental Epidemic"—for if insane, in no instance would they discern those things which they had not at some prior time seen.

Appearing to understand the influence of mind over mind, he overlooks the fact that the nature of the mind and spirit is the same when separated from the outer covering as before, and, of course, possess the power to affect minds in the body under certain conditions, as readily as ever. The man who is a powerful psychologist while in the body, is equally so when separated from it, and can use his influence with even greater potency. These primary truths are overlooked by Mr. Sunderland in his article in the *Chicagoan* on "Mental Epidemics," and he ascribes a reason for certain manifestations that are not warranted by the facts.

As an example of his profound method of reasoning, he says that Dr. Winship, of Boston, by the force of his own will alone, is able to lift a dead weight of two thousand and five hundred pounds. Thus we have the power of nerve and muscle, ascribed to the will alone. We do not believe that Dr. Winship entertains the idea that it is through the instrumentality of the will that he lifts such extraordinary weights; but he would rather ascribe his marvelous powers to the physical organization alone, rather than to any power of the will, for we do not believe that if he should stand six feet from the dead weight alluded to, that he could possibly still the stone to rise. Why, the idea is without any foundation, and is entitled to no credit whatever.

Henry the Third of France, could not endure the presence of a cat. An eclipse of the moon caused Lord Chancellor Bacon to fall in a fit. The philosopher Boyle could never endure the sound of water drawn from a cock. Erasmus trembled at the sight, or even the smell of fish. Marshal Albert fainted at the sight of a sucking pig. La Motte le Vayer could not endure music; and Shakespeare speaks of persons in his day, who could not endure the sound of a bag pipe. The astronomer Bache was wholly paralyzed in his limbs by the sight of a live hare. Moses Sherman, my maternal grandfather, could never approach a house where there had been any recent smell of the onion.

In explaining why they manifest these peculiar traits, he truthfully says: "They were born so, it may be, and this idiosyncrasy determined the influence which any given idea may have upon them; but he says further 'that a certain idea to a sensitive person is a reality.' An idea of a spirit to him, is a visible reality, and intimates further that all who pretend to see spirits are laboring under a hallucination, and may be classed as subjects of a 'Mental Epidemic.' Thus E. W. Wilson, Fairfield, Blain and hundreds of others, who are constantly giving tests of spirit presence, the ones presented detailing some event connected with their earthly life, which invariably prove correct—they are deluded, laboring under a hallucination, are only seeing objects of their own creation. Now we would like to ask Mr. Sunderland how an object of the medium's own creation, can detail some event of which he (the medium) knew nothing, and in relation to which, no one present was thinking, and yet invariably proves true. If these spirit visitants are altogether to the medium, we might as reasonably conclude

that his very thoughts are a myth, also—in fact, we might declare life itself a myth, a dream.

The method of reasoning adopted by Mr. Sunderland is not well calculated to carry convictions to the minds of the people, not only on account of his sneering manner of treating mediums, but from the simple fact that he virtually admits the truthfulness of that which he attempts to ridicule, for he says these sensitives can not only "see and hear their own ideas, but yours also." If "yours also," we ask, why not those of a spirit? In this admission, he virtually admits one of the grand truths of Spiritualism, though he evidently did not intend to do so.

The idea that Mr. Sunderland is aiming at, is to establish the insanity of all mediums, for they all belong to the class of sensitives, of whom he talks so glibly, yet in regard to whom, he understands comparatively nothing. How did Cazotte, a sensitive, predict the French Revolution? When a numerous company of persons of both sexes were congregated at the festive board, he thus addressed some of them: "You, Monsieur de Condorcet, will yield up your breath on the floor of a dungeon." "You, Monsieur de Chamfort, will open your veins with twenty-two cuts of a razor, and yet you will not die 'till some months afterwards." "You, Monsieur Vicq d'Azir, you will not open your veins, but will cause yourself to be bled six times in one day, during a paroxysm of the gut, in order to make more sure of your end, and will die in the night." "You, Monsieur de Nicolai, will open the scabbard." "You, M. Bailly, on the scaffold." "You, Monsieur de Malesherbes, on the scaffold."

Within six years, everything that he had predicted proved true. The men died as he had designated.

Joan of Arc, when insulted by a rough soldier, said, "It illy becomes one so near his end." That night the soldier died. The lamented Lincoln was a sensitive, subject to spirit influence. Previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, Stone River and nearly all disasters to our army, he had the same portentous dream. The night before his assassination, he had the same dream. Peter West while entranced (Pathetism) saw the body of a lost child in the Chicago River, predicting its recovery on the following day, with the loss of one arm. On the following day, as predicted, the body was found. Of course, the above are ranked with those sensitives, that Mr. Sunderland holds up to ridicule in a late number of the *Chicagoan*. According to his idea, the lurid Irishman, whose mind never responds to an idea beyond the call to "Salt and Potatoes," is perfectly sane, while the sensitive media of the land whose soul-chorus vibrate in unison with nature, and within whose minds are the grand truths culled from reading the Book of God everywhere spread out before them, are insane—are the subjects of a "Mental Epidemic." Such reasoning is a mere play of words, and avails nothing.

In the latter portion of his article, he alludes particularly to an idea assuming an animate form in the mind of the sensitives, as follows:

"Because, when a sensitive becomes thus possessed with an idea created in his own mind; he is incapacitated, at that instant of time, from recognizing normal objects, and the relation they hold to his external senses. Hence he closes his eyes, having no use for them, while he attends to the creations of his own brain. Thus retiring within himself, he is so completely absorbed with his idea, which to him is, now a personal living reality, he finds no use for his sense of external hearing. Now he is deaf to a clap of thunder, while he listens to his own internal idea. If it be of Dr. Franklin, he hears him speak. If it be of theology, he hears the roar of the huge monsters that lived and died ages ago; nay, he sees the moving glaciers, and he hears the crushing sound made by the ice and the bowlders. Thus the idea is suggested, the brains are set to work, and ideas become personages to the sensitive. Put people in his hand, and it suggests to him the microcosm, and the microcosm of the whole universe."

Therein is embraced the theory of Laroy Sunderland. His views on Pathetism are contained in the above, and are worthy of careful consideration, though we consider them really of little weight. To be sensitive, in his opinion, is to be insane, and results in an automatic action of the brain, giving form to ideas, and imbuing them with life and intelligence. Mr. Adair, a sensitive, on entering a room, saw on a table before him, the form of a child covered with larvae. Years before, on that very table, a child had been laid, and its influence still remained. Gen. Robertson who returned to England after the Revolutionary War, took with him a Negro boy, who was a "sensitive." He was assigned a back room in the house, to sleep, but complained each morning that his repose had been disturbed by the appearance of a headless woman, carrying a child in her arms. Having occasion to remove the hearth in the room, the remains of a woman clasping in her arms a young child, was found. Her head was severed from the body. She had evidently been murdered, and her body secreted there. Put a wafer on a polished piece of steel, and after removing it therefrom, rub off every vestige of the same, and ever after that, if you breathe thereon, a spectral wafer will make its appearance. We find throughout all nature a great degree of sensitiveness. Even on the retina of the eye will be generally found the last object seen by the dying. The picture of a bottle on the retina was transmitted to the side of an embryo child. A mischievous husband places a rascal in his wife's bosom. Strange to say, the child in embryo has an exact resemblance of the same transmitted to its person. The sides of the houses glisten with the portraits of earth's children. They are more tangible there, than on the daguerreotype plate, before being "developed." Is it not strange, then, that sensitives can discern these impressions and describe them? The microscope reveals many things in nature hidden from the natural eye; yet, who would have the extreme foolishness to deny the statements of others in reference to what they had seen through it, because he never had an opportunity of witnessing the same

things. Mr. Sunderland can't see beyond his own experiences; beyond them, to him, is impenetrable gloom, and, in order to explain the nature of a phenomena he can not comprehend, he says, it is the product of a "Mental Epidemic." We have no disposition to cry "crucify him," on account of the peculiar idea he entertains contrary to facts and experience; but we would urge him to advance some more plausible reasons than those given in the *Chicagoan*.

To the psychometrist, the impressions made by the living upon the various objects of nature, become realities, and as the daguerreotype resembles the person from whom it was taken, so do these impressions made on the various objects around us, resemble those from which they were derived, and are instantly recognized by the psychometrist.

We would encourage sensitiveness. It is that which distinguishes the educated and refined, from the low and ignorant. It is that which makes angels; it is that which causes the mind to respond in echoing accents to the pulsations of nature; it is that which caused the apple, telegraph-like, to communicate to Newton a grand law; it is that which causes angelic emotions to arise within us, as we gaze off on the illimitable grandeur of creation; it is that which distinguishes man from the brute, and makes him a miniature god. Mr. Sunderland, if he so desires, can continue to regard psychometrists and sensitives as the subjects of a "Mental Epidemic," it is his privilege to do so. We have a higher opinion of them, and shall always take pleasure in regarding them, as the best and noblest of earth's children. His idea on Pathetism, contained in his "Trance," will be reviewed at length in some future number of the *JOURNAL*, and the errors therein contained, pointed out.

ALEXANDER ANYTHE.

But few of our readers know anything about the above named remarkable medium. Many, it is true, have simply seen in book lists his name announced as the author of a work entitled, "Jesus of Nazareth, or a True History of a Man Called Jesus Christ." Very few know anything of the fact that the reputed author of that work is one of the very best mediums of the age. Although far advanced in years when first controlled by spirit power, of the humble walks of life, and as he says, "always labored for my daily bread," he was taken control of by a highly intelligent band of spirits who have, through his organism given to the world one of the most remarkable books ever published, and one which is eventually to be translated into many different languages, and read by the thoughtful throughout the christian world. That this book entitled, "Jesus of Nazareth," is destined to be a potent instrument in revolutionizing public sentiment and banishing bigotry and superstition from the minds of men, we have not a doubt. Hundreds of thousands would be horror-stricken, and their blind reverence for Old Theological dogmas terribly wounded by the perusal of the book, yet it will, by millions of others, be found to contain revelations of truths they never dreamed of. The perusal of the book will open up a new field of thought that will unlock the fetters that are now psychologically binding the minds of millions to the most stupendous fallacies that ever ensnared the minds of men.

We shall say more of this remarkable book and its author in future numbers of this paper. It contains a large amount of reading and is sold for the moderate sum of \$1.50; postage 10 cents. For sale at this office.

THE TALK OF A PHYSICIAN, BY A. J. DAVIS.

The above entitled work we noticed in number eight of the present volume of the *JOURNAL*. Since that time, we have given the book a careful perusal. After reading about twenty pages, we became so deeply absorbed in the work that we were forcibly impelled on until every page was read.

While the scenes are mainly laid amidst the haunts of vice, and the principal actors are criminals of the deepest dye, yet the right is shown to be positive to all evil, and ever comes out uppermost. The lesson taught to the thinker is most excellent. It plainly teaches that every soul acts in accordance with his or her own internal innate forces, and the external surroundings encountered. That if we would save society from the pestilential effect of crime, we must provide for the reformation of criminals by and through the law of kindness.

We advise everybody to procure this book for family perusal. It will be read by all from youth up, with absorbing interest.

For sale at this office.
Price \$1. Postage 10 cents.

DR. GARDNER AND THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

We invite the attention of our readers to an article to be found in another column, written by Dr. Gardner, of Boston, Mass., in relation to the doings of the Massachusetts Spiritualists' Convention, in regard to that prolific source of contention, "The American Association of Spiritualists." It is time that the Spiritualists of the nineteenth century, speak in language not to be misunderstood by all classes and factions, who would assume to announce creeds or systems of faith or impose moneyed tests of fellowship, that they are gratuitously performing a service not called for nor recognized as in the least degree appertaining to the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, nor in accordance with the spirit of the age. It is, emphatically, spicing institutions of the past, "Old Theology gone to seed." Let us have no more of it. Let those who attempt any thing of the kind in future, do it for themselves alone, and not attempt to speak for the Spiritualists of America.

MEDIUMS.

We are pleased to see that our contemporaries, the BARNES OF LIGHT AND AMERICAN SPIRITUALISTS, have recently, in a manner worthy of special notice, opened their columns in defense of mediums.

We have repeatedly urged upon our readers the observance of the law of kindness towards this class of workers in our ranks.

We think to admit, you it is true, that there is not, in our opinion, a medium in the world that is not an evilly spoken of, and but too often, vile slanderers are reported by Spiritualists.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has been a trial subscriber to this paper, we will send it for three months longer on the receipt of fifty cents.

That will barely cover the expense of the blank paper, and putting the name of the subscriber upon the regular mailing machine lists.

Hereafter, the rate of three months' trial subscription will be fifty cents.

We have sunk several thousand dollars during the last five months, that we have sent out our papers to trial subscribers at twenty-five cents each. The *JOURNAL* is now extensively and favorably known, and it is but justice that our friends should pay at least two-thirds of what it costs.

The labor and perplexity attending our trial list, has been beyond all expectations, and to avoid which in future, we have determined to put all new trial subscribers' names on to the regular list, as a guarantee against all mistakes. To enable us to do so, we must receive at least fifty cents for three months' trial subscription, and we will take a renewal for the second three months also, for fifty cents.

Will our friends be so kind as to make another effort to circulate the *JOURNAL*, on these most liberal terms, thereby aiding in disseminating widely the principles of the spiritual philosophy?

We return our most heart-felt thanks to those who have already done much for us.

HOPEDALE, MASS.

S. S. JONES:—Some three months since, I sent you twelve three months' subscriptions for the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*. The time has nearly expired, and I hope some of them will become subscribers to your very valuable paper. I feel that you are doing, with much sacrifice, a great work in spreading the light broadcast over the land.

May you never want for friends nor means to push the truth into the dark corners of the earth. Please send five dollars, for which send to S. S. Jones, for one year, the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, and the remaining two dollars, appropriate to yourself, and may the good angels guide you into all truth.

Fraternally thy brother,
Geo. O. Hatch.

REMARKS:—If all who read our paper would interest themselves in our behalf, and encourage our trial subscribers to renew, the *JOURNAL* would soon be self-sustaining.

We do our very best to give our readers a first class paper, and all may rest assured that we shall continue to do so, however heavy the sacrifice.

We thank you, Brother Hatch, for your liberality. In return we will continue to send the *JOURNAL*, to some poor dependent soul, who is unable to pay for the same, but who will be cheered on life's dreary pathway by its perusal.

MEDIUMSHIP.

It is always gratifying to hear of a good reliable medium; such were in great demand in ancient days, when, for example, King Belshazzar was troubled by the hand writing on the wall of his palace, and needed to consult some reliable medium, who could interpret the mysterious hieroglyphics. Samuel was called in this instance, and performed the kindly office much to the discomfiture of the said king.

As in past time, so now, mediums are consulted with reference to things past, present and future; and there are many true prophets and clear seers in these days, and that such are multiplying rapidly, is also true. There are a number in this city, and of these, Mrs. Norgrove of No. 188 Twentieth st., is one of the best, whom all may with confidence consult upon matters of business, and events which are to transpire, affecting the interest of the individual inquirer and which only such clairvoyants and seers as Mrs. Norgrove can foretell.

D. W. HARELY.

Writing from Snake Lake, Cal., says that lecturers and mediums will find warm friends and a good audience at this place. He also speaks of the departure to the spirit plane of life, of a little son, aged ten years, whose spirit was seen two and a half hours after the death of the body.

Thus it is that evidence of the truth of our philosophy, is accumulating in all parts of the civilized world.

PROPHETSTOWN, ILL.

We learn from Bro. A. J. Matson, that Bro. E. V. Wilson is to speak at the above named town on the 10th and 11th of July next. We learn that there are a goodly number of Spiritualists and other liberals at that place and vicinity. Brother Wilson will give good satisfaction, and call out good audiences.

NOTICE.

Our friends must take notice that we cannot longer send the *JOURNAL* for three months on trial, for less than fifty cents. Any efforts that are made to circulate the *JOURNAL* on the latter terms, will be duly appreciated.

Literary Notices.

"Seers of the Ages," embracing Spiritualism past and present. Doctrines stated and moral tendencies defined. By J. M. Peebles. William White & Co. Publishers, Boston.

The above work, is from the inspired pen of J. M. Peebles, editor of the Western Department of the *Banner of Light*.

The compilation of the inspired utterances of the "Seers of the Ages," that can be found in this new work, is indeed valuable, and will be perused with interest. The book is written in that easy graceful style that characterizes all his previous writings and communications, and when reading it, one is apt to imagine that he is in a garden of flowers, there is such beauty and grandeur in all his thoughts. The book is, indeed, a compilation of facts that cannot be found in any other work now published, and it will be read by the people with as much interest as they pursued the contents of *Planchette*.

Speaking of Sensitiveness and Obsession, the Author says:

"Like attracts like." Every door must have a hinge to swing upon. No evil spirit can approach us unless—morally weak—we possess a magnet within, attracting—corresponding influence. This so painful to endure, is the lesson

of our frailty, teaching the moral necessity of fostering better conditions for more heavenly relations.

Sensitiveness to psychological influx, susceptibility to mediumistic control, implies higher and lower use, and abuse. Will not the tender flower be touched by the frost as well as by the sublimity? The greater the capacity to rise involves a similar capacity to fall. The charm of a possessed demon is as potent as an angel's, where a point of ingress is possible. Then according to the apostolic injunction of John; trust not. "believe not every spirit, but try the spirits!" If spirits uncultured and evil, impress, and, at times, completely obscure mortals, is not the practical of phenomenal Spiritualism dangerous?—

Yes, dangerous as the sunshine, that, falling alike on flowers and thorns, the just and the unjust, produces an occasional sun stroke; dangerous as the spring rains that, sweeping away old rickety bridges, carries rich alluvial to the valley below; dangerous as steamers, that now and then send bodies down to find graves under green seaweeds, whilst on their beneficent missions of international commerce; dangerous as mining, railroading, telegraphing, which develop the hidden wealth of a nation. Shall we therefore dispense with them? Shall we pursue geological pursuits because Hugh Miller committed suicide? Briars around where berries grow.—

It is one of the offices of guardian angels to protect their mediums from the inharmonious magnetism of unwise, perverse spirits, and the psychological attractions of depraved mortals.

Obsessions being adverse, inharmonious, psychological influences, cast upon the organism—being thoughts and feelings of individuals controlled by such spirits as are necessitated to range for a season the lower planes of life—the preventive lies in good health, good nature and a good life; in the cultivation of broad, loving, aspirational aims—a firmness of moral principles—adetermined purpose to do, dare, live the right—a calm trust in the overshadowing presence of the Infinite, and the holy watch-care of those beautiful angels that delight to do the will of heaven. Ill health, nervous afflictions, dejection, despair, suspicion, jealousy, expose the subject to obsessions, or they offer suitable principles for demons inclined to fun, mischief or base schemings, to carry out their selfish plans. Truth attracts the true, wisdom the wise, love the lovely, charity the charitable, and purify the pure of all vices.

Personal and Local.

Leo Miller is at Montpelier, Vt.

The Davenport Brothers are in Maine.

C. Fangle Allen has been lecturing at Houston, Texas.

Clare De Vere has been lecturing to good acceptance, in Detroit, Mich.

Peter West speaks in Sturgis, Mich., on Sunday, the 30th of May. He starts soon for Montana.

The Rev. Orrin Abbott has lately given a remarkable test at his identity to Moses Hull, through the mediumship of Mrs. Waterman.

Mr. Doty, inspirational speaker and test medium, gave us a call this morning on his way to St. Louis. He is doing a good work.

Thomas Gates Foster is lecturing in Philadelphia. We shall publish, next week, one of his addresses. It is full of grand thoughts.

A. B. French is lecturing at Omaha, Nebraska. He is one of our best speakers. His address will be Omaha, Nebraska, care of D. C. Stephens.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels and Col. S. F. Tappan were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony on the 10th ult. May happiness be theirs through the journey of life.

White Miss Currier, a musical medium, was playing at the piano, the same was noticed to rise from the floor several inches; the power created being derived from the levitation. No one was near the piano but Miss Currier, and she was playing at the time.

Mrs. J. M. Wilcoxson will speak in Ouzaga, Ill., during June. She is now lecturing in Omaha, Nebraska, to large and appreciative audiences. The Academy of Music there, is not large enough to hold all who desire to hear her. She is an eloquent and entertaining speaker.

E. V. Wilson's engagements for June are as follows:

June 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, at New Boston, Mercer county, Illinois; 8th, 9th and 10th, Yates City, Illinois; 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, Casopolis, Michigan; 15th, 16th and 17th, Racine, Wisconsin; 18th, 19th and 20th, Madison, Wisconsin; 22nd, 23rd and 24th, Redwoodburg, Wisconsin; 25th, 26th and 27th, Sycamore, Illinois.

Amusements.

At Mc Vickers, Mr. Chanfrau has been playing in his great character as "Kit," or the Arkansas Traveler. The play is one which has great interest in its story, and which affords an excellent part for Mr. Chanfrau's adaptability to character. It charms all houses.

"Trix" or "The Man at the Wheel," has been productive of a grand rush at Crosby's Opera House. It is grand, fascinating and entertaining burlesque. It is well put upon the stage, with scenery, new songs, new dances, new costumes, and supported by the entire excellent Opera House company; and should be seen by all who love this class of amusements.

"Sarf," the great attraction at Aikens Dear born Theatre, is not yet withdrawn, but is occasionally to have a hearing at this theatre during the present week.

The programme for the week is as follows: On Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, and at the matinee, "Riviera"; on Tuesday and Thursday, "Sarf"; On Friday evening, Mrs. Allen, the leading lady of the company, will take a benefit, on which occasion the drama of "The Flowers of the Forest" will be presented.

Mr. Aikens season continues to July 5, when there will be a few weeks vacation before the opening of the next season with a strengthened company.

At Woods Museum, the public are to be this week regaled with that popular lachrymose drama "East Lynne," notwithstanding Miss Louella Western appeared in her great character of Lady Isabel for many successive evenings at Mc Vickers. But the Management at Wood's have an excellent company and are rendering this play in a highly satisfactory manner to large audiences.

The evening's entertainment to conclude with the "Laughing Hyena." In preparation.—Dot

Communications from the Spirit World.

We shall give His angelic charge concerning them.

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

(Reported by Rhoda and Nettie, short hand reporters, 118 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sessions, should be laconic, well written, and directed to the editor, when inconvenient for the questioner to be present at the sittings.

INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit God, again we would clothe our thoughts that they may be received by our brothers and sisters who are yet upon the material plane of life, showing them that within our souls there dwells thankfulness and praise unto Thee for the assurance Thou hast given us that we are Thy children—a part and portion of Thee, Infinite Spirit.

We would have them realize the truth that Thou in Thy wisdom hast given unto us the power to manifest ourselves unto them—Thy children who are yet clothed with the material covering, but are unable to see Thee in every form of life. We thank Thee that Thou hast given us that assurance that we have but to aspire for truth and that it shall be opened unto us.

In Thy wisdom Thou hast implanted within us a desire to impart that truth unto every immortal soul. We thank Thee, Infinite Spirit, for the blessing and the privilege of manifesting ourselves to those who are yet groping their way through the dark, and dim paths in which Thou art leading them. We thank Thee for the assurance that in time they will be brought to see all things in their true light, and that we all will be enabled to pluck from the rosebud of life the flowers unperceived by the thorns thereof. Step by step, precept upon precept, Thou art manifesting Thyself more fully unto us, leading us, and opening unto our once obtuse vision, light, purity, and love.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Will my spirit be individualized after passing from mortality to immortality?

A. We would infer from the question that our brother desires to know if upon the spiritual plane of life he will be an individualized being, and retain consciousness of his individuality upon the material plane. We would say most emphatically that he will. We can speak from experience, for we once lived upon the material plane, and passed from the material to the spiritual, and we still retain our individuality, and also a perfect remembrance of our experience upon earth.

Q. Matter being indestructible, is that part which now composes the body absorbed by the spirit at death, or is it launched into the great ocean of matter?

A. My brother would know if his spiritual body is to be composed of that which he now composes as his material body. In other words, if that material body will be necessary for the perfect organization of his spiritual existence or body. We would say that your spiritual body is now covered from your external senses by an external form. You take cognizance of things while upon the material plane through the material organism, yet it does not follow that there is not a spiritual organism, or covering back of the material, and in that will the permeating life principle manifest itself to you upon the material plane, both through the spiritual and material. At death there is a dissolution of the material only; the spiritual with the life principle passes upon the spiritual or second plane of existence. That material body goes, it is true, into the great world or ocean of matter, quickened and brought into action by the pervading spirit which you term God.

Q. Does not our early education have much to do with regulating our lives?

A. Certainly it does, from the fact that if you educate a child to be in constant fear of something or somebody, it will take centuries to obliterate or erase that feeling so permanently fixed in childhood. It is a source of more or less unhappiness; while on the other hand, if children were educated to look upon all things that they find in the universe as being in accordance with the great positive mind for their development and unfoldment into a higher form of life, it would not only add to their happiness, but the happiness of all who may know them.

Q. Can we really know of immortality from experience?

A. The question of immortality upon earth is settled from the fact that we have an existence after death. That existence must, of necessity, be immortal, yet it is a query in the minds of some whether or not, in the great ocean of time, individualized men lose their identity, or are swallowed up in the great ocean of spirit, to be passed through another experience upon earth—i.e. not upon this plane, upon some other one similar to it. We know of none who have ever yet reached a point of perfection in which there was nothing left for them to more fully understand. We believe that it is an eternal progression including all time.

When you say all time, that signifies eternity.

Q. Would it not be better to put a mark upon Jeff. Davis, as they did upon Cain in Bible times, than to hang him?

A. We would say to our brother, inquiring, that our brother Jefferson Davis has his mark upon him already, whether recognized by those that do not know him personally, as the cruel Jefferson Davis. Yet the consciousness within himself that he is the one looked upon and despised by so many, is a sufficient mark for him. Now for a moment, let us consider the question

in accordance with theological ideas, that the birth and crucifixion of Christ was necessary for the salvation of the world. Was not Judas, his betrayer, just as essential to accomplish that end as Jesus himself; was he not necessary to be the betrayer and give him into the hands of the Jews, so that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets? Now we will say, if freedom was necessary for the salvation of our colored brethren, then was not Jefferson Davis necessary in his position as well as Abraham Lincoln in his—all brothers, and children of the one parent, God. So we would say, brother Davis, brother Cain, brother Judas, and brother Jesus, we thank you for fulfilling your mission in the past, and look upon you all as being in accordance with the will of our father God.

Q. What is meant by "Thy will being done on earth as it is in heaven"? We police discord and confusion upon earth; are we to infer that it is the same in heaven?

A. When that prayer was given, people looked upon heaven as being a place of perfect happiness, and they desired that earth-life might also be a scene of continued happiness, yet their powers were so limited they could not conceive of the will of the Father being done on earth, except it brought happiness. His will is done alike in heaven and on earth, or on earth and in heaven, and out of that which is seeming darkness shall He bring light unto you. Happiness is a place. Heaven is a place; yet those places are within the human soul.

—GEORGE MONTEITH.

E. MILLS, MEDIUM.

In the year 1860, I embarked in a wholesale mercantile business, and everything went on prosperously. In 1862, I enlisted for the war, leaving everything in charge of my brother-in-law, who at that time was in a very feeble condition. My wife felt almost distracted at the idea of my leaving her and our children, yet remarked:

"I am not better than some other poor wife to bear this affliction."

I chided her for feeling thus, and remarked to her, that she should be proud and thankful that she had a husband, who in any way was able to help put down this wicked rebellion.

"Very true, George," she replied, "but can I do otherwise than feel as I do, left alone with my three little children, and not know when I shall see my husband again?"

Had my wife spoken out what were her impressions as she afterward often remarked, she would have said:

"Ah, George, I never shall see you again in this life"; but she saw I was determined to go, and would not cause me to feel as she did, that I was, ere long to lie cold in death upon the battle field—that is my body. That I could return in spirit was something my wife had not thought of; so, of course, this belief could not comfort her; but now that I can return and impress some one with my thoughts, I wish my dear sorrowing Cordelia to feel that her husband is often with her, and how I pray to make her conscious of my spirit presence.

Montreal, Canada.

Mumler's Speech at the Close of His Trial.

"The following is the statement of Mumler lately on trial in New York for fraud in the matter of spiritual photographs, on being asked at the close of his trial, what he had to say in his own behalf:

MUMLER'S STATEMENT.

He was 27 years of age, a native of the United States, a photographer by profession, and that he resided at No. 45 East Twenty-first street. In response to the question, Have you anything to say, and if so, what relative to the charge alleged against you? the prisoner said: "In 1861 in the city of Boston, while engaged in business as an engraver, I was in the habit of visiting a young man who was employed in a photographic gallery kept by Mr. Stewart, on Washington street. Occasionally, I would experiment with the instrument and chemicals. One Sunday, while entirely alone in the gallery, I attempted to get a picture of myself, and then it was that I first discovered, while developing it, that a second form appeared upon the plate. At this time I had never heard of spirit pictures although I had been somewhat interested in the doctrine of spiritualism. At first I labored under what is now the general impression, that the plate upon which the picture was taken could not have been clean, and that the form which showed itself beside my own must have been left on the plate by some one who had been in the gallery, and I so stated to my employer and others. Subsequent attempts, however, made under circumstances which preclude such a possibility, have confirmed me in the belief that the power by which these forms are produced is beyond human control and the experts that have been called by the people have failed to produce a picture made in that manner. I was a complete novice in the art of photography, and had no experience whatever in the composition of chemicals used in the business and that my use of them in my experiments at that time was simply conformity with what I had seen my friend do while himself engaged in the business. After getting the form on the plate at the suggestion of several friends to whom I showed the plate, I made other attempts, and generally with most remarkable results, I then determined to leave my own business and devote myself to photography. Before long, the subject of spirit photography, and particularly my success, became the theme of every tongue, and I was overrun with people of inquiring mind and obliged to go over and over again, for their pleasure, the routine of taking and developing the pictures. For a long time I never refused any person who came to me, and I soon became so apparent, however, that I must either stop it or cease to support myself, for, as a general thing, these persons, while greedy themselves for intellectual food, seemed entirely oblivious to the fact that I myself was a material body. I laughed at the idea, and I can truly say that I have never refused, intentionally, any person who desired to have a picture taken, from making every examination or inquiry he chose to make; and had I been allowed, in this examination, to have produced evidence from abroad, I could have shown, by scientific men whose names are abroad, that every one, that the most careful and minute examinations have often been made into all the details of my business, while I have been engaged in taking pictures, I solemnly assert here that I have now but comparatively little knowledge of photography, or chemicals, or science of any kind, further than what I have needed to take ordinary photographs. I positively assert that in the taking of the pictures on which these forms appear, I

have never used any trick or device, or availed myself of any deception or fraud in producing them; that these forms have appeared in each and every instance when they have been presented without any effort, except my will power to produce them. In regard to the testimony of Mr. F. B. Stewart, I would say that he has solemnly made oath that I never communicated with him verbally or in writing, nor did I ever know that he had or was writing anything in regard to spirit photography; and I further say that if he had my pictures taken by me, he must have received them from some other person. In regard to the testimony of Mr. Tooker, I have only to say that he came to my gallery apparently in the same way that other strangers were wont to come. As there was nothing particular to keep him in my remembrance, my memory in regard to him is stronger in his application to the form which appeared upon his picture, which I then thought the most villainous I had ever taken. I am now satisfied, from the manner which he came there, under an assumed name, or, more vulgarly speaking, with a lie in his mouth, and with the purpose, which appears to me, that he was to make me believe that he was a spirit, that he was promised him, i. e., the spirit nearest in sympathy with himself. In regard to my conversation with him, I can only say that I have never, under any circumstances, guaranteed to any one that a spirit form would appear. As to my refusal to enter into questions from the self-appointed committee of photographers who appeared in my rooms since my arrest and who, as I am informed by Mr. Guay, to make me take pictures for them, whether I would or not, I have only to say that since my arrest I have placed myself under the same conditions, even as I have been guided by his advice; and I am pleased to say that one of the first cautions he gave me was to refrain, during the examination, from being led into any trap of that kind. Having been charged with a crime which, temporarily at least, places me before the public in the same category with gamblers and men of that ilk, I have been deprived of the privilege of having my utensils seized at the time of my arrest."

[Judge Dowling here interrupted the prisoner by saying: I was applied to to have your tools and apparatus seized; he refused to make any such order, because I disapproved of the proceeding under the circumstances. I recollect that when Mr. Guay's establishment was seized, during the war, the act was regarded as an arbitrary one. I disapproved of that act, then, and I disapproved of any similar one, when applied in your case.] The prisoner then proceeded:

"I had been illy engaged the implements themselves would have been the strongest evidence against me. They were not touched; they have stood ever since in the position they have always occupied in my gallery; and for safety of others, who might be careless to occupy my place in a court of justice, I sincerely hope that such proceedings may cease."

CAN A SPIRIT BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR:—It is sometimes a thankless task to expose villainy. It is always a thankless task to throw yourself against a popular belief with nothing in your hand but a new truth. Mr. Mumler may be a villain. I do not know the man. I never saw him. If he is a trickster his villainy is in the darkest hue, for he speculates on the holiest instincts of man. I had nothing to do with Mr. Mumler. He may be honest, or the court may find him a swindler. The questions raised in this trial do not turn on the innocence or guilt of one man.

Can a spirit be photographed? Whether Mumler is acquitted or convicted, vast intelligences will say "No." Ask them why, and they cannot tell you. They have certain vague ideas of a spirit as something incorporeal. They dismiss the question with an *a priori*. One day, in a conversation with Herbert Spencer, I told him of certain facts which had been related to me, and which had led me to believe in the existence of spirits and the communion of spirits with mortals. Mr. Spencer met the facts by saying that he had settled the question on *a priori* grounds. He tells me he has seen and heard certain things, and that his own experience as a materialist of the universe, dismisses his testimony as contradictory. Is that the method of modern philosophy?

I have brought to the investigation of this subject no wisdom above that of common sense, but I have not followed the Spencerian method. I have followed the method of many others, only to find the truth, and have been content to keep the results I have reached to myself. Some of these results I will now give to the public. Gentlemen of the *a priori* method may dismiss the subject now and here.

In February, 1867, I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman living in the Connecticut valley; I had gone to his rooms for a photograph; while sitting for the picture, I saw that the artist was strangely agitated; when the plate was developed, a bright but vapory female form appeared, standing at my side; I had never before seen a similar spirit picture; I asked the photographer how that form came on the plate; he did not know; he could only say that while he was photographing me, he saw that woman standing at my side; he did not want the picture taken from his gallery, and wished me not to speak of it; he told me that now and then, for the first time, he had seen pictures; that they came through no agency of his; that he could take them almost any time by yielding to the control of beings which he believed to be spirits, but he wanted nothing to do with it. He would not have his name mixed up with Spiritism.

I had such confidence in my friend's honesty, that I wished to make an investigation of this strange power. It was only after many interviews and much urging that he consented to give me sittings, and yield to the "invisible." I offered to pay him generously for his time, but he declined any consideration, saying that he could not be tempted to use this mysterious gift for gain. He gave me every facility in making the investigation. I took a friend to assist me. We had his time for four afternoons. We had the utmost confidence in him, but made the investigation as if he were a trickster. I assisted him in every step, and he was very careful in preparing the plates. We took every precaution to prevent or detect trickery. At almost every sitting we got the photograph of a woman—the same bright, vapory form that appeared when I went alone, or thought I was alone. I made up my mind that the photographer was partially entranced. What shall we say? He is a man of position and character. I would as soon think of flinging the charge of falsehood against the chief justice. He had no motive to deceive. He would not sell his gift for money. At almost every sitting the pictures were made; he was unable to account for the pictures. I know of only two ways by which a photograph can be taken. It must be taken either by reflected or by transmitted light. To get a picture on the sensitized plate, something capable of reflecting light must be placed at a proper distance from the lens; the plate must be sensitized and covered by another picture, and then exposed to the light. A dim picture will be printed on the sensitized plate by transmitted light. These are the only methods by which a photograph can be taken. The artist may use a lens, or he may use a camera, or he may use a plate of a latent impression left by a previous photograph. This last is the solution proposed by a

writer in Saturday's Tribune. My artist did not use old plates. He must find the solution in one of the other alternatives. Now I know that my artist did not hold an old negative to the sensitized plate and get a ghostly impression by transmitted light. We have one more alternative: was an object placed before the camera? This is the way the bogus Stonehouse was photographed. A sheeted man fitted ghost-like before the camera. Were these pictures taken so? The photographer, myself, and my friend were the only persons in the room. Could we have been deceived for four days, by such a shallow trick? And if we were deceived, how did the confederate who personated the spirit, make herself transparent? How did she suspend herself in the air? For one of these photographs is the picture of a woman floating down through the air. They are all as transparent as glass. How then were they taken? I was in no haste to form my conclusions. Another case came under my notice.

A young girl in Chelsea called on one of the leading photographers of the city to have some pictures taken. He was about to close his room for the day. The girl said, "I have a picture I was taking, she felt a blur coming over her eyes. She spoke of it to Mr. A., who was standing by the camera. He told her she might wink, but she must sit still. When he developed the plate, a pale, dead face appeared on each side! There were eight, yet each side of the picture appears to be very remarkable. I have examined four of the impressions, and have one of them in my possession. The hands are clasped around the girl's neck. They are shown up to the wrist where they fade away. They are transparent. One hand comes down over the girl's chin, and the other rests on her cheek, the perfect outlines of the chin. There is a wonderful family likeness to all these pictures. Judge Edmonds testifies that the spirits he sees are transparent, and one of the leading doctors of divinity of New England (orthodox) tells me that he has seen the same thing.

Now you must not suppose that these hands had been photographed on the tin before. The photographer tells me that he used a new sheet. Suppose I do not believe him. How, then, did the hands appear over the face? Can you suppose the hands were photographed after the fact? You will see that the little finger and ring finger of the left hand are thrust under the girl's collar. You must say, then, that girl and hands were all taken together. And now did some one steal in and clasp her hands around the girl's neck, and still elude the eye of the artist? He said that no one was in the room but himself and the girl. Suppose some one did steal in, how did she make her hands transparent, and conceal the rest of her body? The photographer is a man whose word no one will doubt. He tells me that he had never thought of spirit photography, that he has no theory, that he only knows the hands came through no agency of his.

Now, gentlemen—who you have not settled these questions on *a priori* grounds—can you escape the conclusions to which I have been driven?

First: That the sensitized plate may be more sensitive to light than the human eye.

Second: That men and women—spirits, but not incorporeal—can, under certain conditions, clasp their person with elements sufficiently tangible to reflect light.

If these things are true, the world had never seen such a thing as a spirit photograph. We are losing our faith in immortality. We cherish a belief that the dead are still living, but we think of them as gaseous abstractions, without form or substance. The men who give precision to their talk of the after life, and tell us their faith that our loved ones who have gone before are real beings, and that we may have communion with them, call them dreamers. Hallucination is the mildest word we apply to them. While reading a report of the trial of Mumler, and finding lawyers trying to break the testimony of witnesses because of their belief in spirits, I thought of the words of a living German philosopher: "No one who has lived can fail to remark that the belief in the immortality of the soul has long been effaced from ordinary life." We swear a witness on the bible, and then impugn his testimony if he believes in spirits—believes that the writers of the New Testament were not mistaken when, on almost every page, they spoke of spirits, and of such as "to try the spirits." Whither are we drifting? How would an item like this appear in the Tribune?

The bishop of Rhode Island has written to the bishop of New York that three men whom he had known in Providence, appeared to him and talked with him after their deaths. The Rhode Island bishop thinks that his spirit can personate good ones and deceive us, but he is confident that these three spirits were really his friends. The bishop of New York has replied that, doubtless, there are deceitful spirits and false visions, and wishes that we had some sure means of distinguishing them from the true."

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the bishop of Rhode Island put Evodius, a bishop in Africa, and for the bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth past the fourth century, and you have a historical truth.

Our whole talk over such a case would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive

